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THE
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1888.

THE SILVER RING.

BY LILLIAS WASSERMANN.

CHAPTER I.

UP on the moor above the fishing village of Blackburn the furze was in full bloom, and stretched, in broad level patches of gold, for miles along the coast. Its penetrating waxy odour filled the air, overpowering even the salt freshness of the breeze blowing in from the sea. At all other periods of the year this bleak, barren moor was a dreary, ugly, flowerless desert, but no place could be more gloriously beautiful when the whin-bloom lighted up and relieved, with its yellows and ambers, the sober uniform tints of russet brown. Traces of the stern, hard, bitter climate of the north of England were there always. A few low trees, mostly willows and alders, scattered here and there over the moor, looked as though the struggle they made for existence was almost too much for them, so sadly were they bent, twisted, and wind-torn ; yet, by the very strangeness of their forms, they added a certain touch of the picturesque to the scene.

The breath of spring had stirred the languid sap even in their melancholy veins, and they put forth young shoots and downy leaves all a-flutter with vigorous life. In every hollow the bracken pushed its stiff upright stems, crowned with fronds curled tightly together, from among the tangle of withered leaves, which had lain there since the previous autumn, and snugly sheltered the tender new growth from frosts and snow ; and there also budded the great trailing boughs of wild rose and bramble.

The white tails of rabbits were seen glinting in and out of their burrows ; a small blue butterfly, tempted out of its warm chrysalis too early by the sunshine, hovered over the furze, and overhead skylarks

soared aloft or dropped to their nests in the low grass, thrilling out their rapture as they rose and as they fell.

At the mouth of a ravine looking over the sea sat a lass and lad courting, more than a hundred years ago. The girl wore the ordinary fisher dress; much the same as is still in vogue—short blue flannel skirt, print bodice, and gay neckerchief, and neither hat nor bonnet on her thick coils of hair. Yet in her face and figure she differed somewhat from the robust comeliness of the fisher lasses on that coast. She was slenderly fashioned, and her complexion was pale. Her small delicately featured face would have been insignificant had it not been saved by a pair of exquisitely shaped eyes of the deepest shade of gray, with long black lashes; such eyes as one only sees in people of Irish extraction.

The young fellow was of a much more orthodox north country type; with the ruddy cheeks, blue fearless eyes, and fair curling hair these fisher-folk have had transmitted from the Norse invaders, whose blood, running in their veins, they have, by their predilection for marriages with blood relations, kept singularly free from admixture with other races. From his dress he was evidently not a fisherman, but a sailor. One or the other every lad born there—inhalng the salt, caller breath of the ocean from infancy, and hearing and seeing nothing save what appertains to ships and fishing craft—must needs be.

Jim Craster never took kindly to the life of a fisherman, and his father did not oppose him when he expressed a determination to go to sea altogether. The youngster was beginning to have a will of his own, and old Craster was a little afraid of him, although loving him too, after his own stern, selfish fashion.

Perhaps the old fisherman did not realise what the boy was to him until the parting took place? Then came home to his mind the sad fact that Jim was all he had in the world; but he would not confess that he felt this. He grew more surly and morose than ever, and turned all his energies to the saving of money, growing, as time passed on, into a veritable miser. He had been a lucky man and a thrifty one all his life, and his hoard was considerable for his position. Banks were very little thought of by people of a humble position in those days, and certainly old Craster would not have trusted his dearly loved guineas to any one of them. He preferred adhering to the old-fashioned notions of stocking feet, cracked teapots, and holes in chimneys, as secure resting-places for coin. Besides, half the pleasure in having money was in looking at and counting it twenty times a day.

It was a trial to him when Jim came home as first mate and fell in love with Molly Fenwick, Irish Molly's daughter. In the first

place, he did not see what a young man like Jim wanted with a wife. Sailors ought not to marry ; it was selfish of them to think of such a thing, more especially when they had old fathers, who might reasonably reckon upon sharing their pay after bringing them up, and sparing neither the rod of admonition nor the reproof in season to make them wise ! But if Jim must needs make a fool of himself, why choose a lass without a penny-piece to bless herself with, when Ailsie—Black Jack Ste'enson's Ailsie, with three houses and a share in a lucrative coasting vessel, trading in goods that did not always pay duty, tacked to her tail—was to be had for the asking. There would be some sense in marrying a creature like that ! Old Craster was like the young men of the present day in one particular: marriage was to him only excusable as a transaction that might be made lucrative.

But Jim was a fool, and his heart ran away with his head. Most sailors are sentimental, and this particular one fell a ready victim to Molly's grey eyes.

As he sat with his arm around her waist, her head lying on his shoulder, and those wonderful, tender, wistful orbs looking up into his own, he would not have changed places with the king upon his throne.

"Ah, Jim, ye'll be forgetting your Molly when ye're away beyond the sea there !" said the girl at last, in a soft, plaintive voice, sounding like music to the lover, used to the strong, harsh burr of his native country.

Molly spoke like her mother, whom she favoured in every way. This did not tend to increase her popularity with the fisher-folk, who are "clannish" to an extraordinary degree, and, resenting the father's marriage with a "furriner" even after his death, bore a grudge against the poor woman in consequence. She had much the worst of the bargain in every sense of the word, since she gave up a comfortable situation to marry him, and he repaid her by drinking himself to death in a couple of years' time, leaving her penniless, and with a child to bring up.

"Now, Molly, ye know that's not true, so dinna make believe," returned the lover, drawing her closer to him, and stroking her dark hair fondly. "Ye're ma first love, and ye'll be ma last, hinny, ye may lay yer life o' that !"

"An' what of 'Black Jack's Ailsie,' Jim? The lass that has nothin' to give ye but the love of a faithful heart may well fear and tremble lest it should be powerless to bind ye. Yer father upcasted it to mother that ye might marry one with money, and who could that be but Ailsie?"

Jim's sunny brow clouded.

"Aw wadna' marry Ailsie, though she were made o' gold, and here wasn't another lass i' creation! Aw love you, and you alone, Molly; and if ye refuse to wed me, aw'll live single all the days o' ma life for yer sake! As for father—wey, ye know he's queer and cranky, and a bit owre fond o' th' chink o' brass, but, when he sees hoo aw've set ma mind on it, and what a blessing of a wife thou'll prove, he'll forget all that nonsense, and think a deal on thee! Come, Molly, say ye'll be mine! Aw maun be off to Shields to-morrow thou knows, and aw want yer word afore aw gan! Oh, lassie, if ye knew how fond aw am on ye, ye wadn't be cruel."

Molly made no audible promise, but she put her arm round his neck and kissed him on the lips, and he was content.

Wrapped in their happy dream, the lovers did not see how fast the afternoon was fleeting. The sea, which had been brilliant in the clear, bright sunshine, of a deep intense blue, with dancing flecks of foam on its wavelets, grew grey and sober, and a mist arose on the horizon.

All at once Molly shivered as though an icy breath crept over her.

"Oh, I am too happy! I feel as though it could not last. One's heart must not sing such sweet music for ever, or it will not care to think of Heaven."

"Nonsense, Molly! We are young, and we love each other. Why should the happiness, which is common to all humanity since the time of Adam and Eve, prove a mere dream? There is no sin in loving; why should you speak as though Heaven punished folks for it?"

"Sure, I don't know," returned Molly simply; "it comes natural, anyhow. But ye mind ould Bridget O'Shea, mother's great-aunt that was—she that had eyes that could read the future, and knew a sight of things more than mortals understand—she told me that the lines in my face were set for misfortune, and no one can alter their destiny. But if ye'll be true to me, Jim, I think I could bear everything else."

"No fear o' that, ma canny sweetheart! But aw'll tell ye what, Molly, ma woman! Talkin' o' yer aunt minds me o' somethin', though aw dinna set any store by her prophecies, the silly, dotherin' superstitious aad body that she is. But them words ye once told me about—that the O'Sheas plighted their troth with, and that were held as bindin' as wedlock, and more so, mebbe—will ye say them to me, and then nothin' can ever come between us?"

Molly turned pale, and nestled closer to her lover.

"I'm afraid," she whispered in an awe-struck manner ; " they are so daring ; they seem to call down a fate with them ! "

Jim drew back a little, and looked at her with reproach.

"Are ye afraid to take a vow, then, chance ye might break it? Aw thought ye true as steel, Molly, else aw'd never ha' loved ye."

"I shall not change, Jim!" said the girl, raising her head proudly, and looking him straight in the face. "If I hesitated, it was for your sake, my darlin'. I would not care to have ye bound to me if your heart had gone elsewhere. But since you will have it, and do not fear the words, we will say them together, and my ring will do for the pledge."

It is very much the fashion among the fisher girls to wear rings of silver as ornaments, and Molly's middle-finger was so embellished. She drew the ring off as far as the first joint, then held out her hand :—

"Put your finger against mine, and, as I say the words, it must pass from my finger to yours, and then you are to repeat the words after me."

The sailor obeyed. He placed his finger ready, and waited for the vow to be spoken.

Finger to finger, and heart to heart,
Bind thou together that nothing can part ;
Soul cling to soul
Through fire and through wave,
The same be their goal
Through life and the grave ;
In love or in hate for ever to go
To hell or to heaven, to bliss or to woe.

Molly's clear young voice repeated the words distinctly, and they sounded like part of some sacred ceremony. Before they ended the silver ring was transferred to the sailor's brown finger.

The light died out in the west, and the mist rose higher, blotting out with its sad, even grayness the brilliant colours of the win-bloom. A solemn peace crept over the earth, and the very birds grew hushed and still.

The lovers drew closer to each other, but they were also under the spell, and ceased speaking. There are times when words become unnecessary, and silence is a religious aspiration.

All had been said. Were they not pledged to each other "through life and beyond"?

CHAPTER II.

THE gloom of a November day rapidly deepened into night. The tide was going back, and the heavy sea, white with foam, muttered and growled, as it retreated, like some hungry, savage creature foiled of prey. About a mile from Blackburn, in a small secluded bay, hemmed in by rugged sandstone cliffs, a wide rim of sand was visible, low-toned in colour, but relieved here and there by great tangled masses of sea-weed, black and brown and olive and red ; masses which had been torn up by the roots from their places in the deep calm of the under ocean, and thrown there to die and rot, in course of time, after the storm was over.

Under any circumstances, this Smuggler's Bay must have been an eerie and dismal place, but, under the melancholy twilight which prevailed that autumn afternoon, it was a kind of Hades—a dim, depressing, soul-saddening spot.

Years before, it had been the scene of a tragedy which the fisher-folk recounted with bated breath. In this case nearness of kin gave force to the story, and to their sympathies also, as the men who were involved were of their own people. A crew of smugglers—or “free-traders,” as they preferred to be called—were lured to their doom by false signals, and all perished there. It was not difficult to imagine that their restless, unhappy ghosts still wandered amongst those caves and recesses, seeking for vengeance upon the traitor who had betrayed the secret of their signals to the preventive men, and so compassed their destruction. Certainly popular rumour declared the bay to be so tenanted, and it was shunned after nightfall by every right-minded and believing person. The Northumbrian, born and bred, should be a firm believer in the supernatural, whether in the form of ghosts, witches, fairies, waufs, or bogles ; and every gloomy wood and every lonely house has its appropriate legend, to doubt which would be to cast discredit upon one's informant ; an exceedingly unwise proceeding upon the part of any student of folk-lore.

Stooping and crawling along, and every now and again stopping to turn over and examine closely some of the heaps of drift and tangle, appeared a figure, which might in the fog very well have passed for one of those shadowy spirits afore-mentioned, out on the prowl to discover any portion of wrecked cargo that the sea had chosen to disgorge.

This was, in fact, the errand of the searcher, though he was no

shadowy spirit, but one of the fishermen from Blackburn ; one who had either small faith in the superstition, or greed strong enough to overcome the awe it inspired. A ship had gone on the rocks a little to the northward a couple of hours before, and pounded herself to matchwood in no time, while the crew were washed one by one from the rigging, where they had climbed for refuge, and, no rescue being possible, were drowned within sight of land, and of the assembled population of the village, who could plainly hear their despairing cries above the din and clamour of the storm.

Our coast is very differently fitted now for the protection and saving of life ; but in those days there were no lifeboats, no rocket apparatus, no means whatever of help or succour for the drowning. Poverty and hardship rendered the dwellers on the coast indifferent in a great degree to human life, and it is certain that a wreck was looked upon as a godsend at that time. There was no harm in being a wrecker, for "what the sea sends the Lord gives," and the harvest of the sea did not mean its finny denizens so much as the valuables cast up by it, after the furious and deadly rages during which it had destroyed and torn asunder stately ships like paper, and let loose their cargoes to the mercy of its waves.

This old man—for such he appeared to be from his lean, bent figure, and the thin straggling locks of grey hair appearing from under his sou'-wester—had correctly judged that the current would drift portions of the wreckage into the bay, and that, since it had such an evil reputation, he would probably have more chance of plunder there than nearer to the spot where the brig had gone to pieces, and whither the most of the other fishermen had flocked. He was an unpleasant-looking creature, of sordid and wretched aspect ; his thin fingers crooked inwards like claws, after the true fashion of a miser, and a sinister, eager, greedy gleam afire in his eyes.

Suddenly he gave a low cry of triumph, stopped short, and, with the iron hook he carried, began rapidly to clear away a lot of wreck and driftwood from something which lay there at his feet. As the rubbish was thrown aside, the body of a sailor came to view, apparently little injured by the buffeting which it must have endured from the rough sea. Close beside the wrecked mariner lay a small box of carved, light-coloured wood ; one of those slight, pretty, jimcrack affairs that sailors are so fond of bringing home to their sweethearts. The old fisherman pounced upon it, and held it up to the fading light. It was locked. He shook it, and a rattle as of coin sounded inside. The gleam in his eyes grew more intense, and a horrible chuckle came from his withered lips. He hugged the box close to his breast, and

avarice—the last vice of humanity and perhaps the strongest, since it holds its ground when every other has faded and failed to satisfy—sent thrills of rapture through him, which, in their vividness and power, made him feel young and vigorous again.

Ah ! how delicious it was to hear that musical chink, worth to him all the songs of birds and murmurs of brooks ! In fancy, he already fingered those golden guineas inside, the very thought of which warmed him like brandy, and pierced him through and through like the summer sunshine. Upon the bliss of this enthralling dream a sound broke with suddenness, and chilled the blood that was coursing with such unwonted speed through the miser's aged frame—the sound of a soft, lingering, sobbing sigh.

The fisherman started and gazed around him fearfully. What was it ? Some one coming to rob him of his newly found treasure ? Never, never ! They should not have it ! They would have to kill him first. He clutched the box more tightly. A sullen rage began to kindle within him at the idea.

All at once his eyes fell upon the body of the drowned man. Was it fancy, or had it really moved a trifle from the position in which he had first found it ? It was still lying face downward, but surely the right arm had been more extended. It was as though some inward convulsion had taken place, upon which a muscular movement had followed without any return of consciousness, for the fingers were now closed upon the palm, and the arm itself slightly drawn upwards.

God's curse ! The brute was coming to life again to claim his own.

What right had he to deceive an honest wrecker in such a dirty, sneaking manner ? He was drowned. Well, he ought to have stopped drowned, then ! No good ever came of rescuing a man from the sea. It was the most unlucky thing any one could do. And after the man had gone through the pain and trouble of dying, it would be a shame to bring him back to life only to go through it again another time. Besides, the box ? The box belonged now to the one who had found it.

Once more the fisherman rattled it, and once more that beautiful alluring music sounded upon his longing ears.

Then the fury which had been gathering force within him broke loose, and with a savage growl he stooped and picked up a heavy stone. One moment of hesitation, as he stood with it poised above the helpless sailor, and then he dashed it down with the force given by madness. It fell upon the head of the poor fellow, and beat it in. There was a horrid, grinding crash. A low moan followed, and

a little blood ebbed out and stained the sand, after which all was still. The old man put his hands to his ears, and staggered back. The mad fit was passing, and he trembled as though with ague. That piteous, sad, low moan pierced through him, and made him acutely conscious of the thing he had done.

God had spared this man's life from all the fury of the waves, and the devil or greed had prompted him to take it ! It would not have mattered so much if he had only not heard that moan. Then he might have made himself believe that the man had never moved, had died before that stone was flung down. But now—now !—how would he ever get that sound out of his ears, or forget how that motionless figure looked lying there on the sand, with the dark blood slowly welling out of the ghastly hole in its head ?

He moved forward, still trembling in every limb, and lifted up the heavy stone. He could scarcely bear to touch it, wet and stained as it was, but he recognised the fact that it would be damning evidence against him if the body were found ; and though the horror of the act was still upon the wretch, the instinct of self-preservation was nevertheless very strong. He scrambled out upon the rocks to the farthest point, tottering and almost falling at every step, and threw the fatal stone into a deep pool, inaccessible save at very low water.

Then he went back and stood by the dead body. An impulse prompted him to turn it over and see the face of the man he had killed, but a sick, shuddering repugnance to touch it mastered the impulse. A strange spell glued his feet to the spot, though prudence kept telling him he ought to fly from it.

The sailor was of a comely, athletic build ; and his fair hair, dabbled in blood, curled close round the neck much in the same way that his own boy Jim's did.

Perhaps this man had an old father who waited and watched for him somewhere as he himself waited and watched for Jim ? Heaven pardon him ! Would to God he had spared this son of some doting anxious parent !

The curse of Cain fell on him at this thought. He turned and fled from the scene of his crime. Up the steep path to the summit of the cliffs he rushed, panting and breathless, as though some foul thing pursued him, and then on across the moor, until he fell exhausted and fainting. A sort of stupor crept over him, and it was a little while before he regained consciousness of his position.

When this took place he sat upright and passed his wrinkled hand over his eyes, and then in the dim uncertain light saw on the ground

hard by the fatal box which he had brought with him in his flight. It was no dream then! He stretched out his hand and touched it to make sure of its reality.

He hated the look of it now. If it were only hidden away out of sight and out of touch, surely then he might be able to banish from his mind that moan—that movement?

Desperately he began tearing at the earth with his lean fingers, which were shaped like the talons of a wild animal, but his feeble endeavours made only slight impression upon the hard earth, matted and toughened by the fibres of bent grass and the roots of furze. Then he got up and wandered about half-dazed, but still looking unconsciously for something to help him, and at last he found a rusty piece of iron, part of a barrel-hoop. With this he managed to scoop hole under a furze bush, into which he threw the box, still closed. It seemed to burn his fingers, and he gave a sigh of relief when his task was finished.

“To-morrow,” he muttered in a hoarse voice, “aw’ll ha’ surely gettin’ owre it by the morn, and then aw’ll come and fetch it! Aw wonder if aw can think of the place? Ah, ay, it’ll be easy to find. But aw canna bide th’ look on it now, and aw wadn’t hev a wink o’ sleep if aw took it home. It seems to smell o’ blood, ugh! It minds me o’ what lies down yonder. So it may just bide there till the morn, whatever’s inside.”

CHAPTER III.

THE old fisherman was aroused in the early morning from the troubled sleep, to which he had attained after hours of restless misery, by a loud and continuous knocking at the door of his cottage.

He started up, scarce awake, and his face was ghastly with fear. He beat the air with his feeble skinny arms, as though to ward off some threatening horror.

“It was the rocks. Neebody can say they saw me near thee. What d’y’e come moanin’ and botherin’ here for then? Leave us alone! Aw hev’n’t gettin’ th’ box at all, aw tell thee, so what’s there to make sic a work about?”

As the knocking still continued, and, indeed, rather increased in vehemence, he shook off his unpleasant dreams, and rose to his feet.

“Eh, me, whatten a hulla-baloo is this? Dinna makę such a row, and aw’ll be there direckly!”

He had not undressed, so there was small need of delay ; yet he did not seem inclined to hasten and open the door. What was this strange reluctance that overpowered reason and common-sense, both of which told him it was worse than useless to delay, and would only arouse suspicion ? He had a sense of helpless impotence before some crushing evil that was coming upon him, a feeling that most people have experienced at the supreme crisis of their fates.

"Come, man, be quick !" cried a voice, tremulous, yet impatient. "Ye wouldn't take so much to rouse ye if ye knew what's comin' after me. Quick, quick ! Merciful Heaven, here they are."

The door fell back, but the bearer of the ill-tidings had no time to broach his subject gently, as he wished to do.

With solemn feet and slow came those behind, four fishermen, who carried a ghastly burden covered with a sail, and, bearing it over the threshold, laid it upon the bed just vacated by its troubled tenant.

The old man leant against the wall, and gazed at them in silence. He uttered no word of protest or of wonder. His sin had found him out. The men stood waiting. They hesitated to leave him there alone with the dead.

How was it he showed no curiosity—no surprise ?

There was something about him they could not understand, pitiful as they all felt towards him. They were a kind-hearted set of people, especially to their own folk, and, though shy and awkward in all demonstration of feeling, like true Northumbrians, they really wished to comfort and sympathise with the old man. But he had ever shrunk from too close communion with his kind. Maybe even now he thought them too curious ? And yet—to leave him there with only *that* ?

Big Jack Ste'enson laid a rough but kindly hand on his shoulder.

"Rouse theesel', man, and dinna give way owre sair. It's nowt but what may chance any mother's son on us here when the wind blows a bit fresh !"

The old fisherman looked vacantly into his face, evidently not comprehending a word that was said.

"Marcy me, th' man's gaen daft !" muttered Jack in despair. One of the women who had crept in pointed to the bed.

"He canna take in what's happened," she whispered ; "he's never seen th' corp' yet ! Poor aad man, it's a sore sight, but th' rocks hes spared th' lad's bonny face—that's one comfort !"

She went up to the old man, and, taking his hand, led him up to the bed. He made no resistance, though keeping his face averted as they approached it.

"See thee here, hinny! Ye maunna hev it said ye were frightened te look at him as he lies there quiet and peaceful like!"

The grasp on her hand tightened. Then a hoarse, half-articulate murmur fell on her ear.

"Does it bleed—*does it still bleed?*"

"What? Oh, the place on his poor heid! No, no, ye'll see nothin' te shock ye," replied the woman, too preoccupied at the time to wonder how he knew of the wound.

Slowly, reluctantly he turned, and gazed at the still figure resting there.

Nothing to shock him?

He gave one wild shriek of mingled horror and despair, and, throwing up his arms to avenging Heaven, rushed madly from the place.

"Poor aad man, he's clean daft!" said the sympathising crowd, and big Jack followed at a safe distance to see that he did himself no bodily harm.

Directly afterwards, Molly Fenwick crept in, and threw herself upon her knees by the side of the bed, clasping one of the dead man's cold hands, and covering it with kisses. She never heeded the crowd of onlookers. Her grief was too overwhelming to leave any regard for appearances. But, indeed, their hearts went out to the poor young thing, bereft of her dearest—a widow, without having been a wife.

There was a sacredness about this intense sorrow that made them half-ashamed of witnessing it, and one after another they went out of the room. He was her lad, and she had a right to the last of him. Even her mother felt this, and it was not until an hour afterwards that Mrs. Fenwick ventured in. She found Molly still in the same attitude.

When the mother knelt down there too, and put soft, warm, motherly arms around the girl, Molly laid her head on that loving breast, and the tears that burned like fire in her eyeballs welled forth at last. After a while the girl raised the cold hand she was still holding.

"Look, mother dear! We spoke the words you know of, and I put my silver ring on his finger. Oh, mother, mother, it breaks my heart—it breaks my heart!"

Mrs. Fenwick looked, and sure enough no ring was on that poor hand. She did not know what to say. The vow of her people was a sacred thing, and not to be broken without invoking the wrath of some avenging Nemesis,

"Mother, say something to comfort me," moaned the broken-hearted creature. "I tied him by that ring, and by those spoken words, and maybe he's forgotten me, and that is why misfortune has followed? Oh, Jim, my darlin', I'd have given my life for yours, whether ye've been true or not! And now ye'll never hear me, nor know it, when ye lie in yer cold, lonely grave, with nothin' soundin' near ye but the noise of the tossin' water, and the moanin' wind. Why did you not keep my ring, dear one? But, my darlin' Jim, neither death nor the grave can part us—mind that. 'To bliss or to woe' we are bound by the vow. Maybe ye'll love me again when we meet in heaven?"

Mrs. Fenwick did not try to stop Molly's outburst. The instinct of the Irish is to lament in poetry, to apostrophise the dead in every conceivable way, and sing their praises, and moan over their decease in all the wildly eloquent words they can bring to bear on the subject, and so these words sounded fit and proper.

But there were certain duties to be performed, and at length Molly was induced to leave the cottage.

CHAPTER IV.

YEARS passed on, but old Craster did not regain his senses. Ever since the day when he recognised the body of the sailor, found by the fishermen in Smuggler's Bay in the early morning, and brought to his cottage, to be that of his only son, the old man had wandered about in an aimless, restless manner, not following his calling, and letting his boat lie idle, until it fell into decay from neglect and want of repairs. When he fled madly from his cottage, it was to mount the heights above in a state of breathless excitement. Black Jack, following in a more leisurely manner, was astonished to see him pause, upon gaining the open moor, and gaze around in a despairing and bewildered manner.

Far as the eye could reach stretched a sheet of dazzling snow, fallen through the night. It was of no great depth, but was, nevertheless, deep enough to alter the features of the landscape completely, and to obliterate the landmarks by which any particular spot might be traced.

"Aw said aw'd fetch it to-day, but there's no chance o' puttin' things straight once ye've gaen crooked, aw see! Two stones, an aad tree-root, and then down below a big whin bush, that's the place

it's in, but how can aw find it under the snow? An' mebbe there's somethin' inside that he'll want to take with him? Aw wadn't ha' done it if aw'd known, Jim! Aw wadn't ha' taken thy box—let alone—ugh!”

Black Jack had come up by this time, and tried to turn his steps homeward, but the old man shook him off.

“Aw canna gan back to him without his box, aw tell ye. There's mebbe somethin' he'll want in it?”

“Whatten box is't thou's efter?” asked Black Jack wonderingly; “thou maunna expect te find his chest up aloft here, ma canny man! Come along home wi' thee, and dinna fash about th' lad's belongin's. He'll want for nowt where he's gaen, ye may take ma word fer that!”

But there was no heed paid to him. The old fisherman wandered the moor for hours, seeking the place whereupon the previous night he had buried the small box. This one idea dominated him, and he could not escape it. It was Jim's box, and Jim must have it. But it is easier to hide than to find. Nature was against the seeker. That thin, soft, white carpet of snow destroyed all recognisable landmarks, and made every place look the same.

Day after day the search was renewed, but fruitlessly, though in due season the snow melted. The body of poor Jim Craster was laid to rest in the old graveyard on the hill, within sound of the waves. Molly Fenwick had to take up the broken threads of her life, and weave them together as best she might, for the sake of the feeble and sickly mother, who would have been lost without her.

At first there were not wanting suitors who aspired to Jim's place, and the very thought of them was loathsome to the girl. There is small time allowed for sorrow when life is hard and realistic, and Molly was so good a daughter that her worth grew to be appreciated in the village, and various of the fishermen who were unmarried began to covet such a clever, capable woman, spite of the alien blood which ran in her veins. Perhaps, too, Mrs. Fenwick would not have been sorry to see Molly wedded to some good man, who would teach her to forget the past; for, though people of her race are noted for their constancy, she argued very justly that constancy to mean anything should be mutual, and where one had the suspicion of falsehood it need not exist. Besides, she herself was getting more frail every day, and the time could not be far distant when her child would be left alone and friendless in a cold and cruel world.

But it was all of no use. Molly turned a deaf ear to reason, and a cold shoulder to suitors. After a while they ceased to bother her.

Her face grew pinched and old before its time, and nothing was left of its sweetness, save only the wistful grey eyes. There was no longer any likelihood of it attracting lovers, and of this the girl was glad.

Each year, on the anniversary of that spring day when Jim had told her of his love, and when the furze was in full bloom, she climbed the heights and went over every word that had passed between them. The hesitative, tentative utterances, the assurances of mutual affection, the kiss that sealed them, the vow which made them one, and was like a sacrament, all these came freshly and vividly to Molly's mind one afternoon as she sat alone where they had sat together half a dozen years before.

Yes, it was here they sat and courted on that sunny day when Nature smiled upon their young love, and the spring was in the air. Once more the golden glory of whin-bloom spread along the coast, once more the skylarks showered down their liquid notes. The earth renews her youth, whatever fades and passes away. Humanity dies : but Nature only sleeps.

And love ! Does it perish also, or is there in it some subtle essence, indestructible and eternal ?

Molly was no philosopher, no student of the mysteries of life and death, but the poetry of passion and of sorrow had educated her in some degree, and developed her powers of thinking ; and she often wondered about these things, and wished it were possible to attain to the truth. More than all, she longed for the assurance of her lover's fidelity. The doubt and uncertainty was a constant and wearing trouble to her. Instead of helping her to forget or despise the man she had lost, it seemed to keep him in her mind continually. Had she known that he loved her to the last, time might have brought consolation or at least resignation ; or had she been equally certain of his unfaithfulness, she might perchance have learnt to banish him from her heart.

But the grave is the best keeper of secrets, and there was no answer to poor Molly's enigma.

Therefore the furze blossomed and the birds sang in vain so far as she was concerned.

The previous winter had been a severe one, and, under the influence of a prolonged frost, a good deal of earth had crumbled and fallen into the hollows, landslips had taken place, and tree-roots were left standing without the support of the ground they had grown into.

Molly aimlessly, and without consciousness of what she was about, began digging with the point of her shoe into the soft sandy soil below where she was sitting, when, quite suddenly, it collapsed.

a small chasm opened out, and her foot slipped down into it, touching some hard substance at the bottom, which she took to be a stone. She stepped back, and then looked curiously into the hole. To her surprise she saw there some carved wood—the corner of a box apparently. She went down upon her knees, and began to clear away the earth and to work it loose. The sand had settled down upon and roots of whins and ferns had twined about it, so that this was a work of some difficulty. At last the task was accomplished, and she sat down to examine the find.

Suddenly there was a queer sound, a sort of sobbing cry, half of fear and half of triumph. She turned her head, and there close behind her stood old Craster. Like the rest of the villagers she imagined that the loss of his son had driven the old fisherman crazy, and, though she tried in many ways to be kind to him because of Jim there was something uncanny and repellent in his talk and demeanour, something which inspired her with fear. The suddenness, too, with which he had come upon her was in itself alarming.

"What do you want?" she asked tremblingly.

He made a dart at the box, and, before she could defend it, it was in his hands.

"What is it? Is that the box you are always lookin' for?"

The moment he clutched the box the old man sank upon the ground. All strength seemed to have left him at once. But he still held the box, and glared upon her with jealous and savage anger.

"That was where I found it," explained Molly, pointing to the chasm. "Did you put it there?"

"What—what odds does it make to thee? Thou wiled ma lad, Jim, away from me, and now nothin' 'll serve ye but gettin' his box, too! Be off, aw tell thee! His feyther hes the best reet, and the forst, aw wad think!"

The fierce tone made the girl shrink back, but it was not that which caused her to tremble with sickening dread.

Merciful Heaven! What meaning was hinted at in these words?

"Jim! Did you say the box belonged to Jim?"

The fisherman gave her a strange, bewildered look.

"Ay, and mebbe there's somethin' in it he'll be wantin' where he's gaen? Here, lass, try and break it open wi' a stone. Beat it on th' ground—any way—any way, only get it open!"

His voice died down to a feeble gasp, but Molly heard. She pushed away the box he offered, and covered her eyes with her hands.

"Oh, no, no! Throw it back into the hole. I dare not touch it!"

"Break it open, I tell ye!" repeated the hoarse, feeble voice. Spite of the horror which was creeping over her, Molly dared not longer disobey.

The lock was a very poor affair, and did not require much strength to force. Slowly the girl drew out its contents one by one: a lock of hair, dank and discoloured by the action of the salt water, a sealed packet addressed to herself, and, beneath all, a handful of coins, guineas for the most part.

These she left where they were, and took up the packet. It was wrapped in thick paper, and, though stained and damp, had withstood the water tolerably well, so that the writing upon it was still legible. It contained a letter and the silver ring she had given to her lover. Jim had found that his wearing of this caused much curiosity among his shipmates, and subjected him to questioning from them—vulgar and otherwise. He did not care to talk to them about his Molly; his love seemed to him a thing too sacred to be paraded. Therefore had he bought this box and placed in it the ring he valued so highly, along with the lock of his sweetheart's hair which—sailor-fashion—he had begged from her. But if the fortune of the sea overtook him, he hoped that the box would be found by some kind-hearted person who would forward the letter to Molly. She was not to forget he was hers still "through life and the grave."

Molly kissed the loving words and placed them in her bosom. The bitterness of her grief was past. Jim was true to her. All the rest mattered little. Life would pass like a dream, and, when the awakening came, they would be together.

As she restored the silver ring to the finger from which she had taken it six years before, a thrill of joy ran through her. She had a right to love him, and this action assured her of it.

When she turned again, Jim's wretched father was watching her intently and with suspense in his haggard eyes.

What was she to do?

There are sins that, by their unnatural horror, seem to be beyond all human judgment, and this was one of them. God help her! She could not call down the justice of man upon *his* father. No good deed would be served by letting the world know this ghastly secret. The crime must be tried at a Higher Tribunal.

"Ye dinna speak, wumman! How do aw know what evil ye're hatchin'? But aw dinna mind if Jim could get his box back. Eh, weary on us! aw've niver gettin' that moan oot o' ma mind. But ye

winna let them hang us? Aw'm an aad man, and—yer lad's feyther—d'ye hear me, Molly, ma canny lass?"

The miserable creature got hold of the girl's arm and clung there in abject terror. But the touch was inexpressibly loathsome to Molly, and she shook it off. Then, in a low, broken voice, she said: "You need not fear. Live out your wretched life."

Again she took up the box. The money was still lying at the bottom. She gazed at it as Judas might have gazed at the accursed pieces of silver for which he sold the Christ.

Then an irresistible impulse seized upon her. She emptied the guineas into her hand, and, with all her strength, flung it away from her far down the bank. The golden coins rolled and danced as though instinct with life, and, gathering impetus as they went, leapt over the cliff into the sea; save only a few stray guineas which, lodging under stones and in fissures by the way, formed possible treasure-trove for some future generation.

"Fool, fool!—th' money! Th' bonny gowlden guineas!" shrilled an angry voice in her ear.

She looked steadily at the old man.

"Let it go!" she said, with bitter emphasis. "Jim's blood is on it. Maybe the water will wash it clean!"

THE STORY OF THE ASSASSINATION OF ALEXANDER II.

ON March 13, or March 1, Russian style, 1881, the whole civilised world was startled by a report, which proved only too well founded, that Alexander II., the Czar of all the Russias, had at last fallen a victim to Nihilist assassins. I say "at last," because the life of his majesty had been attempted oftener perhaps than any other monarch of ancient or modern times. Few of these attempts were allowed to come to the knowledge of the general public ; but it is beyond doubt that for years the Czar's footsteps had been dogged, and his life menaced in every possible way. That he managed to avoid so long the death that threatened him testifies to the vigilance with which he was guarded ; but his murder in the end was startling evidence of the relentless, persistent, and unbreakable power of the Nihilists. Men and women had been hanged and transported to the awful solitudes of Siberia literally by thousands. Still the ranks of the conspirators were not thinned ; their designs were not frustrated, nor were their well-laid plans disclosed.

One of the most remarkable phases of Nihilism is its perfect organisation, and its far-reaching ramifications. It is probable that no secret society that has ever existed, not even the Spanish Inquisition, has been so widespread, so firmly knit together, so pitiless, and so true in all its parts, as the Russian Revolutionary Party. From small and peaceful beginnings it has grown into a mighty power. And no longer content with solitary murders by dagger or bullet, it has availed itself of the most terrible agencies of the chemist's art to accomplish the wholesale downfall of its victims. Scarcely less remarkable is the influence it has wielded over all sorts and conditions of men and women. Beautiful girls and promising youths have come within its sway, and have willingly sacrificed their lives and their honour for what, to them, must have been a mere chimera. The army, the navy, the church, the law, the aristocracy, the arts and sciences have their representatives of Nihilism ; and in the formidable brotherhood priest and layman, noble and peasant rub shoulders.

The late Czar was perfectly well aware of all this, and yet it is well known that he frequently expressed his opinion that the Nihilists could not destroy him. This opinion was based upon the belief that the organisation for his own protection was more perfect than the organisation of his enemies. The belief, moreover, gained strength by the failure of the many attempts against his life. But he fell at last, as the world now knows, though the true story in all its details, of the dark plot that encompassed his end, has never yet been told.

The first real shock to the Emperor's faith in his safety was received when the arch conspirator Hartman escaped after his astounding attempt to blow up the royal train, by undermining the Moscow railway over which his majesty was to travel. Many hundreds of pounds had been spent, and many long dreary weeks of labour devoted to this really stupendous work, but at the last moment the mine was discovered, though the chief workman escaped. Had he been captured, the guardians of his majesty might justly have boasted of their perfect organisation, but he slipped through their meshes, thereby disclosing the astounding weakness of the police, and the marvellous influence that the Nihilists possessed. For Hartman travelled nearly a thousand miles through the country after his flight, and neither the telegraph nor secret police could stop him. His destination was Berlin, and he was passed from village to village and town to town on the route without difficulty. He was sheltered and fed and provided with innumerable disguises. Part of his long journey was performed on foot and part in the country carts and wagons of the peasants. There was not a village or town on the route that had not its Nihilist agents. A secret sign from the fugitive insured him protection, and he travelled rapidly from stage to stage, while those who were eagerly hunting for him were everywhere put off the scent. He passed the frontier without the slightest difficulty. Berlin was entered at last and he was safe. Within a few hours of reaching the German capital he had an interview with Karl Marx the agitator, and some days later, having thoroughly recovered from the exertions of his long journey, he proceeded to Paris. Had he been a mere pothouse assassin his escape from Russia would have been impossible. But he was a prominent Nihilist, and the ægis of Nihilism saved him.

As soon as he reached Berlin, a cipher telegram was despatched to a well-known Nihilist residing in Geneva, and that very night, in this same Nihilist's house, a secret meeting was held. What took place at that meeting is not known, but there are good grounds for believing that a new plan for slaying the Czar was discussed. At

any rate, on the following day a cipher message was sent to Hartman instructing him to go to Paris with all speed. And when it was known that he had arrived in the French capital a trusted emissary was sent from Geneva to confer with him. The name of this emissary was Trigoni. He was a young man who had been a law student in St. Petersburg. He was a member of a good family, but had espoused the cause of the Nihilists with great enthusiasm. After his interview with Hartman he returned to Geneva, and soon afterwards set out for St. Petersburg, and for a time all trace of his movements was lost, until he was subsequently arrested a few days before the Emperor's assassination.

For some time after Trigoni's departure there was unusual activity amongst the Geneva Nihilists, and much passing to and fro between Geneva, Paris, and Berlin. It is also *en évidence* that certain prominent members of the fraternity in the Swiss capital received large remittances from Russia. None of this money, however, was banked, but generally converted at once into French or Swiss currency. The mysterious movements of the Nihilists led to the secret police in Geneva being very considerably strengthened by the arrival of a large number of spies from Russia. By one of these men, whose acquaintance I made at the beginning of 1880, I was informed that a new plot for the assassination of the Czar was being arranged in Geneva. "But," added my informant, "it won't succeed. We know everything these Nihilists are doing, and we shall sweep into our net a big haul of the ringleaders."

How utterly erroneous this man's calculations were was proved by subsequent events, and, as will presently be seen, the elaborate system of espionage organised to entrap the Czar's enemies was singularly ineffectual. The spies were watched by spies, and there was not a move on the part of the foreign police that was not known immediately to the Nihilists. They, in fact, laughed to scorn those who were sent to checkmate them. They beat the watchers hollow at their own game.

A little later Hartman was arrested in Paris in deference to the demands of the Russian Government, and was subsequently conducted to the frontier. After this it was noticeable that the Geneva section of the conspirators became less active, though whether this was a mere ruse or not to throw the Russian spies off their guard, it is difficult to say. But one thing is certain, the spies were deluded by it, and many of them in obedience to orders returned to their own country, for rumours were in the air that fresh intrigues had been discovered in Russia and the men were wanted at home. The chief of

the secret police, at that time, in Russia, was M. Plévé, a man who proved himself singularly incompetent for the important post he held. He had neither the discrimination, the power, nor the tact necessary for such a functionary. His most conspicuous quality seems to have been a profound belief in his own abilities. It is an open secret that he was particularly afraid of the Geneva Nihilists, and he took all the means he could think of to keep them in check. But he made a fatal mistake when he recalled his creatures after the Hartman affair. And something even more than this was proved by the movement, for M. Plévé was at his wits' ends to find reliable men. The best men of his staff were abroad, and he experienced the greatest difficulty in carrying on his work at home. As a matter of fact the net which he thought he had so cleverly spread abroad turned out to be worse than useless, and, while his spies were enjoying themselves in some of the chief capitals of Europe, Nihilism was again asserting its mighty power in Russia. This could no longer be overlooked by M. Plévé, and so he issued a note of recall. When his emissaries returned from their foreign tour he proceeded to the elaboration of a more intricate scheme for the better safeguarding of his august master, but, as subsequent events have too surely shown, this scheme was destined to be futile.

As soon as Plévé's spies had taken their departure from Geneva, the Nihilists threw off their restraint to some extent, and frequent communications took place between them and their colleagues in Paris. The nature of these communications can only be guessed at, but since the Czar's death evidence has been gathered which goes to prove that, as Hartman's desperate plan had failed, it was resolved to take other means to kill the Emperor. It was suggested that he should be poisoned, and, in order that the designs of the Nihilists should be fully accomplished, his son was also to be slain. In the event of this double assassination being successfully carried out, it was to be the signal for a general rising in Moscow and St. Petersburg. Barricades were to be raised, the palaces were to be seized, and a new government proclaimed, who, in the name of the people, would at once proceed to remodel the Constitution. To the elaboration of this gigantic conspiracy many able men set to work, and a draft of the new Constitution was actually made out, and submitted to the Executive Committee of what was known as the Narodnaya Volya Party, then very active in Russia. This party was resolved, at all hazards and by every means in its power, to bring about the death of their ruler. It numbered some of the most violent and daring men in all the country, and it also included several women, who

rendered the cause great service. One of these women was Sophie Looffa Peroffskaya, who was only about five-and-twenty years of age. She was of noble birth, her father having been governor of St. Petersburg, and she was a niece of an officer of the Imperial Court. She was well educated, and possessed of considerable beauty and a most fascinating and winsome manner. In consequence of this she became a powerful instrument in helping on the Nihilist cause, for her beauty and high connections enabled her to gain access to places that otherwise would have been shut against her, and men of rank and position at the Court fell victims to her fascinating charms. She was a woman not only of remarkable talents, but she possessed a dangerous power of drawing men into her toils and worming their secrets from them. By this means she was enabled to learn every movement of the Court, and all the plans that were taken for the Emperor's safety. When she was subsequently arrested for complicity in the murder of the Czar, many an official high in rank trembled lest she might be led to make disclosures that would compromise them. But she held her peace, and it is well known by those behind the scenes that she would not have been executed had it not been for the fear in high quarters that she might yet betray certain people. She being of noble birth, it was necessary that her death-warrant should be personally signed by the new Emperor. At first he showed some reluctance to send this beautiful and high-born girl to the scaffold. But his scruples were overruled by those who had good cause to wish her out of the way. This, however, is anticipating the course of the narrative.

The scheme for poisoning the Emperor did not find general favour in the ranks of the Nihilists. In fact, only a few gave their countenance to it. But as these few possessed influence, a trusted messenger—known as an agent in the third degree—was despatched to St. Petersburg to confer with the Executive Committee.¹ The Committee, however, did not approve of the suggestion. It was urged as a strong objection that as the killing of the Czar was intended to produce a great moral effect, this effect would be lost if he died by poison, for the matter would of a certainty be hushed up. It was argued that the court physicians would certify that his majesty had died from natural causes. Now this was not what the Nihilists wanted. Their idea was to impress the world with the performance

¹ An agent in the third degree was a member of the fraternity who possessed the entire confidence of the leaders. These agents were well paid, and were deputed to carry out the most dangerous work. In the event of their lives being sacrificed when *on duty*, provision was made for their widows and children.

of a tragic drama that should have a vast multitude for an audience, so that there should be thousands of living witnesses that Nihilism was irresistible. The poisoning scheme was therefore abandoned, and another plan discussed for the "Execution of the tyrant." This was the phraseology employed by the Nihilists when speaking of the proposed assassination of the Emperor. Now, whether the plan that was subsequently so terribly successful had its actual birth in Geneva or Paris will probably never be known. But this much is certain : a student in the School of Chemistry at St. Petersburg sent to the committee in Paris a formula for the preparation of an explosive compound. This compound, while having glycerine as a base, was not what is commonly known as nitro-glycerine, but was infinitely more powerful than even that powerful explosive. It was stated that so small a quantity as two drachms, confined in a steel tube, would, on being exploded, kill every living thing within a radius of twelve yards. What became of the inventor of it is not accurately known, but he is supposed to have drowned himself in the Neva. The reason the explosive was not prepared in Russia was owing to the great difficulties there were in the way of procuring the ingredients without arousing suspicion. The bombs themselves, however, were manufactured in St. Petersburg. And this important work was placed in the hands of one Keebalchich, the son of a priest. This man had studied for the Church, but had subsequently entered the School of Government Engineers. These details having been settled, extraordinary measures were taken to insure the success of the new plot. The most minute particulars were calculated, and nothing was left to chance. On one of the men who was arrested after the deed, and subsequently hanged, was found a coloured plan on which the trajectory of a hand-thrown bomb of a given weight was calculated with mathematical precision. There was a drawing of a carriage on the plan, and to the right of it a red spot. Between the spot and the carriage was a curved line drawn to scale. The line represented the flight of the bomb when thrown by hand from a certain point, and the exact place of its fall. But in addition to the bombs, and to make assurance doubly sure, it was decided to take a shop in the Sadovaya ostensibly for the sale of cheese, and there construct a mine. This shop was situated near the Anitchkoff palace, and as the Emperor frequently passed it on his way to and from the palace, a mine exploded at the right moment would encompass his destruction. The mine was prepared with great skill and care, large quantities of dynamite being used, and had it been fired it would have blown up the greater part of the palace itself. It is necessary to state here

that another woman played a prominent rôle in the conspiracy. This was a good-looking young Jewess named Hesse Helfmann. She was the mistress of a man named Sablin, who was also a leading conspirator. The police received some information which led them to make a raid on his lodgings, but before they could arrest him he shot himself. His mistress, however, was arrested later on, and documents of a very compromising character were found upon her. It is a mystery to this day why the police failed to act on the knowledge they thus gained of the conspiracy. Had they done so they might have saved the Emperor's life.

How the explosive material already alluded to was conveyed to Russia is another mystery, that in all human probability will for ever remain unsolved, for those who are supposed to have taken it there are dead, and the lips of the living who might tell are sealed by their oath of allegiance to the Nihilist cause. At this time the authorities were exercising the most sleepless vigilance. Every frontier was rigidly guarded, even the eastern shores of Siberia being watched. In fact, a cordon, so to speak, was drawn all round Russia, and the police boasted that a mouse could not enter without detection. And to show to what extent the scrutiny of everything coming into the country was carried, it may be mentioned that the huge packages of tea from China which are borne on the backs of camels across the dreary deserts were carefully searched, lest they might be made the vehicle of conveying Nihilist literature or instructions to the enemy. Imported furniture was rigorously examined, and it is within the writer's knowledge that a new carriage sent from London to an English gentleman living near Moscow was rendered almost valueless by being pulled to pieces, to see if anything dangerous was concealed between the panels or under the lining. Passengers by trains coming from other countries had to submit to the most inquisitorial examination of their persons and their luggage; and ladies suffered the indignity of having to denude themselves of their clothes to show that they had nothing concealed about them. So shamelessly was this order carried out by the officials that more often than not the armed gendarmes did not retire while the female searchers did their work. And if the unfortunate victims of the *panic law* ventured to remonstrate against the indecency of the proceedings, they were roughly informed that the guards had no instructions to withdraw. In the case of the seaports, thousands of men were employed, and ships were overhauled with a minuteness that was simply astounding; and any one arriving by rail or sea, and wishing to engage a cab, could only do so through an agent of police. In spite, however, of

all these precautions, the compound that was used for exploding the shells was smuggled into the country and duly deposited in the house of Nicholas Sablin, already alluded to, and the following incident, which has never before been made public, may throw some light on the subject.

The Emperor was slain on March 13, and about the end of January or beginning of February a Russian Jew, long resident in Paris, arrived in Geneva, and took up his residence in a *pension* near the Place des Alpes. He represented himself to be an *agent de commerce*, but was apparently in needy circumstances. Amongst his luggage, which consisted principally of traveller's sample cases, was a small brown leather box, strapped round with two leather straps, and having a brass handle let into the lid for the convenience of carrying. This box attracted attention by its newness and remarkable weight, which was out of all proportion to its size.

The day after his arrival, the commercial traveller remained in bed on the plea of illness, and he sent for a Russian doctor, then resident in the town, to attend him. He was also visited during the next few days by several other people. They came ostensibly to do business with him, as he was unable to go to them on account of his indisposition. One day his visitors included a woman who had long been resident in Geneva, and who was known to be an uncompromising Nihilist; she told the landlord of the house that she did not know the sick man, but, as she had heard that he was a compatriot, she thought it was nothing more than a duty on her part to call upon him, seeing that they were both strangers in a strange land.

On the evening of the fifth or sixth day the invalid asked for his bill, saying that the doctor had told him to return to Paris immediately, to undergo an operation, as his life was in danger. The bill was presented and promptly paid, and, having bestowed a modest *pourboire* on the domestics who had attended him, the sick man drove to the station in a *voiture* and took his departure by the night train for Paris. It was afterwards remembered that he did not carry away with him the leather box with straps and brass handle, nor had he left it behind in his room, but he did leave behind in a drawer a small india-rubber bag of peculiar construction, the mouth of it being fastened with a brass cap. It was a flat bag, and when distended with fluid it would be about an inch thick. On each side near the top was a loop adapted for a strap. The object of this was obvious. The bag was intended to be strapped round the body under the clothes, and when so carried, especially if the bearer was a woman, it would have attracted no attention. The bag had evidently been

left behind by mistake, but no application was ever made for it. As to the box, no traces of it have ever been discovered.

About a week after the supposed commercial traveller had taken his departure, the woman who had visited him left Geneva in company with three men. One of them was an old man, and the other two young, one being little more than a youth. They were foreigners, though their nationality has never been determined ; but it is supposed that the old man was a Pole, and the other two Russians. It was a bitterly cold and snowy day when the travellers left, and the woman was enveloped in a massive fur cloak of costly Russian sable. The travellers took tickets as far as Bâle ; and this much is known of their subsequent movements. They left Bâle that evening for Frankfort, where they spent a day and visited the house of a well-known Jew residing in the Juden Strasse. From Frankfort they booked to Berlin, and are known to have arrived in that city, but after that, strangely enough, all trace of them was lost. The men never returned to Geneva, but the woman did. She came back a month after the Czar had been killed. But she came from Paris, not from Berlin. She still resides in Geneva, or did up to a recent date.

Of course it is possible that the incidents here related had no bearing on the terrible events that so shocked the world in the early days of March 1881. The good citizens of Geneva are very indignant with any one who even hints that they had. Still they are remarkable, and cannot be discarded by the searcher who seeks for the missing pages from the story of the Czar's murder.

As the day for the dark tragedy approached, the St. Petersburg section of the plotters were working night and day in order to complete their arrangements. Keebalchich, the engineer, fashioned the bombs, and he displayed remarkable ingenuity in so doing. Those that were destined to accomplish the fell purpose of the conspirators were conical in shape ; the conical end being so weighted that, on falling, that part of the bomb was sure to strike the ground first. In the extreme tip of the shell, and also in a circle round the end, percussion caps were sunk. These in turn communicated with a slender steel tube that extended from tip to base of the shell. This tube was filled with the explosive to which allusion has been made. It was a clear amber-coloured fluid, but thick like golden syrup, and sweet to the taste. A few moments, however, after it had touched the tongue a painful, burning sensation was experienced. If two or three drops of this stuff were allowed to fall upon a hot stove they instantaneously produced an enormous and blinding sheet of brilliantly white flame. But there was neither noise nor smoke, though a

peculiar odour was evolved that resembled that of burning leather. Round the steel tube blasting powder was rammed very tightly, and, between the powder and the wall of the shell, was a thin layer of gun-cotton. At least half a dozen of these formidable engines of death were manufactured, together with some of a more ordinary kind, while two were made of glass filled with dynamite.

While these infernal preparations were going on Sophie Peroffskaya was keeping the conspirators well informed of the Emperor's movements, and at last she was able to announce that he was going to inspect a marine corps in company with his brother the Grand Duke Michael, and it was at once decided that the attempt should be made as his majesty drove back to the Winter Palace. It is well known in Nihilist circles that two days before the assassination Sophie passed the night in company with an official high in position at the Court, and from him she no doubt derived her information as to the Czar's journey and the route he would take. This route would be either by the Sadovaya or the Catherine Canal. If by the Sadovaya the mine under the cheese shop was to be exploded ; and apart from this men were to be stationed at certain spots armed with the bombs, so that if his Majesty escaped the mine the bombs were to be thrown. If, on the other hand, he passed by the Canal, the bombs alone were to be relied upon for doing the deadly work.

The night before the eventful day the conspirators worked all through the hours of darkness to complete their preparations, and, as daylight dawned on the dreary winter morning, everything was ready, and each man was told off to his respective position. Sophie Peroffskaya drew plans of the routes, and marked the spots where the conspirators were to wait ; and she herself arranged to take up a conspicuous position and to signal the Emperor's approach. She took under her especial charge two men named Reesakoff and Elnikoff. The latter was quite a young man, and is said to have been infatuated with her beauty and ready to do her lightest bidding. It was these two men who actually committed the deed. On the signal being given by Sophie, Reesakoff threw the first bomb. It exploded with a tremendous report, slightly wounding the horses, partly shattering the carriage, and killing on the spot the Cossack footman who rode behind. The coachman was unhurt, and he implored his Majesty not to alight, saying he would drive him safe to the palace. But the Emperor was greatly alarmed, and insisted on getting out. As soon as ever he alighted, Elnikoff, who was only a very few yards away, threw his bomb with so true an aim that it fell at the Czar's feet, but strangely enough, though the force of the explosion was

tremendous, men who were standing many yards away being knocked down by it, while a huge hole was ploughed in the ground, the Emperor was not killed outright, but both he and his assassin fell to the ground terribly injured. Elnikoff died very soon afterwards, but his majesty lingered in dreadful agony for several hours. His lower limbs and part of the abdomen were torn and shattered to pieces, and it is truly marvellous that he survived so long.

The rest of the ghastly story is well known. Of the two women and eight men who were subsequently proved to have taken an active part in the tragedy, one of the men (Sablin) shot himself, Elnikoff was killed by the explosion of the bomb, two brothers (Kobozeffs) escaped, and the other four men and the two women were brought to trial and sentenced to be hanged, which sentence was duly carried out on the 15th of April, except in the case of Hesse Helfmann, who was reprieved on account of being with child. None of the conspirators showed any remorse for the crime, and they went to their death without apparent signs of fear.

The extraordinary measures that were taken immediately after the Czar's assassination prevented the other part of the conspirators' programme from being carried out. It was a bitter disappointment to them, for nothing was altered, nothing changed. The Czar was no sooner dead than the cry was raised of "Long live the Czar!" and the dropped crown of Alexander II. was immediately taken up by Alexander III. For the time being Nihilism was scotched but not killed. From the blow it then received it has long since recovered, and is now stronger than ever, and the Damoclean sword that so long swung over the head of Alexander II. swings now over the head of his successor, and the Nihilists are sworn to "execute" him if the opportunity occurs. But the tragedy of 1881 taught the authorities a lesson, and the looked-for opportunity may be a long way off, though in the ranks of the Nihilists are men and women who will stop at nothing, shrink from nothing, that will enable them to "regenerate their country." It may be an ambitious dream, but those who dream it are persuaded that the time is fast approaching when the dream will be fulfilled.

J. E. MUDDOCK.

JOHN HOOKHAM FRERE.¹

IF the poetry of wit and cleverness were equal to the poetry of inspiration, then the Right Honourable John Hookham Frere would be one of the greatest of English poets. He is the author of a *jeu d'esprit* which undoubtedly suggested the idea of "Don Juan" to Lord Byron, and while "The Monks and the Giants" of Frere is equal to Byron's satiric masterpiece in brilliancy, force, and versification, it is devoid of the objectionable elements which disfigure the latter. Nor is this the only claim that Frere has to remembrance. He is so saturated with the old Greek writers that we verily breathe the Attic air as we read his pages, while his appreciation and apprehension of the ancient Saxon are nobly manifest in his translation of the Saxon poem on the "Victory of Athelstan at Brunanburgh." Coleridge described him as one able to convince Tieck that there was amongst us a man in whom taste at its maximum had vitalised itself into productive power. Add to all this that Frere was a person of considerable activities in the diplomatic sphere, and we have surely enough to convince us that here is a very remarkable man, and one who has scarcely received his due meed of attention in an age which is steadfast to nothing but that which is ephemeral.

Frere's life is one of more than average interest from its public as well as its literary aspects. Though not born in the purple he came of an ancient stock, long settled in the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk. Hastings and the Conqueror have even been once more requisitioned, this time by a French genealogist, who professes to have found two ancestors of the Frere family in William's invading army. Be that as it may, there was certainly a John Frere living in Suffolk in 1268, whose successors for generations held lands and bore arms, and intermarried with various families of landed gentry. Then we stand on clear ground with regard to another John Frere, who lived at Thwait Hall, near Finningham, and died in 1679. This gentleman's great-grandson purchased Roydon Hall, near Diss, in

¹ The Works in Prose and Verse of the Right Honourable John Hookham Frere. Edited, with a Memoir, by W. E. and Sir Bartle Frere. (Pickering

Norfolk. In the Harleston branch of the Freres was a certain Tobias Frere, a vehement Parliamentary and a member of the Barebones Parliament ; and there was also a James Frere, who in 1653 propounded a scheme "for transporting vagrants to the foreign plantations." Two members of the same branch had some correspondence with Oliver Cromwell respecting arms for Barbadoes. Hookham Frere did not lay much stress on mere length of descent, and when asked to write a few lines on his coat of arms, on behalf of the family, he penned these amusing rhymes :—

The Flanches, on our field of Gules,
Denote, by known heraldic rules,
A race contented and obscure,
In mediocrity secure,
By sober parsimony thriving,
For their retired existence striving ;
By well-judged purchases and matches,
Far from ambition and debauches :
Such was the life our fathers led ;
Their homely leaven, deep inbred
In our whole moral composition,
Confines us to the like condition.

Two at least of Frere's predecessors were of a literary turn. His great-grandfather, Edward Frere, was a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, in the agitated time of Bentley. The grandson of Edward, and Hookham's father, went to Caius College, and contended with Paley for the honours of Senior Wrangler in 1763. A report was prevalent in the University that Frere's father intended to present him with £1,000 if he came out Senior Wrangler. The Moderators, however, agreed that Paley was his superior, and such was the high and chivalric spirit of Frere that when imputations of partiality were freely made, he publicly acknowledged that he deserved only the second place. John Frere married in 1768 Jane, the only child of Mr. John Hookham, a wealthy London merchant. She was a very learned as well as beautiful woman, and, as in the case of many distinguished men of letters, the literary tastes of the mother were transmitted to her son Hookham—though here the father as well had a superior mind. John Frere was High Sheriff for Suffolk in 1776, and in 1799 was elected member of Parliament for Norwich. He was an active member of the Royal Society, and of the principal scientific and antiquarian societies of London, and the pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine* were enriched by compositions from his pen. There was discovered amongst the Frere papers a fragment with the following lines by Mrs. Frere, written after her husband's death :—

O Life ! O Love ! Together are ye flown,
 And my heart's treasure thus or ever gone ;
 What now awaits me—wheresoe'er I stray ?—
 A desert, and a solitary way.

Hookham Frere was born in London, May 21, 1769. He was the eldest of eleven children. After being at a preparatory school at Putney, at the age of sixteen he went to Eton. Here began his life-long friendship with the celebrated statesman George Canning, "for whom he cherished a love and admiration which absence never diminished, and neither age nor death itself could dull." Strange to say, Canning was the junior, and at the early age of fifteen he had already given evidence of the possession of those brilliant talents which dazzled all his contemporaries. In 1786 the two youths, with a few other Etonians, began issuing the *Microcosm*, a periodical devoted to essays and *jeux d'esprit*. It ran for forty numbers, when it wound up with an account of the deathbed of the supposed editor, "Mr. Gregory Griffin." Hookham Frere wrote five papers in the *Microcosm*. Notes have been preserved of his opinions of some of his schoolfellows. Next to Canning, most was expected from Sydney Smith's brother, "Bobus," but he never fulfilled his promise. Of Lord Mornington (afterwards Lord Wellesley) Frere said that, while his school companions "had a high opinion of his abilities, and expected him to distinguish himself, the masters underrated him, and used to express surprise at the unsurpassed facility and correctness of his Latin verse." On one occasion eighty boys were flogged at Eton for a sort of barring-out, and among them was Arthur Wellesley, afterwards the Iron Duke. A good deal has been urged at various times against the school, but Frere said, "No one who has not seen it can estimate the good Eton does in teaching the little boys of great men that they have superiors. . . . Neither rank nor money had any consideration there compared with that which was paid to age, ability, and standing in the school."

For the mere Dryasdust collection and collation of facts Frere had a supreme contempt. He held also that "no physical science, nor even history or literature, taught as separate branches of knowledge, could ever be efficient substitutes for classics and mathematics, at our public schools and universities, by way of mental training, to fit a boy to educate himself in after life : classics, as forming style, and giving a man power to use his own language correctly in writing and speaking, and even in thinking ; and mathematics as the best training for reasoning, and as a necessary foundation for the accurate study of physics and natural philosophy." He maintained that a

man might be a great man in every sense of the word, without even a rudimentary knowledge of the facts of natural science ; and it is absolutely true that Canning, who knew how to rule a great empire, did not know that tadpoles developed into frogs.

Leaving Eton with a high reputation, Frere went to Caius College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1792 (illness preventing his going in for honours), and M.A. in 1795. He gained several prizes, however, for classical compositions in prose and verse, and was made a Fellow of Caius. In political matters Frere was an ardent disciple of Pitt, but in social questions he early adopted the views of Adam Smith, and wrote an essay highly laudatory of the author of "The Wealth of Nations," and also of the principles of Free Trade. He entered public life after leaving the University, going to the Foreign Office, under Lord Grenville. In 1796 he was returned to Parliament for the close Cornish borough of West Looe, which he continued to represent until the dissolution in 1802.

Towards Pitt, Frere had always been drawn in a singular manner, and long after that great statesman had passed away, in reply to the charge that he misunderstood the signs of his own times, Frere maintained that "Pitt understood the spirit and force of the French Revolution, as well as the genius and wants of modern English political life, more clearly than any, either of his contemporaries or immediate successors in his own party ; and that he was a greater and more far-seeing statesman than any of his rivals or opponents." Just before the cataclysm in France, Frere visited that country, and on his return predicted that the Revolution could not be long delayed.

His old friendship with Canning was now resumed. Although the latter had been thrown under the influence of the Whigs, Frere was not surprised at his gravitating towards Pitt, who soon came to regard him as his political heir. In 1797, Frere, Canning, and some others began the publication of the *Anti-Jacobin*, with Gifford as editor. The periodical was intended to counteract the propaganda of the Republican party. It sought to achieve its objects chiefly by ridicule and very clever satire. While it had a political object, it also endeavoured to effect reforms in style by satirising the ridiculous canons of literary taste then prevalent. "The Friend of Humanity and the Knife Grinder," written jointly by Canning and Frere, has acquired a world-wide fame. Sapphics and mock philanthropy were alike happily travestied. The "Friend of Humanity," alias Republican agitator, endeavours to arouse the knife-grinder to a sense of his wrongs, and exhorts him *à la* Tom Paine to make a stand against

the powers that be. The knife-grinder does not seem to see it, and when asked for his pitiful story replies :—

Story ! God bless you ! I have none to tell, sir.

and he prosaically adds :—

I should be glad to drink your Honour's health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence ;
But for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, sir.

This craven and miserable spirit is too much for the “Friend of Humanity.”

I give thee sixpence ! I will see thee damn'd first—
Wretch ! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance—
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast !

He kicks the knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and makes his exit in a transport of Republican enthusiasm and universal philanthropy.

Frere's account of the “meeting of the Friends of Freedom” is one of the finest satires ever written. The way in which it makes the leading statesmen of the time hit off their own peculiarities is inimitable. The great advocate Erskine, whose complacent opinion of his own talents was almost equal to his eloquence, thus speaks of himself in the course of his response to the toast of “The Cause of Freedom”: “He had on former occasions declared himself to be clothed with the infirmities of man's nature ; and he now begged leave, in all humility, to reiterate that confession. He should never cease to consider himself as a feeble, and, with respect to the extent of his faculties *in many respects, a finite being*. He had ever borne in mind, and he hoped he should ever continue to bear in mind, those words of the inspired penman—‘Thou hast made him less than the angels, to crown him with glory and honour.’ These lines were indeed applicable to the state of man in general, but of no man more than himself ; they appeared to him pointed and personal, and little less than prophetic ; they were always present to his mind ; he could wish to wear them in his breast as a sort of amulet against the enchantment of popular applause, and the witcheries of vanity and self-delusion. Yet if he were indeed possessed of those superhuman powers—*all pretensions to which he again begged leave most earnestly to disclaim*—if he were endowed with the eloquence of an angel, and with all those other faculties which we attribute to angelic natures, it would be impossible for him to do justice to the eloquence with

which the hon. gentleman who opened the meeting had defended the cause of freedom, identified, as he conceived it to be, with the persons and government of the French Directory."

Few parodies can compare with that by Canning and Frere, of Southey's inscription for the apartment in Chepstow Castle where Henry Martin, the regicide, was imprisoned for thirty years. In imitation Canning and Frere wrote the following inscription for the door of the cell in Newgate where Mrs. Brownrigg, the prenticecide, was confined previous to her execution:—

For one long term, or ere her trial came,
Here Brownrigg linger'd. Often have these cells
Echoed her blasphemies, as with shrill voice
She scream'd for fresh Geneva. Not to her
Did the blithe fields of Tothill, or thy street,
St. Giles, its fair varieties expand ;
Till at the last, in slow-drawn cart, she went
To execution. Dost thou ask her crime ?
She whipp'd two female 'prentices to death,
And hid them in the coal-hole. For her mind
Shaped strictest plans of discipline. Sage schemes !
Such as Lycurgus taught, when at the shrine
Of the Orthyan goddess he bade flog
The little Spartans ; such as erst chastised
Our Milton when at college. For this act
Did Brownrigg swing. *Harsh laws ! But time shall come
When France shall reign, and laws be all repeal'd !*

Whether for closeness of imitation of Southey's poem or for their covert satire upon the new revolutionary ideas, these lines are remarkably clever. "The Loves of the Triangles" and "The Progress of Man" are satires of another character, but equally brilliant. They require to be read as a whole, however, to be fully appreciated, for they do not readily lend themselves to quotation. The lax notions afloat as to domestic ties were humorously scourged in "The Rovers ; or, the Double Arrangement ;" and it is in this mock play we meet with Frere's line now so frequently quoted—"A sudden thought strikes me ; let us swear an eternal friendship." The first act ends with Canning and Ellis's song, by the imprisoned Rogers, whose familiar closing lines run as follows:—

Sun, moon, and thou vain world, adieu,
That kings and priests are plotting in :
Here doom'd to starve on water gru-
el, never shall I see the U-
-niversity of Gottingen—
-niversity of Gottingen.

As Sir George Cornewall Lewis said, many of the poems in the *Anti-Jacobin* are probably destined to live longer than the originals travestied. "There was no arguing against conclusions deduced from the Sapphic colloquy between the friend of humanity and the needy knife-grinder, and the best-reasoned political essay could produce little effect compared with the imaginary reports of the meetings of the Friends of Freedom, in which the peculiarities of Fox and the other great Opposition orators are parodied with such a humorous felicity as would materially impair the effects of their rhetoric in the House of Commons, as long as the clubs were amused by quotations from the burlesque imitations." Of course, however brilliant in themselves, such things must always be taken *cum grano*, and heavily discounted from the political and philosophical points of view.

When Canning went to the Board of Trade in 1799 Frere succeeded him as Under-Secretary of State in the Foreign Office. His brother Bartle was at this time attached as Private Secretary to Lord Minto's mission at Vienna ; and to him Hookham Frere addressed many interesting letters on the condition of Europe and other matters, foreign and domestic. Frere was directed by Grenville to prepare a despatch ordering Lord Minto to refund an unauthorised payment of £500 to the secretaries of this mission, of whom a Mr. Stratton was one. It appears that it was formerly the custom when a treaty had been signed by a British Minister at a foreign court to direct him to deliver a diamond snuffbox to the Minister with whom it was negotiated, and to draw on the office in Downing Street for £500, which he was likewise directed to present to him for distribution among his secretaries. Like presents were made to the British staff by the foreign Ministers, but these were claimed by the officials in Downing Street. Lord Minto, however, retained the presents on this occasion as a set-off for those he was called upon to make. But Lord Grenville called upon him to refund them, and in sending the order Frere enclosed a poetical version of his own of the draft to Lord Minto. This version, which attracted considerable notice in the official and diplomatic world, was one of the choicest of Frere's *morceaux* in verse, and ran as follows :—

My Lord, when I open'd your letter,
 I confess I was perfectly stunn'd ;
 But I find myself now something better,
 Since I'm ordered to bid you *refund*.
 'Tis a very bad scrape you've got into,
 Which your friends must all wish you had shunn'd ;
 Says Lord Grenville, " Prepare to Lord Minto
 Dispatches to bid him *refund*."

Mr. Hammond, who smiles at your cunning,
On the subject amusingly punn'd ;
Says he, "They're so proud of their furning,
'Twill be pleasant to see them *refunn'd*."

As for Stratton, he ought for his sin to
Be sent to some wild Sunderbund.
But we'll pardon him still, if Lord Minto
Will instantly make him *refund*."

Believe me, I don't mean to hurt you,
But if you'd avoid being dunn'd,
Of necessity making a virtue,
With the best grace you can, you'll *refund*

Let the Snuff-Box belong to Lord Minto ;
But as for the five hundred *pund*,
I'll be judged by Almeida or Pinto ¹
If his Chancery must not *refund*.

POSTSCRIPT.

There are letters from India which mention
Occurrences at Roh-il-cund ;
But I'll not distract your attention
Lest I make you forget to *refund*.

Lord Carlisle's new play is the story
Of Tancred and fair Sigismund,
Our last news is the taking of Gorée,
But our best is that you must *refund*.

Frere was appointed Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary to Portugal in October 1800. This post he held until September 1802, when he was transferred from Lisbon to Madrid, where he remained as Minister for nearly two years. The Spanish Embassy was a difficult position to fill satisfactorily at this juncture, for power was in the hands of the infamous favourite Godoy, while worthier Spaniards went to the wall. Frere conducted a spirited correspondence with the "Prince of Peace" (Godoy), and came off with epistolary honours. He unmasked the double policy of Spain in endeavouring to maintain friendly relations with Great Britain and France at the same time. In August 1804 Frere set out from Madrid on his return to London, leaving his brother Bartle in charge. The former came home on leave of absence ; and with regard to the relations between Spain and England, Pitt stated some months afterwards in the House of Commons—"Desirous of affording every facility and removing every obstacle to an amicable arrangement, it was resolved to recall Mr. Frere, in consequence of circumstances having occurred that made it impossible for him any longer to communicate personally with the 'Prince of Peace

¹ Portuguese Ministers.

Upon the nature of that difference, it is not necessary for me to enlarge. In justice to Mr. Frere, however, I must say that it arose, without any fault on his part, from the most unprovoked and unwarrantable conduct in that person, who, though without ostensible office, is known to have the most leading influence in the councils of Spain. Nevertheless, much as Ministers respected the talents, and were sensible of the services of that gentleman who had so ably filled the place of Ambassador to the Court of Madrid during a difficult and critical period, they were determined that no collateral obstacles should stand in the way of a friendly termination of discussions in which the public interest was so much concerned." The forbearance of the British Government was of no use, however, for after Frere's departure Spain continued to pursue her wrong-headed policy, and to violate her understanding with the Cabinet of St. James's.

Pitt further signified his full approval of Frere's conduct by making him a Privy Councillor and granting him a pension. About this time war ensued with Spain, and on October 21, 1805, brave Nelson and Collingwood, with the British tars under them, almost annihilated the combined French and Spanish fleets at Trafalgar. Frere naturally watched the struggle with keen interest. With regard to home politics, the "burning question" of the time was Catholic Emancipation. While in favour of relieving the Catholics, Frere held with Pitt in resisting the question being brought forward in 1805, when there was no possible chance of its being settled. He also looked on Pitt's other labours at this period, "the organization of the national defence against invasion, and the reconstruction of the European combination against Napoleon from the renewal of the war till his death in 1806, as, under all the circumstances, the most wonderful proofs of his foresight and ability, and as ranking among the most important services he rendered to his country and to Europe." Austerlitz and Jena, the indecision of the Allies, and the transcendent ability of Napoleon, all fought against Pitt's policy for the time, but when the period for supreme struggle came, his far-seeing policy found ample justification.

In June 1807 Frere was appointed, by the Portland Ministry, Envoy and Minister Plenipotentiary to Berlin, but as the Treaty of Tilsit forbade England assuming a prominent position in the North of Europe, he was prevented from setting out upon his mission. Shortly afterwards, however, in consequence of the important juncture which had arrived in Spanish affairs, he was accredited as British Minister Plenipotentiary to Ferdinand VII., then represented by the Central Junta. Frere's appointment was dated October 4, 1808.

He arrived at Corunna on the 20th, as also did the Spanish General Romana (a friend of Frere's), who had made his escape from North Germany with a large body of troops under the most romantic circumstances. Napoleon now made war on Spain, and after several victories over the Spanish troops entered Madrid on December 4. On January 16, 1809, the British troops under Sir John Moore were attacked at Corunna by a greatly superior force under Marshal Soult. Moore was mortally wounded and died on the field of battle, but the British remained masters of the field. But the first Peninsular campaign was not a success for the British allies, and when its result became known in England bitter disappointment and anger were felt. No allowance was made for the fact that too much had been expected of it, and as blame must be attached to some one for its abortive efforts, and the gallant Sir John Moore was dead, the British Minister, Frere, was fixed upon. He was the next most prominent actor in the drama, yet his opinions throughout the operations had been frequently opposed to those of the general. The public and the press greatly blamed Frere—to a great extent unjustly—and a motion for an inquiry into the Spanish campaign was brought forward in the House of Commons. The Government so far yielded to the popular feeling as to recall Frere and to appoint, as his successor, the Marquis Wellesley, who had gained great fame for his Indian administration. His lordship was named Ambassador to the Court of the King of Spain, a grade higher than that of Envoy, which was the rank held by Frere. "The supersession was regarded as an unmistakable censure, which Mr. Frere felt he had not deserved. He thenceforward renounced public life, and when it was proposed to send him as Ambassador to St Petersburg, and, twice in after years, to raise him to the peerage, he declined both offers. It was natural he should feel that what he had deserved from the Government, if they approved his conduct, was support and approbation when he was unjustly attacked; and that no subsequent honours or promotion could compensate for his having been left a mark for public obloquy, when he had, under most trying circumstances, performed an important service to his country."¹ We

¹ It does not fall within the scope of this article to examine at length Frere's policy in Spain; but a full explanation and vindication of it may be read in the memoir of him by Sir Bartle Frere, which forms the first volume of the admirable edition of Frere's works, published by Messrs. Pickering & Co. It is to those excellent memorials of Frere that the present writer is largely indebted for his sketch. The edition, which is of great interest to the bibliophile, and likewise to the general reader, consists of three volumes, as follows: Vol. I. *Memoir by Sir Bartle Frere*; Vol. II. *Original Works and Minor Translations*; Vol. III. *Translations from Aristophanes and Theognis*.

read that Frere carried with him into his retirement the personal esteem, respect, and entire confidence of all the best men belonging to the Spanish government and armies with whom he came into contact. When he laid down his office the Supreme Central Junta applied to his successor to obtain the sanction of the King of England for their bestowing on him, in the name of the Spanish sovereign, a Castilian title of honour, that of "Marquez de la Union," as "a mark of their acknowledgment of the zeal with which he had laboured to promote the friendly union and common interest of the two countries." Such honours have never been granted except for great services rendered to the Spanish crown or nation. Lord Wellesley, in conveying to Frere the King's permission to accept the title, wrote that this concession was "intended as a proof of his Majesty's most gracious acceptance and approbation of your general conduct in the discharge of the duties of your mission in Spain." But Frere was a sensitive man, and a few soft words, which did not cost much, were not to him a sufficient or a suitable recognition of the services he had rendered to his country. When Sir Arthur Wellesley (afterwards "the Iron Duke") came to conduct his campaign in Spain, he soon perceived the weighty difficulties under which Frere must have laboured, and made frank acknowledgment of the fact.

Frere's active political career ended with his mission to Spain, and the rest of his life was spent in retirement with his books, and in the enjoyment of his landed property. On his return to England he also found that great changes had taken place in regard to his oldest friend. Canning had quarrelled with Lord Castlereagh, and the affair had ended in a duel, with the retirement of both from office, and the dissolution of the Portland Ministry. Frere was weary of public affairs, and there was certainly not much in them to attract a man of his tastes and refinement, so on the whole he was not sorry to be quit of politics. His father, who died in 1807, had left him landed estates in the eastern counties, and in the management of these estates he now found ample occupation and amusement. At Roydon, his country house in Norfolk, he disposed and arranged the books, pictures, and painted glass which he had brought home after his missions to Lisbon and Madrid. In 1813 we have a glimpse of him getting up early in the morning to teach two little nephews grammar, taking one still smaller a walk, and spending an hour after dinner in reading to them the ballad of William of Cloudesley, which delighted them very much. He had a great appreciation of East Anglian scenery, and his lines on "Modern Improvements," suggested by some rough unimproved fields near Roydon Hall, were

regarded by Byron as a fragment of "real English landscape painting." A true love for the country breathes in these lines:—

The cumbrous pollards that o'ershade
 Those uplands rough with brakes and thorns,
 The green-way with its track-worn glade,
 The solitary grange forlorn,
 The lonely pastures, wild and drear,
 The lowly dwellings wide apart
 Are whispering to the fancy's ear
 A secret strain that moves the heart.
 No forms of grandeur or of grace
 In the rude landscape you behold ;
 But their rough lineaments retrace
 The features of the times of old ;
 They speak of customs long retain'd,
 Of simple, plain, primeval life ;
 They mark the little we have gain'd
 With all our study, toil, and strife ;
 Such England was to Shakespeare's eyes,
 So Chaucer view'd her as he rov'd
 In russet weeds of rustic guise,
 In homelier beauty more beloved.

But, while delighting in the pleasures of the country, Frere also keenly enjoyed society in London—its literary and political coteries. Many anecdotes relating to him have been preserved. One of his best-known sayings is that "next to an old friend the best thing is an old enemy." Madame de —— having said in her intense style, "I should like to be married in English, in a language in which vows are so faithfully kept," some one asked Frere, "What language, I wonder, was she married in?" "*Broken* English, I suppose," answered Frere. Canning and Frere were invited by a clerical friend to go and hear his first sermon. Being asked how they liked the discourse, Canning, to avoid saying it was uninteresting, replied, "I thought it rather short." "Ah," said the clergyman, "I am aware that it was short, but I was afraid if I made it longer of being tedious." He paused for an answer. "But you were tedious," replied Frere *sotto voce*. Amongst his literary friends Frere counted Scott, Byron, Southey, Coleridge, Moore, and Rogers. Many of the best things in his conversations with these and other distinguished men have been forgotten, while others would have lost their aroma by repetition.

In 1816 Frere married Elizabeth Jemima, Dowager Countess of Erroll. The bridegroom was sometimes very absent-minded, and an amusing anecdote is told illustrative of this. Frere called on the late John Murray in Albemarle Street, and both got deeply

interested in some verses which the former declaimed and commented upon. Murray asked Frere to dine with him and continue the discussion, but the author, startled to find it was so late, excused himself on the plea that "he had been married that morning, and had already overstayed the time when he had promised Lady Erroll to be ready for their journey into the country." Frere's married life, we are assured, was a happy one, and except in later years, from the failing health of his wife, there was little to cloud their earthly prospect.

Murray published in 1817 the first part of "The Monks and the Giants," which was issued as the "Prospectus and Specimen of an intended national work, by William and Robert Whistlecraft, of Stowmarket, in Suffolk, harness and collar makers, intended to comprise the most interesting particulars relating to King Arthur and his Round Table." A second part was subsequently added, and both were published together in 1818. There was a lady in Suffolk who could have given the proverbial Scotchman points in the understanding of a joke, for she made a pilgrimage to Stowmarket for the purpose of seeing *those very intelligent harness makers*. Frere revived in this famous *jeu d'esprit* the octave stanza of the Italian poets, and Byron followed him in giving the metre a permanent lodgment in English poetry. The author of "Childe Harold" was so enamoured of the measure that he wrote: "Mr. Whistlecraft has no greater admirer than myself. I have written a story in eighty-nine stanzas in imitation of him, called 'Beppo.'" This was followed by "Don Juan" and other poems in the same metre. But Frere was the first to handle this elastic stanza in English, and he was addressed by one writer as the "British Berni." "The Monks and the Giants" brims over with delightful humour, which is at the same time not offensive, and the poem has also many truly poetical passages. The work was conceived as a specimen of the burlesque treatment that might be given to lofty and serious subjects by a thoroughly commonplace, but not necessarily low-minded, man. Sir James Mackintosh looked for a political meaning in the allegory, but of course could discover none.

Frere was discouraged from proceeding further with his idea for several reasons, one being the kind of stigma which attached to the metre after the publication of "Don Juan." A well-known American critic, Mr. Charles Eliot Norton, has justly observed of "The Monks and the Giants": "There are few books of its size which contain as much genuine wit, humour, and fancy, or which display greater skill in the management of both light and serious verse, or indicate

fuller resources of culture. It is a fresh and unique *jeu d'esprit*, which exhibits a quality of cleverness as rare as it is amusing. The form and method of the poem, the structure of its verse, its swift transitions from sprightly humour to serious description or reflection, its mingling of exaggeration with sober sense, its heroi-comic vein, are all derived from the famous Italian romantic poems, especially from the 'Morgante Maggiore' of Pulci, and in a less degree from the 'Animali Parlanti,' of Casti. It has no moral object, and does not confine itself to a single continuous narrative, but is a simple work of amusement, free in its course, according to the whim and fancy of the writer. It is the overflow of an abundant and lively spirit, restrained only by the limits imposed by a fine sense of the proprieties of humour, and a thorough acquaintance with the rules of art. Its execution displays a command of style so complete in its way that it may be called perfect. The imaginary authors, the Whistlecrafts, appear in the poem only as giving a natural propriety to some of its simplicities of diction and humorous absurdities of digression. Frere created the fiction of the 'harness and collar makers' simply to gain a freer swing for his mirth, and is at no pains to preserve an absolute consistency of tone. The bland conceit of the pretended illiterate poet and prosaic tradesman adds point to the keen wit and delicate appreciation and expression of one of the finest of literary masters, of a scholar who quotes Æschylus, transcribes professed rhyming Latin monkish chronicles, explains the fable of Orpheus, and on every page shows 'traces of learning and superior reading.'"

The following are the closing stanzas of the introduction to Frere's "King Arthur and his Round Table," which formed the first section of his burlesque poem :—

I think that Poets (whether Whig or Tory)
 (Whether they go to meeting or to church)
 Should study to promote their country's glory,
 With patriotic, diligent research ;
 That children yet unborn may learn the story,
 With grammars, dictionaries, canes, and birch :
 It stands to reason—this was Homer's plan,
 And we must do—like him—the best we can.

Madoc and Marmion, and many more,
 Are out in print, and most of them have sold ;
 Perhaps together they may make a score ;
 Richard the First has had his story told,
 But there were Lords and Princes long before,
 That had behaved themselves like warriors bold.
 Among the rest there was the great King Arthur,
 What hero's fame was ever carried farther ?

King Arthur and the Knights of his Round Table,
 Were reckon'd the best King and bravest Lords,
 Of all that flourish'd since the Tower of Babel,
 At least of all that history records ;
 Therefore I shall endeavour, if I'm able,
 To paint their famous actions by my words
 Heroes exert themselves in hopes of fame,
 And having such a strong decisive claim,

It grieves me much, that Names that were respected
 In former ages, Persons of such mark,
 And countrymen of ours, should lie neglected,
 Just like old portraits lumbering in the dark :
 An error such as this should be corrected,
 And if my Muse can strike a single spark,
 Why then (as poets say) I'll string my lyre ;
 And then I'll light a great poetic Fire ;

I'll air them all, and rub down the Round Table,
 And wash the canvas clean, and scour the Frames,
 And put a coat of varnish on the Fable,
 And try to puzzle out the Dates and Names ;
 Then (as I said before) I'll heave my Cable,
 And take a pilot, and drop down the Thames—
 These first eleven stanzas make a Proem,
 And now I must sit down and write my Poem.

When Byron projected the publication of "Don Juan," he asked Hobhouse to consult a committee on the subject, consisting of Hookham Frere, Stewart Rose, and Thomas Moore. Frere did not wish his own opinion to be known to any one except Byron himself, lest it should be thought he had prevented the publication of the poem. But he condemned it strongly, and spoke of the disgust it would create if published ; denounced the attacks in it upon Lady Byron ; and remarked concerning the work as a whole, "It is strange, too, he should think there is any connection between patriotism and profligacy. If we had a very Puritan court indeed one can understand then profligacy being adopted as a badge of opposition to it ; but the reverse being the case, there is not even that excuse for connecting dissoluteness with patriotism, which, on the contrary, ought always to be attended by the sternest virtues." But Byron was furious at the remonstrances of his "cursed Puritanical committee," and insisted upon the publication of "Don Juan," with "all its imperfections on its head."

It is as a translator that Frere has acquired his greatest reputation among men of letters. Ticknor, in his "History of Spanish Literature," characterises him as one of the most accomplished scholars England has produced, and Sir James Mackintosh pronounced him

to be the first of English translators. Frere translated the Anglo-Saxon "Ode on Athelstan's Victory at Brunanburgh," which appeared in Ellis's "Specimens of the Early English Poets," published in 1790. It was intended as an imitation of the style and language of the fourteenth century, and was a singular instance of critical ingenuity to be the composition of an Eton schoolboy. Sir Walter Scott said it was the only poem he had met with which, if it had been produced as ancient, could not have been detected on internal evidence. Another eminent man spoke of it as a double imitation, "unmatched perhaps in literary history, in which the writer gave an earnest of that faculty of catching the peculiar genius, and preserving the characteristic manner of his original, which, though the specimens of it be too few, places him alone among English translators." When Sir Walter Scott published his "Sir Tristrem," Frere expressed his cordial approval of it through George Ellis, whereupon Scott answered: "Frere is so perfect a master of the ancient style of composition, that I would rather have his suffrage than that of a whole synod of your vulgar antiquaries."

Frere translated the "Cid," and in this ancient Spanish poem he was, of course, completely at home, but he was also brilliantly successful with his translations of Aristophanes, a much more difficult matter. He has managed to "reproduce the essential, permanent characteristics of the Aristophanic comedy in such a manner that from their perusal the English reader may not only obtain a truer conception of the genius of the Athenian playwright than any but the most intelligent and thoughtful students of the original derive from the Greek itself, but also finds himself charmed with the plays as pieces of English composition, and contributions to English comedy. Frere was so complete a master of both languages, he entered so sympathetically into the spirit of Aristophanes, was so well versed in the learning requisite for understanding the allusions in which his comedies abound, and he possessed so fully the humour and feeling needed to appreciate their most fleeting, remote, and delicate touches of poetry and of wit; he was, in fine, such a scholar and such a poet, that the very difficulties of his task seem to present themselves only to be happily overcome. As a contribution to literature his versions of these plays stand unmatched." Frere has received the highest encomium which could be awarded him as the translator of Aristophanes, for it has been said that his version of the comedies of the great Greek writer is the true standard by which to test everybody who ventures on the same ground. He was himself, in fact, "Aristophanes in politics, in

humour, in poetry, and in scholarship," and therefore must perforce succeed with Aristophanes. Frere also did a considerable work by his "*Theognis Restitutus*," which has been highly appreciated by the erudite, and affords another instance of his success in conveying "to the English reader a complete notion of the intention of the original, and a clear impression of the temper, character, and style which it exhibits." From the confused mass of fragments which form the existing remains of *Theognis*—and comprising some fourteen hundred lines in all—Frere "endeavoured to reconstruct a biography of the poet, about whose life very little is known, and to indicate the successive changes of circumstance and situation under which his verses were composed. The ingenuity and learning displayed in it, the acuteness of interpretation, and the interest of the mode in which the subject is developed and illustrated, give to this little book a great charm as a work of delicate and thorough scholarship, and of imaginative reconstruction." A word must now be said concerning the minor original poems by Frere. They are always elegant, of a high tone, and frequently felicitous in expression. His "Epitaph on Lord Nelson" is worth quoting :—

The fragile texture of this earthly form,
Which Death has stript and cast below,
Must never more be shaken by the storm,
Nor worn with care, nor shatter'd by the foe.

At war's grim sacrifice in fire and blood
My living presence never must preside ;
The keen pursuit across the trackless flood
My watchful spirit never more must guide.

Britons, farewell ! Our country's utmost claim,
My life, my labours, all are past and paid ;
The tears of vain regret, the toys of fame,
Are idle offerings to your champion's shade.

This only tribute to my memory give :—
In all your struggles, both by land and sea,
Let Nelson's name in emulation live,
And in the hour of danger think on me.

These lines from Frere's epitaph on his friend Canning are both just and happy, and admirably descriptive of the great statesman :—

Truth was his idol ; and the pride of truth
Adorn'd his age, and dignified his youth.
Ever the same ; with wit correctly pure,
Reason miraculously premature,
Vivid imagination ever new,
Decision instantaneously true.

By Nature gifted with a power and skill
To charm the heart, and subjugate the will,
Admired of all, and by the best approved,
By those who best had known him, best beloved.

In August 1827 Canning died, and Frere thus lost the one congenial spirit to whom he had always been attached from boyhood, and with whom he had so much in common from the literary and political points of view. He approved the course of that statesman in the important crisis which arose during his brilliant career, but he found less excuse for the Duke of Wellington than for any of those who acted with his Grace. Frere considered that the Duke's practical good sense and sagacious judgment ought to have enabled him to perceive how inevitable and pressing was the necessity for conceding the claims of the Roman Catholics, and how dangerous it was to resist them till they could be resisted no longer. "Canning," he said, "was Wellington's greatest support in and out of Parliament throughout the Peninsular War, for he was one of the few who, from the very first, thoroughly understood the importance of the contest ; and he deserved a better return for his support at that time than he himself afterwards met with, when it was in Wellington's power to have aided him." But Canning has been nobly avenged by the high regard in which he is now held by posterity for all the trials his sensitive spirit was called upon to endure.

Frere lived abroad a good deal between 1825 and 1830, and in the latter year we find him writing a very interesting series of letters from Malta, which are published in his biography. In January 1831 he lost his wife, Lady Erroll, to whom he had been tenderly attached. Frere had injured his back by a fall only a few days before, and at the funeral he was conveyed in a chair to the boat which took him across the Quarantine Harbour. His letters at this distressing period present a vivid picture of his mental agony, aggravated by severe bodily pain. Six thousand of the poor Maltese, to whom Lady Erroll had become greatly endeared by her charities, went to visit her grave as a mark of respect and affection. In November 1831 Frere had the satisfaction of welcoming Sir Walter Scott on a visit to Malta. Many anecdotes of this meeting may be read in Lockhart's "Life of Scott." The great novelist was in quarantine, and it is stated that "between Mr. Frere's habitual absence of mind, and Sir Walter's natural Scotch desire to shake hands with him at every meeting, it required all the vigilance of the attendant genii of the place to prevent Mr. Frere from being put into quarantine along with him." In 1834 Coleridge died, thus breaking another link with the past for Frere. He regarded

Coleridge as the parent of all that is soundest and most acute in modern English philosophy, while his waste thoughts, he said, "would have set up a dozen of your modern poets."

Frere became one of the most prominent and best known of the inhabitants of Malta. From the earliest years of his residence "he had been a great advocate for emigration, and his arguments, backed, as was his wont, by liberal assistance from his own purse, had a great effect in overcoming the prejudices of the Maltese, who are a very home-loving people, and in promoting that extensive emigration which of late years has planted large communities of industrious Maltese in Algeria, Egypt, and Syria ; and even carried numbers to distant settlements in South America and the West Indies." In addition to this he was a friend of all the unfortunate and the distressed, and "the poor knew him as one who was not content to answer a starving fellow-creature's appeal for aid by an able exposition of the laws of supply and demand."

On January 18, 1839, another severe affliction befell Frere in the death of his sister, who had lived with him at Malta, being at once his almoner and best friend, and a bright example of every Christian and domestic virtue. He laid her near his wife, and close to the spot which he had long marked out as his own final resting-place. During a visit to Rome early in 1841, Frere had an attack of apoplexy, with a threatening of paralysis, but the latter danger passed over. For three years longer he continued to enjoy his usual health, but in 1845 he had another attack of apoplexy, and in the first days of January 1846 a third, which partook of a paralytic nature, and was partly one of suppressed gout. Every possible remedy which medical skill could suggest was tried, and the sufferer was also tended with loving care by his friends, Lord and Lady Hamilton Chichester. All was in vain, however ; he never recovered speech or consciousness, and passed away without apparent suffering on January 7. He was buried beside his wife in the English burial ground in one of the Floriana outworks overlooking the Quarantine Harbour of Malta.

Never could one who contemplated a literary career have been better prepared for it than Frere. The cause of his limited reputation was that he cared nothing for popular applause. He saw no advantage in fighting his way into notoriety, and preferred the appreciation of a limited number of clever men to the noisy acclamations of the many. He did everything so easily that he had not the ordinary ambition which is obliged to toil laboriously to achieve its ends. By taste, culture, and position he entered the ranks of authorship ; he was in no sense a rival of the professional

author. Such ideas as he had were original in conception, and elegant and refined in execution ; but he sometimes exercised his talents on small and inadequate subjects. If he had been thrown upon the world without a friend he would have become a great man. His audience may be small, but it is a keenly appreciative one.

Frere was so profound a scholar, and so fastidious a writer, that his best gifts were destructive of spontaneity. He manifested too close a devotion to the classics for a stirring age, and this interfered with his activity ; but we could part with many self-conscious writers for one Frere. Byron and Walter Savage Landor were of the same type in respect to learning, but they had also great points of difference ; and Byron especially was the antithesis of Frere in regard to his aggressiveness and as a man of the world. Cornwall Lewis amongst statesmen held a position somewhat akin to that of Frere in literature. He was not so successful as Gladstone on the active political side, and not so successful as Macaulay on the purely literary side ; but he was erudite, accurate, and profound in his knowledge. Like him, John Hookham Frere commands our admiration. He is a most interesting study for Englishmen, who may behold in him the type of the brilliant, high-souled, learned, manly, and thoroughly upright Christian gentleman.

G. BARNETT SMITH.

IN THE RESURRECTION.

SUPPOSE that you should ever come
And say to me, with tender tears,
"Your heart is now my only home,
My love is yours for all the years :"—

Here is a thing that I might do
As answer to your weary heart.
I would rise up and beckon you,
Without a word, to turn apart,

And lead you, with wide questioning eyes,
Within my soul's most deep alcove,
Where on a couch of rose-leaves lies
The body of our infant Love.

Still silent, I would point to where
The scars around his neck were blue,
And *you* would know whose fingers there
Had clutched and strangled till they slew.

Then I would lay your trembling hand
Upon his cold and pulseless breast ;
So you would slowly understand
That Love was dead, and I at rest.

You hardly would have heart to weep.
Indeed, the time for tears is past.
Your child can hear not, in that sleep.
You hushed him soundly, at the last.

What would be left you then ? But this—
You should go forth alone—alone—
Without a word, or tear, or kiss,
As you, that day before, had gone.

Nay, sweet—sweet still and unforgot—
One thing there is for us to do.
How could we either leave the spot
That holds the broken hearts of two?

This yet is left. We two will bend
And kiss across the sundering bier
And then sit there to wait the end,
Till Death the Healer shall draw near.

Then we will fall at His sweet feet,
And pray Him touch our murdered child,
Till at His touch the heart shall beat,
And sundered souls be reconciled.

SIDNEY R. THOMPSON.

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE.

IN these days of historical research, when archives both public and private are being keenly investigated, to discover new facts bearing upon the deeds and heroes of the past, he must be a bold and sanguine man who imagines that any work he has dedicated to Clio is complete in itself and admits of no further improvement. At least it is no intention of mine to pretend to maintain such a position. Some ten years ago I wrote the life of him whom adherents called Charles the Third, friends Prince Charlie or Count of Albany, and foes the Young Pretender.¹ Having had access to the State papers, the Stuart papers, and private journals and manuscripts kindly lent me by Jacobite descendants and others, my book was perhaps more complete than any of its predecessors, and not, I hope, unworthy of the reception it has met with. Still, "It is finished" is an inscription that few historians can flourish over their wares. In the Report of the Commissioners for Inspecting Historical Manuscripts, just issued, there will be seen a valuable collection of papers relating to the Stuart family during the last two generations of the line—to the Old Pretender, the Young Pretender and Henry Cardinal of York. These papers have been exhaustively reported upon by Mr. Maxwell Lyte, the Deputy-Keeper of the Public Records, and it is to his careful condensation of the collection that I am indebted for the extracts now placed before the reader.

These Stuart MSS. are among the family papers of Lord Braye, at Stanford Hall, Rugby, and consist of three volumes. To me, as the biographer of the young Prince, the chief interest of this valuable collection lies in what relates to the two last survivors of the ill-fated house. To such facts I shall therefore confine myself. It is gratifying to me to find that all matters touched upon in these papers will be found in my book; they are not, therefore, new, though the facts are presented with such a clearness and amplitude of detail as almost to assume the character of a fresh revelation. These papers

¹ *Life and Times of Prince Charles Stuart.* Chatto & Windus.

chiefly concern themselves with the marriage of the Prince, his separation from his wife, his adoption of his illegitimate daughter, and the poverty of the Cardinal of York. Briefly let me link these facts together, so as to make clear the extracts that follow.

Early in the year 1772 Charles married Louise, Princess of Stolberg, one of the daughters of Gustavus Adolphus, Prince of Stolberg-Gedern, the representative of an ancient and distinguished family lately raised to princely rank. The match had been encouraged by France, hoping that it might serve, should there be issue, as a thorn in the side of the House of Hanover. Still English diplomacy was strong enough to prevent Charles from living on French soil ; the Prince, therefore, crossed the Alps and took up his abode at Rome. The union with the Stolberg Princess was essentially an unhappy one, and was soon dissolved. Charles was now a sot, and in his drunken fits brutally cruel to his young wife ; he pleaded in vain to the Pope to be recognised as King of England ; he quarrelled with his brother ; he was shunned by all save by those who forget the degrading present in its glorious past. Last scene of all, his wife fled from him with her lover, the poet Alfieri. From the Braye papers it will be seen that at the drawing up of the deed of separation which ensued, Charles expressly stated that the Princess was childless. Men not now middle-aged can remember some years ago two brothers walking about London, whose curls and spurs and orders were the admiration of the crowd and the laughing-stock of its betters ; who pretended to be the issue of a son of the Princess ; and who had their claims acknowledged by certain puissant lairds of Jacobite sympathies, who ought to have known better, in the Highlands of Scotland.¹ Childless and alone, Charles now let his memory hark back to the mistress, Miss Walkenshaw, with whom he had lived when at Paris, and to the child she there had borne him. He wrote for this child, who was living with her mother in a convent, had her pronounced legitimate by France, created her Countess of Albany, and when he died left her what he possessed. Owing to the French Revolution the Cardinal of York, the only brother of Charles, had lost much of his property and had fallen upon evil days. He was poor and needed friends. Farmer George, now firmly established upon the throne, and who could laugh at all Jacobites, came to his aid and kindly relieved the necessities of his Eminence from his own privy purse. Thus having prefaced the extracts which are to follow with the foregoing remarks, let us at

¹ I have shown up these impostors in my book. See pp. 389-92.

once plunge *in medias res* and cull from this interesting Report all that appertains to our subject.

VOL. I. STUART PAPERS.

Folio 133. February 1377. Deed of gift in Latin by Prince James Louis, described as "Regius Regni Poloniæ et Magni Ducatus Lithuanie Princeps, Bonorum et Fortalitiorum Zolkievien, Zloczovien Tarnopolien, Pomerganensium Dominus et Heres," to his grandsons [the mother of Charles was a Sobieski and granddaughter of the victor of Vienna] Princes Charles Edward and Henry, of the jewels he had pledged at Rome for 100,000 Roman crowns, including the Polish crown jewels which had been pledged to the house of Sobieski, and which he had in 1732 bequeathed to their mother. By the same deed he gives them all sums due to him from the Republic of Poland, and especially the 400,000 Rhenish florins advanced on the security of the Duchy of Ohlau.

Folio 139. January 24, 1739. Palace of the SS. Apostoli at Rome. Deed of gift in Latin by Prince Charles Edward and Prince Henry of the 400,000 Rhenish florins secured upon the Duchy of Ohlau to the Apostolic See.

Folio 143. September 17, 1741. Paper in French, which, after mentioning the deed of gift of February 12, 1737, by Prince James Sobieski, his death in the following December, and the deed of gift by the Princes to the Holy See of the 400,000 florins secured on Ohlau, states that their reason for it was that they could not proceed to recover their rights at Vienna in their own names. When the Nuncio was on the point of taking possession, the changes in Silesia (the Prussian invasion) suspended everything.

Folio 149. December 22, 1742. Rome. Agreement in Italian by Prince Charles Edward and Henry Duke of York, approved by their father James, as to the division of the jewels and other property of their late mother, and also of the jewels comprised in the deed of gift by Prince James Sobieski, of February 12, 1737, pledged at the Monte della Pietà at Rome for 100,000 scudi, and redeemed by them out of the proceeds of sale of their rights to his property in Poland.

1. The proceeds of the jewels comprised in the deed of gift which had already been sold to be equally divided between the Prince and Duke.
2. The Duke permits the Prince to have the use and custody of the crown jewels of the Republic of Poland pledged to the Sobieskis, namely, a great ruby, two large diamonds with their gold settings, and a small ruby ring, until they are

redeemed or the right of redemption is barred, but in the former case the redemption money, and in the latter the jewels, shall be equally divided between the brothers.

3. The remaining jewels, both those of their mother and their grandfather, to be divided between them.
4. Of the remaining effects of their mother, the Duke reserves a gold watch and chain, a silver toilet service, and a walnut wardrobe, and gives up the rest to his brother.

VOL. II. STUART PAPERS.

Folio 1. March 15, 1771. Mesnil. Letter in English from Lord Caryll [agent and adherent of the Prince] to Charles Edward. Narrates a conversation with the Duc de Noailles. "I have just received a letter from my agent in England, who assures me that things are now so farr advanced that he only expected my answer to put an end to this long depending affair." Regrets that new regulations of the French Posts will interfere with his procuring the public papers (from England).

Folio 9. Monday morning, September 2, 1771. Note in French from the Duc de Fitz-James, son of the bastard brother of James, the Old Pretender, to Mr. Stonor (Charles Edward) to the effect that he had arrived the previous evening from Versailles and would have the honour to wait with his son upon him at 10 that morning. Hopes he will excuse his being in country dress. Addressed "A Monsieur Monsieur Stonor, a l'hotel de Brunswick, Rue des Prouvaires."

Folio 11. September 15, 1771. Paris. Copy of power to M. Ryan, Colonel of foot in the French service, Major in Berwick's regiment, to negotiate with the Prince of Salm-Kyrburg a marriage between his daughter Marie Louise Ferdinande, born Nov. 18, 1753, and Charles Edward. Signed: "C.R."

Folio 12. Same date and place. Copy of power to Ryan, in case his negotiations with the Prince of Salm prove unsuccessful, to effect a marriage between Charles Edward and any other Princess or Countess of the Empire, and for that purpose to go to Brussels, Cologne, Mannheim, or elsewhere. The Princess Marie Isabelle de Mansfeld, born August 29, 1750, is suggested as likely to be eligible. Signed as the last.

Folio 13. Same date and place. Copy of a third power to Ryan to negotiate a marriage between Charles Edward and any Princess or Countess of the Empire whose rank, birth, age, and appearance would be suitable. Signed as the last.

Folio 14. Two copies in French of the instructions to Ryan for negotiating a marriage with the Princess of Salm, one in the same hand as the last three powers, and the other in Caryll's hand. The last endorsed in his hand: "Copy of Instructions left with Ryan concerning the marriage with the Princesse de Salm. N.B. They served after as instructions for the treaty with the Princesse de Stolberg." They are in the form of questions and answers, as to the position, residence, jointure, pin-money, household, and place of marriage of the future Queen.¹

Folio 20. Paper in French in the hand of the Marquis de Fitz-James. The King [Charles Edward], intending to marry, can no longer remain in his present state; he ought to be treated as the late King his father; the incognito which he has voluntarily assumed can no longer continue; it is therefore necessary that his Highness the Cardinal Duke should communicate it to his Holiness as well as the fact that he has communicated to his Most Christian Majesty his intended marriage. At the same time his Holiness might be informed of the satisfactory manner in which his Most Christian Majesty has received the King's confidence, and of the pleasure he has manifested in seeing everything turn out according to his desires. It remains to add that the person charged with the negotiation of the King's marriage has had permission to say, it necessary, that his Most Christian Majesty has been informed of it, and at the same time to make it known that he is favourably inclined to supply the subsidies which have become absolutely necessary. Cardinal Marefoschi has been informed of all this, and the greatest secrecy is earnestly recommended. Endorsed in Caryll's hand: "1772, Instructions in the hand of the Marquis. Jan. Intended for the Duke."

Folio 23. Narrative in French by the Marquis de Fitz-James of the steps taken by Charles Edward before his marriage. He wrote to the Duc de Fitz-James for a passport to enable him to go to Paris. The Duke accordingly applied to the Duc d'Aiguillon [the French Minister of Foreign Affairs] for one in the name of Douglas. D'Aiguillon having consulted the King replied that none was necessary. Charles Edward, having been informed of this by the Duc de Fitz-James, started for Paris from Siena on August 18 (1771), under the name of Stonor. On his arrival, he charged the Duc de Fitz-

¹ After the battle of Culloden rumour was very busy with the matrimonial alliances Charles was about to enter into. Not a Catholic princess of Europe but was to be his wife. Had he been a popular American actress his engagements could not have been more often vouched for—and contradicted,

James to inform the King of his arrival, to present his compliments to him, and to inform him through the Duc d'Aiguillon that the object of his journey was to forward a marriage he had in view, and to ask the King for his assistance in that matter, and in particular for permission to employ a colonel in his service, and to remind him that the subsidies granted to his late father, which had not been continued to himself, had become absolutely necessary now that he was thinking of marrying.

The Duc de Fitz-James performed his mission, and received the following reply : "The marriage of the King would be agreeable to him. The necessary furloughs and passports would be immediately given to the colonel or to any other persons the King might require, and that they would endeavour by the intervention of the Duc de Fitz-James to settle the subsidies which the state of the finances had hitherto prevented them from arranging."

The Duc d'Aiguillon charged the Duc de Fitz-James to assure the King of his zeal and devotion and that he would have delivered in person his master's reply, were it not for the secrecy the affair required, the King himself having declared that he wished to see no one, and to preserve the strictest incognito.

The King, satisfied with the reply of the King of France, with the interest he took in his affairs, and with the zeal of the Duc d'Aiguillon, immediately despatched the colonel charged with the negotiation of the marriage, having furnished him with all the necessary powers, and with answers to the questions which would be probably put to him.

There is every reason to hope for success if the King finds as much good-will and affection at the Court of Rome.

As the marriage is being arranged in concert with the Court of France, the colonel is authorised to apprise those whom it may concern thereof, but under pledges of the greatest secrecy, his Most Christian Majesty not wishing to appear publicly to be informed of it.

The King having declared that it was indispensable to apprise the Cardinal Duke, his Holiness, and Cardinal Marefoschi, of his agreement with France, he was permitted to do so, but with the utmost secrecy, and only verbally, without leaving anything in writing.

The subsidies now in course of being granted in France, prove how satisfied his Most Christian Majesty would be to see similar subsidies granted by the Courts of Rome and Madrid on the ratification of the marriage.

The King seeing his affairs about to be settled, and desiring to

return to Rome to finish them there, has thought that the zeal and attachment of the Marquis de Fitz-James might be useful to him, and therefore his Most Christian Majesty has given the Marquis leave to accompany him, and has expressed his satisfaction at his doing so.

Folio 31. Draft in Italian of an instrument to be executed by Charles Edward appointing N. his proxy to contract a marriage with N. Endorsed in Caryll's hand: "Sketch of powers proposed to be sent to Ryan but not sent. Jan. (1772)."

Folio 32. Draft in French in Caryll's hand, with some words added in that of Charles Edward, of an appointment of a proxy to contract a marriage with the Princess of Stolberg.

Folio 33. Copies in French in Caryll's hand of the several powers and letters sent from Rome by a courier on January, 22, 1772.

1. Power to Ryan to conclude the marriage contract.
2. Note by the Cardinal Duke declaring his approval.
3. Form of the last as proposed by the King.
4. Power to Ryan with regard to the dowry and pin-money, and secret article relating thereto. Dowry to be 40,000 and pin-money 12,000 livres per annum.

5. Letter from Charles Edward to the Marquis de Fitz-James. "I have already informed you that I have chosen the eldest of the sisters, her age is the most suitable for me, and what you have told me about the health of the younger confirms me in my resolution."

6. Letter from the same to Ryan, with full instructions about the contract and general arrangements, particularly as to the route of the Princess, which was to be from Brussels through the Tirol by Trent to Bologna and thence by Ancona and Macerata to Viterbo where Charles was to meet her, and the marriage to be solemnized. If possible no stay to be made at Mantua. Letter enclosed for Mr. Conway there in case of necessity and also one for M. Angeletti at Bologna. Ryan to accompany the Princess.

Folio 45. January 28, 1772. Original certificate in English under the hand of Mr. Stonor by virtue of the faculties granted by Cardinal Colonna, Vicar to the Pope. He has received the oath of "his Majesty King Charles III." that he was at liberty to contract marriage. At the same time the said Cardinal granted his Majesty a dispensation from publication of banns. Signed: Christopher Stonor. Seal affixed.

Folio 49. Letter in Italian from Marefoschi to Caryll. Advises Charles Edward to show confidence in the Minister of State, and in

no case to disgust the Sovereign of the country (the Pope), "whose sentiments cannot be doubted, though circumstances do not permit him to do as he pleases. Your conduct full of prudence and moderation could not fail to be praised by Princes, and would mortify to the utmost the enemies of the Royal House, who seek nothing but a rupture to remove the best props that your house could have, and to triumph as they did under the late Government." He also adds a warning against disgusting his Royal Highness (? the Cardinal of York), and explains that he is writing unofficially. Endorsed in Caryll's hand: "1772, C. M.'s opinion in a note to me C."

Folio 51. Draft, or rather rough notes, in French in the handwriting of Charles Edward, with several alterations and mistakes in spelling, beginning "Memoire pour le C. M." (Cardinal Marefoschi.)

"A Blank dispensation is demanded giving power to celebrate a marriage by proxy without being obliged to have the banns published, to wit the form of such a proxy, and it is proposed to consult Mr. Stonor.—How I ought to keep my counsel (me contenir) in the presence of Mr. Dixon (the Cardinal of York).—Sketch of a letter of notification to his Holiness.—His Éminence the Cardinal Pallavicini, Secretary of State, is requested to present himself to the Pope as soon as he shall be able to lay for me before his feet [an erasure] and to inform him of the marriage I have agreed upon with the Princess, &c. I flatter myself that his Holiness will find it good that the Queen should come to Rome to reside with me.

Rome, The &c., &c.

C. R."

On the back of the same sheet, in French, in Charles Edward's handwriting, "I shall point out to my proxy that no dispensation of Banns is necessary for the proxy, but that when I shall join the Princess in the Papal States, I shall bring with me everything that will be necessary to conclude (the marriage) effectively. M. Lascaris is a very proper person to be employed if they find it necessary at the time." Endorsed in Caryll's hand: "1772, Instructions to L^d Caryll."

Folio 52. Memorandum in English in Caryll's hand: "To tell the Cardinal that the King has no objection to employ M. Lascaris at the proper time if it prove necessary. That the King had forgot to mention how well I was received by the Secretary of State and to add that he has since been to see me, also that he mentioned the King by name *of his Majesty*. To show the Billet and desire his thoughts of it, that the K. intends to sign it at full length and seal it with his Arms, but to put no address to it, if the Card. judges it

proper, and in the same size and form as he sees it, that he judges it proper for me to deliver it into the Secretary's own hands without waiting any answer, and only staying till he shall have opened it. Desire the Cardinal's opinion as to everything concerning these matters." Endorsed in Caryll's hand: "1772, Instruction to Lord Caryll."

Folio 55. Paper in French in the hand of Charles Edward, endorsed in Caryll's hand: "1772. Notes sent by the King to Cardinal Marefoschi by my hand, C. Sometime in (erased) Jan^y." (Numerous misspellings, e.g. *palé* for *palais*, *cera* for *sera*, and occasional words illegible.)

"Since the election of this Pope, I have voluntarily assumed an incognito in the perfect confidence which I felt that his Holiness would desire nothing better than to replace things in the position they ought to be, and his proceedings hitherto have shown clearly that I was not deceived. He has little by little hinted that it does not displease him that his subjects pay me the honour due to my birth, and the Cardinals, particularly Calini, Canale, Corsini, Borghese, and Orsini, who have given me the title of Majesty. As for our friend Marefoschi, minister of the King of the Two Sicilies, the feudatory of the Pope, he has come and does come continually to our palace. Thus for an interval of laying aside the not being recognised, an expression which is used (?) and which I cannot admit, nor doubt that I shall be received like the late King my father as soon as I wish to lay aside the incognito in order to be in a position to be treated in the same manner as all the predecessors of the present Pope have done. It will be necessary for this purpose that Cardinal Marefoschi should be kind enough to accept the commission which I shall give him, namely, to present himself on my behalf to the Secretary of State, to ask for an immediate audience of the Pope as representing my person, to notify to him that the Queen has safely arrived in his States. I hope that his Holiness will excuse me for substituting another at this moment, but this proceeds from my eagerness to meet her, in order that I may be the sooner in a position to present her myself to his Holiness, being quite certain that his Holiness will receive her in the same manner and with the same kindness that the late Queen was always received by his predecessors, being particularly convinced of his good feelings towards us. It may be seen in all this that I do not speak in doubt and that I only speak of the Queen; it is for the Pope to do the rest, and Cardinal Marefoschi can hint to the Pope at a proper opportunity to send a guard to our palace of the SS. Apostoli at the arrival of the Queen,

and have it there as in times past. At the same time I should wish it to be composed of the Company of Avignon, and on my arrival I shall thank the officers while naming (with the permission of his Holiness) one of my gentlemen to command the troop consisting of 50 men as in the late King's time. It would be desirable that his Holiness should give orders for some furniture for the Queen's suite ; the large rooms are already prepared. Formerly the Chamber used to provide all the furniture of the palace both at Rome and in the country. I should wish also for the courier Ossolinski to go before the Queen. His Eminence sees clearly the reasons there are for his going himself to the Pope on the arrival of the courier with news of the arrival (of the Queen), and not Lord Caryll, on account of the need there is of hinting all these matters which ought not to be understood to come from me and would be consequently too marked in his mouth. Who knows that the Pope has not also given me [the title] of Majesty on the two occasions I have already seen him and by all this the thing proceeds of itself, the Cardinals will come to see the Queen and me. We shall be on a sofa, as was the custom formerly, and everything will go on the same way and I shall be *cavaliere servente* to the Queen. As to complaisance, I pay no regard to my brother or to any one else when the maintenance of the dignity due to me is concerned, and a low economy ought to be still less regarded on this occasion. The Queen is entitled to the same ceremonies as the King, and the Prince of Wales also, when there shall be one. The guard is offered to the Prince even in the greatest incognito, and I had when Prince of Wales at Gaeta, on my return from Naples, a guard of 50 men, an officer, and a flag. It will be proper to say to the Pope that one of the first conditions of the marriage was that the Queen should be treated like the late Queen, and that I should place myself on the same footing as the late King. The treatment at Leghorn and the Dauphin at Paris were everything that could have been done, if I had been upon the throne. The late King also was frequently incognito, although with all his honours, so I do not know if what is intended is to annihilate me and make himself ridiculous."

Folio 63. March 22, 1772. Paris. In the same hand as the last. Original certificate in French, certifying that the Princess of Stolberg is free and competent to contract a marriage. Signed by the Duc de Fitz-James, the Marquis de Fitz-James, the Duc de Berwick, and the Marquis de la Jamaïque, whose seals are affixed.

Folio 67. Paper in French in Caryll's hand, being a true copy of the paper written in "his Majesty's hand, March 29, 1772."

"The C. de B. [Cardinal de Bernis] should be informed that the Pope was informed through the Cardinal Duke as soon as I arrived from France that it was impossible for me to contract a marriage without one of the first articles relating to our being on the same footing as the late King and Queen at Rome, and I have succeeded by premising it. On all the articles being concluded, I communicated them to the Pope by the Cardinal Secretary of State, and informed him at the same time that his Holiness had already been acquainted with it some months before. The message was given by the Cardinal Secretary, and the answer was that his Holiness felt extreme pleasure at it, an evident sign of his approval. On the other hand the marriage has been contracted in concert with, and with the approval of, the King of France, by my agents, who will give an exact account of everything to the Duc d'Aiguillon, to be communicated to the King of France, so that he cannot be ignorant that one of the first articles was that I should place myself on the same footing as the late King, my father, and the Cardinal de Bernis has had orders to say to the Pope, if an occasion should present itself, that his Most Christian Majesty would agree to all that the Pope might do in my favour. I must observe that I should be wronging the Pope and myself were I to doubt for a moment that he would treat me and the Queen in the same manner and with the same attention as all his predecessors have acted towards the late King and Queen. Am I not equally excluded from the throne of my ancestors only for being a Catholic? Therefore I have only to acquaint his Holiness by Lord Caryll as soon as the Queen shall have arrived in the States, and on her arrival at Rome to send him again to the Cardinal Secretary of State, in order to impress on him our eagerness to render him our homage by placing ourselves at his feet after the example of the late King and Queen."

Folio 70. April 13, 1772. Instructions in French to Caryll, in Caryll's hand, desiring him to apprise the Secretary of State that the Princess of Stolberg has arrived, and that the King is just starting to bring her to Rome and present her to his Holiness. "The Pope must be informed that the King can no longer call himself Baron de Renfrew, one of the first articles of the marriage contract having been that he should place himself on the same footing as the late King, and that he does not doubt that his Holiness will show the same kindness to himself and the Queen as all his predecessors showed to the late King and Queen." Signed "C. R."

Folio 75. April 18, 1772. Certificate in Latin of the marriage between "His Majesty Charles III., by the Grace of God King of

Great Britain, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, and her Most Serene Highness Louisa Maxmiliana Carolina Emanuella, daughter of the deceased Gustavus Adolphus of Stolberg, Guedern, Prince of the Holy Roman Empire, Count of Königstein, Roccafort, Vernigerode, and Hohenstein," celebrated on Good Friday, April 17, 1772, at 19 o'clock (about 2 P.M.) in the private chapel of the Palace of the de Compagnoni Marefoschi family at Macerata by the Bishop of Macerata and Tolentino.¹

Folio 81. April 17, 1772. Macerata. French copy in Caryll's hand of the writing whereby the King secures to the Queen the payment of her jointure of 40,000 livres and her pin-money, the last being 15,000 livres per annum and not 10,000 as in the contract of March 26, Charles having made the increase on sight of the Princess. The original was delivered to the Queen by his Majesty himself after the marriage.

Folio 91. April 19, 1772. Macerata. Copies in Caryll's hand of his letters to the Duc de Fitz-James, in French, and Mr. Gordon, in English, both dated at Macerata, April 19, 1772, announcing the marriage, "which had been celebrated at this place the very day of her arrival, as such was the earnest desire of the Queen's friends, and the Bishop of the place yielded with pleasure to all that was required by the King." One of the three certificates of the marriage is enclosed to Gordon to be placed among his archives, and he is requested to have proper notices of the marriage inserted in the *Gazettes* of Utrecht and Amsterdam.

Folio 95. Paper containing copies in French of letters from Prince Charles Edward to the King of France (1), the King of Spain (2), the Duc d'Aiguillon (3), the Marquis of Grimaldi (4), the Marquis de St. Leonard (son of the eldest brother of the Duc de Fitz-James, and younger brother of the Duc de Berwick) (5), and the Duc de Fitz-James (6), announcing his intended marriage with the Princess of Stolberg. (1) contains the following passage: "Your Majesty must feel at the same time that the loss of my kingdoms makes it impossible for me to sustain the rank to which my birth entitles me, without having subsidies sufficient to keep it up." (2) concludes thus: "Your Majesty must at the same time feel the necessity of the subsidies indispensable to keep up the dignity of a king who has lost his kingdom for the sake of religion." (3) was sent with (1) to

¹ In after life the Countess of Albany, when commenting upon the unhappiness of her union with the Prince, was wont to say that it was only what could be expected "from a marriage solemnised on the lamentation day of Christendom."

request the Duke to present it to the King of France. It asks that the King of France will use his influence with the King of Spain and the Court of Rome. (4) was similarly sent with (2) to request the Marquis to deliver it to the King of Spain. (5) was also sent with (2) and (4), copies of which were enclosed. The Marquis is requested to acquaint Charles Edward with the manner in which the King of Spain received his letter. With (6) were enclosed copies of the others which the Duke was asked to show to the Duc d'Aiguillon, but not to leave them with him.

Folio 98. Paper beginning thus in French, in the hand of Charles Edward : "Lord Caryll should call upon the Cardinal Secretary of State to request him to place me at the feet of his Holiness and notify to him the Queen's arrival here with me. Awaiting his orders. C.R. Rome this 22nd of April, 1772."

Then in Caryll's hand, in English : "The above was shown by me according to the King's order to the Cardinal Secretary of State who returning one to the following purpose (*sic*) :—

(In French.) I have acquainted his Holiness with the arrival of the Baron de Renfrew and his wife, and he has commanded me to assure them that he will be very glad to receive them, but as he is now very busy, he wishes to defer it till he is less engaged than at present.

(In English.) This is the purport but not the wording of the message which I cannot positively remember. The King on reading the above-mentioned paper declared he could not receive it, and ordered me to take it to the Cardinal Marefoschi, who might retain it or dispose of it as he judged proper. Caryll."

Folio 100. Paper in French, in Charles Edward's hand. "I was so shocked at the beginning of Canon Fitzgerald's communication that I did not perhaps give him time to say all that he had to say. The priest was waiting for me at my residence (à la Hôtel) and I believed I would find him again after the Mass. I should have been myself this morning with le C.M. [Card. Marefoschi], but in order to make less scandal I sent Lord Caryll to inform his Eminence and to assure him that, notwithstanding the bad treatment of this Court, I should not abandon the friendship esteem and veneration which I shall always preserve for his Eminence, convinced that he could never have had any part in the evil ; I could not have believed that the Pope would have wished to make an event tragical, for which every good Catholic ought to have given his services to make it splendid and agreeable. Do they wish to perpetuate the family of Hanover and to cut off the Legitimate Catholic race? Finally, did

they wish to compel me to leave this country? How could they imagine that the Catholic Courts would not be scandalised and chilled by such proceedings? It is for the Pope to go before them, showing them a good and not a bad example. The sheep usually follow their shepherd, and it is his duty not to disgust them by showing a path of brambles and thorns."

Endorsed in Caryll's hand: "1772, Message sent from the K. to C. Marefoschi concerning his opinion of the acknowledgment being to be refused."

Folio 118. Original letter in French, with envelope from Charlotte Stuart (natural daughter of Charles Edward) to M. de Lascaris. Acknowledges receipt of his letter. Thanks him "for all the trouble you have taken to soften a little my unhappy lot. I hope that his Eminence will not refuse my demand for changing my convent from Meaux to one in Paris." The intended route is from Genoa to Antibes, from Antibes to Aix, from Aix by Avignon to Lyons. She sends on the part of her mother "mille hommage." Signed: "Charlotte Stuart." No place or date, but written in the summer of 1773. Seal on envelope.

Folio 130. March 23, 25, 1783. Florence. Copy of the will and codicil of Charles Edward in Italian. The will appoints Charlotte Stuart, Duchess of Albany, then in the convent of St. Marie at Paris, his heir, and leaves to John Stuart his major-domo and to his wife and sons a legacy of 100 Florentine scudi per mensem during their lives, and the right to inhabit an apartment in his palace at Florence. The brothers Count Camillo and Canon Tommaso della Gherardesca are appointed executors. The codicil bequeaths annuities to his different servants. Sealed with the Royal Arms of England, France, Scotland, and Ireland.

Folio 136. March 30, 1783. Florence. Copy of the Act of Legitimation, in Italian, of Charlotte Stuart by her father Charles Edward. Certified by M. Sémonin, chef du Dépôt des Affaires Etrangères, whose signature is verified by M. de Vergennes.

Folio 142. April 3, 1784. Florence. Copy of the letter in French from Charles Edward, permitting his wife to live separate and apart from him at Rome, or wherever else she may think fit.

Folio 145. Extract from the register of the Church of S. Maria ad fontes at Liège of the entry of the baptism of Charlotte Stuart on October 29, 1753, therein described as the daughter "nobilis domini Guillelmi Johnson et nobilis Dominæ Pit."

Folio 147. November 16, 1784. Florence. Copy of a letter in French from Charles Edward to the Pope. Thanks him for his

letter to the Duchess of Albany, entreats his protection for her, and asks that he should grant her the reversion of his pension after his death. States that his father used to give her a pension of 12,000 francs, had paid all the expenses of her education, and placed her and her mother in a convent, and had charged the Cardinal Duke to continue the pension. Complains that after his father's death the Cardinal Duke had reduced the pension to 1,000 scudi, and now that she had come to live with him had discontinued it altogether.

Folio 149. November 16, 1784. Versailles. Original letter with envelope in French from M. de Vergennes to "Myladi Stuart d'Albany," informing her that the King of France has granted her father "M. le Comte d'Albany" an annual pension of 60,000 livres, with a reversion in her favour on his death as to 10,000 livres thereof. The pension being charged on the royal treasury, some confidential person should be appointed to receive it and give receipts for it at Paris.

Folio 163. March 11, 1785. Florence. Declaration in Italian by Charles Edward that Charlotte Stuart, created by him Duchess of Albany and legitimated with the approval of the Most Christian King, now living in his palace at Florence, was the same as the child of himself and Clementina Walkingshaw, born at Liège and baptised there under the name of Charlotte Johnson, she being his only daughter. He further declares that he never had any other children, and in particular none by the Princess of Stolberg. Signed: "Charles R."

Folio 175. Copy of a memorial in Italian from the Cardinal Duke to the Pope. Refers to some circumstances attending the legitimation of the Duchess of Albany as being offensive towards him. He has, however, been won over by the young lady's disposition. Through her intervention, his brother had written a letter of reconciliation to him. Mentions Charles Edward's letter to the French Foreign Minister complaining of the conduct of his wife, referring to "lo scandalo col Conte Alfieri," and to her journey to Baden to rejoin him there, and requesting that the French Court should stop the pension granted to her. The letter had been drawn in the names of Charles Edward and the Cardinal Duke, and had been signed by both. One of the principal causes of disunion between the brothers had been the supposition of Charles Edward that his wife was protected by the Cardinal Duke. Gives a summary of a letter of his sister-in-law to him, who represents herself as in despair at not hearing from him, assures him of her attachment to him, &c., excusing her conduct in various points with regard to which it had never been impeached, but saying not one

word about Alñeri. Hears that she is afraid her jointure may according to French law turn out to be invalid, no particular property of Charles Edward having been specifically charged with it. Fears also she may lose her French pension in case of war. She will too late repent of her conduct, which has brought upon her universal disapprobation.

Unsigned and undated, but probably written in 1785.

Folio 193. Undated, Florence. Draft in Italian of a full power from Charles Edward to the advocate Vulpian to settle every question relating to the jointure of the Princess of Stolberg, under certain conditions. The fourth is that the agreement shall contain an absolute release and discharge of all claims and demands whatsoever apart from the stipulations therein so that "*we Charles Edward and the said Princess of Stolberg may be considered for all civil purposes, as if we were totally strangers to each other, and that it shall be declared in the same instrument that we have not, and never have had any issue by the said Princess of Stolberg.*" The object of entering into the agreement is stated to be "to assure for the future fully and finally the tranquillity of ourselves and those connected with us, with which object we have adopted this system of conciliation, which for many reasons we have hitherto been induced to reject."

Folio 205. March 10, 1788. Versailles. Letter in French, with envelope, from the Comte de Montmorin to the Duchess of Albany, condoling with her on her father's death, and informing her that the king of France would increase her reversionary pension of 10,000 to 20,000 livres. Envelope sealed with seal of French Foreign Office.

VOL. III. STUART PAPERS.

Folio 61. October 29, 1799. Grosvenor Street. Extract from a letter from Sir John Cox Hippisley, Bart., to Andrew Stuart, Esq., M.P. He encloses a letter from Cardinal Borgia, setting forth the present poverty of the Cardinal of York. In such a case the relief is not to be decorously sought in the liberality of private individuals, although many who have witnessed the acts of princely benevolence of the Cardinal would doubtless press forward to alleviate his sufferings. Cardinal Borgia is allowed to be a prelate of great probity, intelligence, and urbanity, and his palace was the resort of all lovers of science and virtue. The late pope, anticipating the calamities that soon after befell him, appointed Cardinal Borgia President of the Congregation to whom the whole authority

of the See was delegated. His Eminence probably recollects that the writer, during his last residence in Rome, was in correspondence with his Majesty's Ministers on subjects of considerable importance to both states, and knows that his proper resort is to the highest authority in the nation.

Appended is a memorandum that the original of this letter, with that of Mr. Stuart to Mr. Secretary Dundas, and additional observations by Sir John Cox Hippisley were transmitted to the King by Mr. Pitt. "Sir J. C. H., had the pleasure to receive letters from the Duke of Portland, Lord Chatham, Lord Spencer, and Mr. Secretary Windham, strongly expressing their satisfaction in acquiescing in any measure that could offer relief to the illustrious and venerable Cardinal of York. It was sufficient that the knowledge of his sufferings should reach the Throne, to assure both sympathy and relief. Mr. Pitt, Mr. Secretary Dundas, and the Lord Chancellor, also expressed to Sir John Hippisley the extreme pleasure they felt in recommending the measure to the royal consideration."

Folio 64. October 30, 1799. Lower Grosvenor Street. Extract of a letter from Andrew Stuart, Esq., M.P., to Mr. Secretary Dundas. He encloses a letter from Cardinal Borgia to Sir John Hippisley, dated September 14, from Padua, where Cardinal York then was with the other Cardinals for the election of a Pope. He also encloses a letter from Sir John Hippisley. While at Rome he was informed of the very heavy losses the Cardinal sustained from the French Revolution, amounting to no less than 48,000 crowns annually. At a later period, the largest parts of his valuable jewels were sacrificed amid the contributions levied by the French.

Folio 67. January 20, 1800. London. Letter from Thomas Coutts to the Cardinal Duke of York. The Cardinal will remember to have seen at Frascati, in 1790, a Mr. Coutts and his wife and three daughters. The eldest daughter is now married to the Earl of Guilford, and the second to Sir Francis Burdett, whose family has been much attached to the House of Stuart as late as 1745, and since. "The third is unmarried, and living with her mother and me, and remembers the distinguished honour she received at Frascati, when you put on her finger with your own royal hand the ring which King Charles wore at his coronation. On my return to England, giving an account of what I had seen abroad to his Majesty King George the Third, I did not omit a particular detail of the honours I had received at Frascati, and of the uncommon politeness as well as the elegant and princely

manner in which they were conferred. Neither did I fail to notice the very handsome and most liberal terms in which your sentiments of his character were expressed. I had also the honour of showing at that time to his Majesty the silver medal given to me with so much condescension at Frascati. He questioned me on the likeness, said he was much pleased to have seen it, imply'd that few he supposed would have mentioned the subject to him, but that they were much mistaken who imagined he did not very sincerely regard the family of Stuart, who were worthy of all good men's attention, were it only for their misfortune. He was so good [as] to receive and accept from me with his own hand the medal I had the honour to receive from yours." "I have long been acknowledged his banker, and I have also transacted the business of all his royal sons, and have from them all received the most flattering marks of approbation. . . . My remaining and only ambition is to be the hand by which the benevolence of Britain from the best of men shall be conveyed to the last of that illustrious line, the rightful former sovereigns of Scotland, England, and Ireland." It lies with you to make the choice. Two words from you to my relation Lord Minto, to Mr. Pitt, or to Lord Grenville, my friends, to Mr. Dundas, or to the Lord Chancellor, my school-fellow, would settle the matter.

Folio 74. February 9, 1800. Vienna. Letter in French from Lord Minto to the Cardinal of York. He has received orders from the King of Great Britain to remit to his Eminence the sum of £2,000.

Folio 223. August 30, 1807. Rome. Draft of a letter in Italian from the Bishop of Milevi to the Prince of Wales. Refers to his intimacy for more than thirty-eight years with the deceased Cardinal Duke, as placing him in a position to testify to the sentiments of gratitude felt by the Cardinal towards the English Royal Family for their assistance, and his desire to show them some mark of it. Among the property left by the Cardinal the only objects he has found which can deserve the acceptance of the Prince are the Cross of St. Andrew set with diamonds, which had been worn by King Charles I., and a ring set with a ruby engraved with a cross, which he had often heard from the Cardinal was placed on the finger of the Kings of Scotland at their Coronation. These he desires to offer the Prince, and requests him to indicate some safe means for transmitting them.

Folio 236. Friday, November 13, [1807]. Letter in French from the Countess of Albany to the Bishop of Milevi. Acknowledges the receipt of the presents left her by the Cardinal of York and of the

picture he had chosen for her, which she considers is better than any work of the same painter at Florence. Thanks the Bishop for having her cipher placed on the watch left her by the Cardinal. She would have been satisfied had she been left only a pin as a remembrance. Was sure that the Bishop would not have delayed sending her her legacy without excellent reasons. Signed and addressed as the letter of July 21st, but directed "a Frascati."

Folio 238. November 14, 1807. Ston Easton, Somerset. Letter in French from Sir J. C. Hippisley to the Bishop of Milevi, expressing his regret at the news of the death of the Cardinal Duke. Encloses a copy of a letter from the Prince of Wales in reply to that of August 30. The Prince directs him to express "the profound respect which he will always preserve for the memory of the late Cardinal Duke, and the great pleasure the presents will give him, which the friendship of his Royal Highness had destined for him." The Prince has charged him with the care of their transmission to England. He therefore requests the Bishop to place them in the hands of his brother-in-law, M. Cicciaporci, through M. Orsi, banker at Florence, who will find a safe opportunity to forward them to England. The King has ordered him to acquaint the Countess of Albany of his intention to allow her a pension of £1,600 a year for her life. Has received a second letter from the Secretary of the Prince of Wales, charging him to express the above-stated sentiments of the Prince.

ALEX. CHARLES EWALD.

THE RICHES OF POVERTY.

EVERY dog has his day," says the old saying ; but with all respect for its antiquity, may we ask of this saying, as of many another truth in a nutshell, is it true ? True, not with that half-truth which is the greatest falsehood, but true ever and everywhere, under all conditions, independent of support even from the proverbial exception. If so, and if therefore life be a Sunday-school treat where every guest is sure of his orange and his bun, whence these cries as to unequal distribution, and why do we so often see Peter eating his own cake and having Paul's ? Experience shows no such smooth uniformity of lot, which indeed would leave but little for song or story to relate. Some dogs have no day—living and dying in obscurity. Others, after enjoying not one day but two, great days of which they were hero, fête days where they were patron saints, outliving both have outlived also fame and name, and find themselves despised by the fickle world whose reverence they once commanded.

Such is the evil case of poor Poverty in the present age, whose prose lies in solid pudding and poetry in artistic garnishings. Folly still holds her own with the same undisputed sway as when crowned by the arch-rebel Erasmus three hundred years ago. Great "Moria" still rules the world. Her "Ship of Fools" was never better manned, its motley crew never more eager for the vanities of her fair. But Poverty, who like Rome twice reigned supreme, has lost her high estate, and, though surviving alike triumph and disgrace, she still with unwelcome constancy clings to man, is counted but as stain on the robe of civilisation, as a misfortune and a curse.

It was not always so with Poverty, once the chosen companion of the wise ; when Greece was young, and man first sought by Nature's light to discover Nature's laws and those of his own being—the Makro and Mikrokosmos—there arose feelers after truth, who, casting off earthly possessions as so many pledges to fortune and fetters on the soul, gave up all things that they might possess

themselves. Breaking even the then all-enthraling bonds of country, class, and nation, they declared that to the wise man every country was a Fatherland, and that a free soul could never be enslaved ; dimly foreshadowing the great question of Holy Writ, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" But was their panoply indeed so perfect—their armour truly so complete? Let their own myth of Achilles tell. To each there came some question that this world's wisdom could not answer ; some grief that this world's comfort could not heal. The light of nature was not enough to lead man up from earth to heaven.

Different again was the monkish worship of poverty. Born of ecstatic mysticism, hasting to the joys of heaven, reckless of the claims of earth, it put asunder that matter and spirit which God had joined together in human nature ; and listening to the tempter's voice, believing in his promise, sought by disobedience of God's laws to rise above the conditions of man's being. Outraged Nature revenged herself on the dreamers. The original flaw in the groundwork of their ideal, unseen in the first fervour of enthusiasm ere faith grew faint and love grew cold, worked itself out with unerring precision. Sanctity without morality could not avail, and instead of rising to be as gods they descended to the ease *sans gêne* of Diogenes' tub for this world, plus the expectation of an eternal reward in the world to come, which reward, consisting in part of a golden crown and a clean white robe, they would find themselves but ill-fitted to enjoy.

It may be urged that neither of these ideals, neither that of the natural nor of the spiritual man, suits our age and country. Sufficient for simple times and sunny lands, the philosopher's cloak is too scanty to cover our many modern needs. Let the past be passed and gone. Let the dead bury their dead. What is Hecuba to us, or what were we to Hecuba—thousands of years ago?

Nor do we any longer strive to merit heaven by neglecting earth, nor to raise our nature by degrading it, but, accepting every good gift as coming from above, seek to improve our talent in this world, as given for it, believing faithful work here to be a better preparation for hereafter than idly to centre our thoughts on the "articulus mortis," as if therein lay the whole duty of man. As the tree falls so let it lie—as we have lived, so shall we die, and dying give an account, not of our last moments only, but of the whole tenor of our life. "La mort est le bout, pas le but de la vie."

The poverty for which we here seek some crumbs of comfort is not that of the uncultured poor whose daily toil and prayer is for daily

bread, but of those whose tastes and minds tell them that man shall not live by bread alone—the gentle poor, the poor among the rich, those who once were rich and now are poor, though in contact more or less close with that wealth which they no longer share—a daily growing class, counting in its ranks many helpless women—truly the poor in spirit of a material age.

Still, aided by Christian resignation to bear our burden, may we not accept the help of philosophy to discover what of real good may be in seeming evil? Appearances are proverbially deceptive; a question turned may be its own or may prove to demand a different answer. The weight of most things lies in opinion—gaining that, and be it our own alone, the relative position of much alters towards us. What do we feel? The thing itself, or our own sensation? Our own true sensation, or the association which ideas often wholly foreign to it impart. The philosopher with lit lamp sought at noonday for an honest man; let us borrow his lamp to search for a wise man whom we may haply find among the poor.

Man declares himself lord of the creation, though to this claim some doubters have put their mark of interrogation. Montaigne says: “Quand je joue à ma chatte qui sçait si elle ne passe son temps de moi plus que je ne fois de elle?” We say we possess our possessions, but may not the cumbrous machinery of civilisation, growing daily more complicated, threaten to become lord of its master? Is not life itself daily more merged and lost in the countless appliances that minister to its convenience, making comfort itself a weariness to the flesh? If forced to resign much that we see others possess, may we not be freer to possess ourselves, our time and thoughts? It was not from poverty that Martha was careful about many things.

To whom much is given, of him will much be required by his fellow-men, as well as by the Giver. “Noblesse oblige,” “Richesse oblige,” but poverty has a dispensation; “Gaudeamus igitur pauperes dum sumus.” The individual as such (*an und für sich*), unclothed upon by rank, wealth, or power, enjoys the immense independence of insignificance. He may live his own life, think his own thoughts, without responsibility to a criticising or imitating public. He may take his ease in his inn without fear of being called on, a host in all but the reckoning, to spend time and substance in entertaining powers and principalities. Free to go and come, does he always recognise and enjoy this glorious freedom? Preparing himself for the battle, does he wisely refuse Saul’s heavy armour and take five pebbles from the brook instead?

Or, assuming a burden not his own, does he, with "Dame Mouche," bestow thankless labour and unrequited toil on the lumbering coach of church and state?

As a Nobody he is unit of that monster sum total Everybody—the Public—that great Leviathan for whom all things on earth are said and done, to whom all greatness bows. What conqueror would care to come if not received by an applauding multitude? What queen would pass in jubilee procession through deserted streets? What forms the great, chief feature of every pageant, but those themselves who go out for to see? Lastly, to whom do poet, artist, thinker entrust their fame? No more to king or patron, nor will they await the verdict of future posterity while appeal can be made to a present public—great arbiter of fate and fame—each member of which, apart, may be as insignificant as the atom of old that formed the Universe. Again, we speak of one thing belonging to this particular man, another to that one. But is it so? "He vainly seeks who having cannot hold," and how much of what is called his own does each enjoy? Often, like the idols of old, eyes has he, but he cannot see the beauties spread around—ears has he, but he hears not the "music of the spheres." A stranger comes, an unwelcome and unbidden guest, to take freely of that hidden feast from which the master is shut out.

Hearken to an allegory. In a certain sea there stands a certain rock, owned by a certain feudal lord, who in a given year yielded his seignorial rights to five sheep in consideration of five pounds yearly to be paid to him as lord, by them, their heirs or representatives. During that year there came a certain painter, who, seizing the beauties of that rock, transferred them to a picture which brought to him a thousand pounds, and will be to him a monument "ære perennius." Tell me I pray thee, who then was lord of that rock by right divine?

What, then, is the inheritance of the poor? Freedom as one—power as all. Freedom from the cares, responsibilities, and illusions of possession, freedom of the spiritual life from subjection to the material. Power which for weal or woe is passing surely and rapidly from the few to the many—from the gifted and the great to the mass of humanity, and which, wielded by that mighty mass, is powerful as the Fate which ruled the gods of old.

But without the joys and ease of life, is this not but a younger brother's portion? True, the younger brother's portion may seem less a heritage than the means to gain one, but if it gain him that treasure within which fortune can neither give nor take away, can he

be called the least favoured of her children? "Die goldne Kette gieb mir nicht :"

"Gieb sie dem Kanzler den du hast,
Und lass ihn noch die goldne Last
Zu andern Lasten tragen."

We spoke of the poor in spirit. May a few last words be offered to those among them whose losses are not only of worldly wealth?

"Was sich die Jugend wünscht hat man im Alter die Fülle." But how different does the prayer of opening life seem to the answer at its close! Personal happiness, so passionately desired, so imperiously claimed at life's outset, is often then sought, not indirectly as a subjective condition, but directly from the outer world, as a possession to be found and grasped in passing events and circumstances. Our own personality, at first to us the measure of all things, our centre and circle alike, throws its shadow over all, obscuring our vision and narrowing our view. But when taught by experience that happiness is no outer possession but an inner state, to be found not in self but in escape from self—by giving, not claiming—the soul, jealous of its independence, no longer gives, but only lends itself to passing questions and events; while the heart, merging its own happiness in that of others, dearer than self, ceases to make personal claims on life, delighting in the reflected joys of love given and duty done. Ask those, who ripened by sorrow and trial have overcome by accepting the bitterness of their lot, who by perfect resignation have gained possession of their own soul and have tasted that peculiar richness and depth which sorrow borne and trial passed impart to life, if in this resignation there is not a calm and peace of heart, a width and steadfastness of mind, the joys of which far exceed the fevered, passionate, personal aspirations of early years.

"Ueber allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh ;
In allen Wipfeln
Spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch;
Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde :
Warte nur, balde,
Ruhest du auch."

M. LEIGHTON

MARLITT.

ON June 22 last died Marlitt, one of the most popular of modern German novelists. She had the rare good fortune to make a hit at once with her first novel, "Gold-Else," and to receive for it within a hundred pounds of the sum Thackeray got for his "Esmond." And yet it was by a chance that "Gold-Else" found a publisher.

The real name of Marlitt was Eugenie John, and she was the youngest daughter of a mercantile family in Arnstadt, a little Thuringian town in the principality of Sondershausen. Her father, Ernst John, preferred sketching and painting to standing behind the counter and keeping his ledgers. He excelled in crayon drawings, copies of antiques. Her mother had been a beauty, had a romantic turn, and always remained a devourer of fiction. Ernst had married her for her face, not for her domestic qualities, and she made him a good-looking but certainly not a managing housewife. The father's crayon drawings drew away his attention from the business, and the mother's novel-reading diverted her mind from the housekeeping, and it is not to be wondered at that the business declined and the domestic arrangements got into disorder. The children inherited their parents' tastes and aversion to business. One of the daughters who died early was skilful in the manufacture of artificial flowers, and a son, Hermann, modelled, and carved in alabaster.

Eugenie John was born on December 5, 1825, on the very day on which the birthday celebration of the prince took place, and at the moment when the trumpeters blew a blast in honour of the reigning prince from the balcony of the town hall on the opposite side of the market-place to the shop of the John family. Günther I., of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen, was born in 1760, and Arnstadt was the summer residence of the family.

Eugenie was a bright child, with dark curly hair, intelligent eyes, and pretty dimples in her cheeks, graceful in her movements, and in after years accounted, when at Vienna, one of the best dancers in that dancing capital. But she never can have been pretty: whatever charm there may have been in her face was due to expression. Her photo-

graphs and engraved portraits are devoid of hint that there was beauty in her features.

She possessed a talent for music and a good voice, and it was in this direction that she turned in the hopes of making her way, when the depressed condition of the family made it necessary for each to do something towards gaining a livelihood.

In 1841, when Eugenie was sixteen, the princely family were at Arnstadt in the summer, not Günther I., whose trumpeters had proclaimed the nativity of Eugenie whilst honouring the birthday of their sovereign, but Günther II., his son, in whose favour he had resigned a few years previously, 1835, on his marriage with the Princess Mathild of Hohenlohe-Oehringen. The young princess was a kindly and generous patroness of art, and old Ernst John took courage to entreat her Serene Highness to help in the cultivation of the talent of his daughter, Eugenie, whom he destined for the stage.

The same afternoon, the princess sent the bass singer, Krieg, of the Court opera company, which had come with the princely suite to Arnstadt, to test the girl's powers. There was no other instrument in the house but an old spinet, and Krieg threw it open and struck the keys contemptuously. He felt very sure that where no pianoforte was found, there musical ability would be raw and undeveloped. But when Eugenie raised her voice and sang, he changed his opinion. She had a powerful and clear organ, and, though uncultivated, it possessed remarkable natural flexibility. As he reported favourably to the princess, she sent for the girl, heard her herself, was pleased, and promised to provide for her technical education. Eugenie followed her patroness to Sondershausen, where she was placed in the upper girls' school, and was given special instruction in singing and piano-playing. The girl had so much natural brilliancy, such enthusiasm and eagerness to make her way, that not only the family but the masters anticipated that she would make her mark when she appeared on the stage.

From Sondershausen, at the expense of the princess, Eugenie went to Vienna, where she continued her studies, and then came to Leipzig to go through a finishing course at the Conservatory. But, unfortunately, at this time a slight deafness manifested itself, which, however, she could not believe to be other than a transitory infirmity, due to a cold. She ventured to make her *début* on the Leipzig stage, and—sang out of tune. The audience listened at first with forbearance, attributing her bad singing to nervousness; but when, in a second air, she became discordantly flat, they lost patience, and by unmistakable signs gave the poor girl to understand that she was unacceptable.

Disappointment, humiliation, mortified pride, cast her into the deepest discouragement. The ambition of her life was blighted, and no other career offered. Meanwhile the family circumstances had become desperate. Her brother, who was at the university, studying for a learned profession, was obliged to leave because his father was unable to maintain him there. His career also seemed blasted. He was a man of some talent, and of literary tastes, but was either deficient in imagination or in energy. He became, finally, teacher of modern languages in the Gymnasium at Arnstadt. He never did anything in literature deserving of notice.

Eugenie had made her first and last appearance on the stage. She withdrew, covered with mortification, to hide her head, and eat out her heart in the privacy of her own uncomfortable home. In after life, she had the satisfaction of seeing her favourite niece gifted with a voice like her own, and qualifying to distinguish herself in an art which had been sealed to her.

The Princess of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen pitied the poor girl, and, to soften to her the sharpness of her disappointment, offered her a situation about her person as companion and reader. Eugenie thankfully accepted the offer, and was at once translated from her impoverished home and the little commonplace society of the trading class in a petty Saxon town to the pomp, culture, and etiquette of a German court. German princes are either *Durchlaucht*—Transparencies, or *Erlaucht*—Illuminated. The princess was a Transparency, or, as we render it, Serene Highness. The courts of the petty princes have much punctilio about them, and only such persons as are *hoffähig*, who by their birth and position are qualified, are admitted into these exclusive circles. Now the line in Germany between the noble or gentleman and the citizen is very sharp, and there is no passing from the lower to the higher without a patent from the sovereign, and the adoption of the *von* before the patronymic.

Eugenie John had recovered somewhat of her wounded self-esteem, and she chafed at the slights, or imaginary slights, to which she was subjected at court. She was only a John, not a Von John, and a salaried servant. There was, indeed, a Baron von John in the Austrian army, who distinguished himself later in Italy; but Eugenie could not claim relationship with him. The little etiquettes, the formalities, the order of precedence, all proved irksome to the morbid mind of the girl, who could not forgive that she was thrust into the background by little nobles and gentlefolk whose intellectual powers were far short of her own. It was probably in the court of Sondershausen that she was brought into contact with

pietists, strict puritans of narrow sympathies. Those who have read "Gold-Else" will recall the bitterness with which she describes the hangers-on in a small court; her disgust at pietism crops up in other novels, notably in "The Old Maid's Secret" and in "The Princess of the Heath."

As a distinguished German authoress said to the writer of this notice, "Marlitt was a *Kranke Seele*, had a morbid mind, and an unforgiving spirit. She attacked those who had offended her with remorseless animosity, painting them—caricatured—in her tales under the thinnest disguise, so that every one who knew the court could recognise whom she drew."

The pietists whom she attacks she considers to be hypocrites. It was inconceivable to her that there could be religious earnestness; she regarded the profession of religion as evidence of hypocrisy.

Sondershausen is a very small capital, numbering under six hundred inhabitants, lying at the foot of the great Schloss that occupies a height above the town, a palace that was begun in 1538, a vast edifice of irregular shape, and with towers. On one side of the castle is the extensive park, very generously thrown open to the public, and the court band performed in it on Sunday and festival evenings.

The late Prince Günther I., who had been deposed or had resigned in 1835, had shaken himself free from all the restraints of decorum. He had filled the palace with officials, and published his court calendar with the list of them all, and their order of precedence. The principal offices were filled with his natural children, of whom there were plenty. He used to ramble about his park in the evenings, pipe in mouth, flirting with the prettiest girls, and wrestling with any man who would stand up to him. But with the elevation of his son to the little sovereignty decorum returned, and perhaps a little extra stiffness to make amends for the great laxity under the old Günther.

The town and castle are prettily situated in the valley of the Wipper, among well-wooded hills.

The princes of Schwarzburg-Sondershausen are descended from the Counts of Schwarzburg, a very ancient Thuringian race. The Sondershausen branch became princely in 1697.

Whilst in attendance on the princess, Marlitt, or Eugenie John, as we must call her, for she had not as yet assumed the name by which she became known in literature, accompanied her patroness to the principality of Hohenlohe, and stayed at Oehringen, the residence of the parents of the princess. Hohenlohe is a high, bald, and

thinly peopled tract of land in Franconia ; the princes are also Counts of Gleichen, and, since 1861, Dukes of Ujest in Upper Silesia, with a seat in the Prussian Upper House. The little town of Oehringen, where is the palace, lies on the Ohrn, between Stuttgart and Hall. Eugenie likewise accompanied her mistress on an excursion into the Bavarian Alps, and to the Schleier See and Munich.

As a safety-valve to her annoyance and irritation, Eugenie John began to keep a volume of verses, which she called her Herbarium, in which she poured forth her troubles in lines of tolerable poetry. The Herbarium certainly contained many poetic flowers of the genus Wormwood.

Towards her patroness Eugenie was always respectful, and bore her real affection. In 1855, whilst staying at Friedrichsruhe with the princess, she entered into correspondence with School-Director Kern, of Ulm, and he perceived the genius in the girl, and encouraged her to write, though he was unable to obtain a publisher for her verses. It was not, however, till ten years later that she made her first appearance in print.

It is pretty evident from her writings, which transparently veil her own trials, troubles, experiences, and undisguisedly reveal her prejudices, that about this time she formed a hopeless attachment towards a man, probably her superior in rank. The hopelessness of her passion, instead of softening and sweetening her heart, made it more impatient, angry, and bitter. Her irritability became vexatious, and her marked sensitiveness rendered her impracticable, so that the princess was reluctantly obliged, in 1863, to request her to retire from her position on a small pension.

She obeyed, she could not do other, without resentment against her patroness, but nursing bitter anger against those to whose influence she attributed her disgrace.

This second humiliation, and the reduction of her means, happened inopportunately. Her father was without means, her brothers were in no better circumstances, and they had an uncle dependent on them. Eugenie's small pension served to keep them all in the necessaries of life. Perhaps at this period of her life she shines in the noblest light, for she was most unselfish in her devotion to her impoverished family. She lived with her married brother, Alfred John. A year or two later a fresh disaster fell on her. The princess lost her fortune through some unlucky investment, and was no longer in a position to pay Eugenie the pension, as promised.

Now ensued a period of the severest privation, and anxiety for the future. But it was the destitute condition in which the family

was that spurred Eugenie to attempt literary work. Something must be done to relieve their distress, and in a cold room in winter, in which she was unable to afford a fire, she wrote two stories, "The Twelve Apostles" and "The Schoolmaster's Daughter."

It is to this period of privation that is attributed the commencement of that infirmity—rheumatism or gout—with which she was ever after afflicted, but it probably only developed what lurked already in the system. Her previous deafness was doubtless attributable to the same origin. This deafness now increased, and she became at length, not exactly stone deaf, but so deaf as only to be able to hear when shouted to close to her ear.

When her two stories were written out neatly, with her final corrections, she entrusted them to her brother to post for her. As he passed the window with the packet, he held them up to her, as she looked anxiously forth. "Oh, my poor, poor children!" said she. "What will befall them in this wide, rude world?" The packet was addressed to Keil, editor of the *Gartenlaube*, at Leipzig.

The first was accepted; not so the second, it was returned with the remark that Auerbach had worked that vein out, and her story of the Schoolmaster's Marie was too close an imitation of his style to be accepted. This was in 1865. Encouraged by having one of her compositions taken, Eugenie now set zealously to work on a novel, "Gold-Else," in which she described her own experiences at the Court of Sondershausen. When it was finished she sent it to the *Gartenlaube*. Keil, the editor, bade the sub-editor look through it, and a few days later the latter returned him the MS. sealed and ready to post, "not suited," to the authoress.

"What is it like?" asked Keil. The sub-editor shrugged his shoulders. "Nothing remarkable," he answered; "not above the ordinary level of female composition. It is all about Thuringia."

"I am a Thuringian," said Keil: "let me see;" and he broke the seals, and began to read, not with the expectation of having to reverse the decision of his subordinate, but in order to refresh old recollections of his native forest land. He had not, however, read many pages before he discovered that the sub-editor had either been remiss in examining the MS., or had grievously lacked judgment. He read on the whole afternoon, and read till midnight. Next day he wrote to the authoress, accepting the novel, and proposing, besides the usual honorarium for the publication in the magazine, that she should share profits with him when it was published in book form.

A very few years later Keil paid her £1,200 as half-profits. She was then a cripple, in constant pain. When she received the cheque,

she burst into a flood of tears, partly of joy in seeing that there was no more cause for pecuniary solicitude in the future, partly of sorrow as she reviewed the heartaches and humiliations out of which "Gold-Else" had sprung.

The pseudo-name of E. Marlitt, which she had assumed on first entering the walks of literature, she retained to the end. "Gold-Else" took with the people at once. It was interesting, somewhat sensational, passionate, and romantic. But it is not a great novel, it contains not a single character which will live, and no situations so striking as indelibly to stamp themselves on the memory. It reveals no power to sound the depths of the human heart. In a notice of Marlitt, in a number of the *Gartenlaube*, after her death, the editor says, "Whoever on a Friday in March 1866 happened to pass down the König Strasse in Leipzig, would have been arrested by a striking scene. At a street corner where stood the office of our magazine, only erected two years previously, stood a number of people—essentially of *the* people, leaning against the railings, sitting on the steps, reading the just issued number of the *Gartenlaube*. That was at a time when heavy storm-clouds lowered over Germany, and when the news of the day was awaited with breathless anxiety. And yet, the scene was unlike that which took place outside the offices of the daily journals. There was no eager scanning of telegrams by financiers, no search among advertisements by men out of employ, it was simply men and women of the people devouring with feverish avidity the last chapters of 'Gold-Else.'"

Marlitt's future was assured. She closed with an offer of Keil that whatever she wrote should go to his magazine, and that she should write for no other publisher. He had behaved honourably to her, not taking advantage of her inexperience at the first, and she repaid his honourable dealing by holding fast to her engagement, and refusing more advantageous offers made to her by other publishers.

Her next production was "Blue Beard," in 1866; but her second novel, "The Old Maid's Secret" (*Das Geheimniss der alten Mamsel*), is, in the opinion of the writer, by far her best work. It represents the struggles of a young girl brought up amid the straitest puritanical bonds, striving for more light and air and breadth of sympathy. Into it are woven some of her childish frolics in the old house in the market-place at Arnstadt; her scrambles among the attics, and exploration of hidden cupboards and nailed-up coffers, after old papers.

Then came "Reichsgräfin Gisela," in 1869, and "Heide-

prinzesschen" (The Princess of the Heath), in the ensuing year. This opens with a charming description of the North German sandy, heather-covered plain, dotted with tumuli, "Huns' graves." But an English reader cannot see much that is pleasant in the love-making of an uncle and his niece. Here is a scene from it—to us repulsive. "At the foot of the mound he remained stationary: 'What! will you not advance a step towards me, Leonore?' he exclaimed. 'Uncle!' escaped my lips. With a few strides he reached me on the mound, a smile played about his lips. 'Strange maiden, what wild imagination has carried you away? Do you suppose that a mere uncle would be so eager to pursue his little run-away niece?' He softly clasped my two hands, and drew me down the hillock. 'Now the storm drives over us harmlessly. I am no longer your uncle. I have seen your father, and have asked for other rights, and they have been granted. He has bidden me fetch you home—but one way lies before both of us, Leonore, betwixt us only your will interposes. Have you no other name to give me than *Uncle*?' 'Eric!' I shouted, and threw my arms around his neck." And so on—with mutual hugs and kisses. "The Second Wife" is extravagant. Marlitt's later novels show a steady decline in power. Her last work is unfinished, but will be completed from her notes, and published next year.

Marlitt's stories are sensational, like Mrs. Henry Wood, she carries on the reader's interest from beginning to end, and she has considerable descriptive skill; but they do not instruct, do not provoke thought, and show no deep insight into character. She can show hate change into love, but not a moral transformation.

Her success with the pen enabled her to build a house, which she called Marlittheim, on elevated ground above Arnstadt; a pleasant abode, erected in the common, prevailing style of German villa, with a belvedere at the side, from which a fine view is commanded. The building was carried out under the supervision of her brother Alfred, who was master in the Middle School at Arnstadt. Her delight in taking possession of her house was qualified by suffering, as at the same time her malady took sharp hold of her, and gradually deprived her of the power of locomotion. Her brother and his wife lived with her, so also did her aged father, and the greatest care and affection surrounded her. Her workroom was on the ground floor, but she liked to roll her wheeled chair into the garden, and sit musing by the hour under a favourite chestnut, or she would be carried up to the room at the top of the belvedere, whence she could see the distant prospect of the lovely Thuringian woods and hills.

On one occasion, as she was being brought down from her look-out chamber, in a new carrying-chair, it gave way, and she was precipitated down the steps and severely injured. This accident confined her for long to her bed, and prevented her from continuing the story of "The Lady with the Carbuncles," on which she was engaged at the time. When she resumed her pen, it was by an effort of will in the midst of sharp suffering. She never thoroughly got over this fall, and it doubtless hastened her end. In October 1886 she was laid up with inflammation of the ribs, followed by other internal complications. She received transient relief from the use of massage, but she gradually failed, and died at the end of June last, uttering with her last breath the name of her beloved brother Alfred.

Marlitt's workshop was, as already said, a room on the ground floor. Before the window stood her table, on which was a handsome inkstand, the gift of the princess, a thermometer, and a telescope, with which she could amuse herself by looking at the distant mountains and woods in the intervals of composition. The chief ornament of the room was a rich, inlaid, antique *secrétaire* or cabinet, with handsome brass work about it. In this she kept her treasures, memorials pleasant and painful of the past, her diary, her Herbarium, old letters, and sundries consecrated by recollections. The walls were adorned with some family portraits and crayon drawings by her father. The old man often came into his daughter's room and occupied an arm-chair by the stove provided for him. There he sat in silence, watching her write, and glad to catch an occasional smile and nod from her.

Marlitt kept her MS. in a locked leather portfolio, and allowed no one to see any of it till the work on which she was engaged was complete. So particular was she on this point, that on one occasion when a sheet of her MS. fell on the floor, and was picked up by her sister-in-law, Marlitt, thinking she had skimmed its contents, tore it to pieces and threw it into the wastepaper basket. When, however, a novel was done, then, at eight o'clock punctually in the evening, she rolled her wheeled chair into the room where sat her brother and sister-in-law, her MS. on her lap, and began to read it to them. Till this moment, although living with her in the closest communion of thought and interest, they had been told nothing of its contents, and sometimes did not even know the title of the work on which she was engaged.

Her relations, knowing how sensitive she was, never allowed her to see unfavourable criticisms of her work, and no notice of herself which was not complimentary. Possibly the vexation and pain which

a severe review would cause might have paralysed her imagination, and taken the heart out of her work. Her brother and sister desired to spare her vexation, but we may well doubt whether it would not have been better for her to have seen that her writings did not meet with universal admiration, and were not regarded as likely to live as classical works.

Not only was adverse criticism withheld from her, but she was kept in the most rigid seclusion from the world. She saw no one but her own family circle. The inevitable result was, that she exhausted her past experiences and made no fresh observations of character, her creations became more puppets than men and women, and her incidents were drawn with exaggeration. The reality which was one charm of her earliest novels evaporated.

She never drew a character which will live ; she managed in most of her tales to introduce a "*Kranke Seele*," and it need hardly be said from whom she painted it.

If we may compare Marlitt's productions with the works of two other famous German novelists, Frau von Hillern and Fanny Lewald—the latter, however, by birth a Jewess—we would say that she never approaches the rugged grandeur of the "Geir Wally" or the spiritual pathos of the "*Arz der Seele*" of the former ; but then she never falls as low as her "*Sie kommt doch*" and "*Aus eigener Kraft*." She never called up such a figure as Fanny Lewald's "Maiden of Hela," or showed such an insight into the depths of the human soul. But she stands far in advance of most of the female and many of the male novelists of Fatherland. She is never dull and never gross.

S. BARING GOULD.

SAMOTHRACE.

SAMOTHRACE, like Delos, was one of the great centres of ancient worship in the Grecian Archipelago. This huge mountain mass, rising to a height of 6,000 feet straight out of the sea, must have been always awe-inspiring, and no wonder that in olden days it was looked upon as a fitting spot for the worship of those mysterious gods, the Kabiri, the Sons of Vulcan, in whom we find a trace of that strange doctrine of the Trinity which had its birth far off in central Asia. Samothrace, too, was the reputed birthplace of Dardanus, the founder of the Trojan Empire, and of Jason and Harmonia, the children of Zeus and Electra.

It was during the Ptolemaic age that Samothrace played its most distinguished part as a religious centre, and at the time when St. Paul cast anchor off its coast the row of temples which nestled under the mighty mountain must have been in their full glory; the ruins are there still. The magnificent piles, which the Ptolemies erected beside the sacred stream which still flows by the ruined walls, the extreme solitude of the place, its utter desolation, even now fill one with an undefined feeling of awe. An unsophisticated race has still its dwellings on the sacred slopes of Samothrace in the heart of that giant mountain, which with its four snow-capped summits forms one of the best-known landmarks of the Grecian sea, commanding a view on one side which extends to Mount Olympus, and on the other side over the battle-fields of Troy. This race will always remain isolated from the great world, for Samothrace is now, as it was in Pliny's time, the "most harbourless of islands." There were three or four cottages at the open roadstead where we landed, and about a dozen boats were drawn up on the beach, for when the north wind blows no boat can ride at anchor there. The solitary village lies hidden away in the mountain, about an hour's ride from the shore. It consists of about 150 low brown cottages with mud roofs, scarcely distinguishable from the bare rocks around them, whilst the ruins of a mediæval fortress, and a church of modern construction, rise above

these houses, and, with the exception of these, the village possesses no features whatsoever.

Far above rose the mysterious heights, all black with clouds and pouring down a perfect hurricane of wind, as we approached. Wind is the curse of Samothrace, and it is so violent at times that it bursts in the ill-fitting doors, and carries off the mud roofs with the intensity of its force. So no wonder the women do their best to check the blasts which torment them by casting holy water into the waves, and by lighting mysterious fires on the hills with muttered incantations known only to a few, perhaps a relic of that strange worship which once flourished amongst them.

We appropriated to ourselves the cleanest of many dirty houses, and remorselessly, after the fashion of travellers in the East, drove out the occupants from their home, pitched our own beds, and then sallied forth to make acquaintance with the inhabitants. The dignity we always try to assume on like occasions was very difficult to maintain in this village, as we toiled up and down the beds of torrents with all the eyes of the place focussed upon us, in perpetual dread lest a species of pig peculiar to the place, small indeed, but with goat-like hairs, should in terror charge through our legs and bring us to dire confusion.

The women looked weird enough, and handsome, with loose locks of hair hanging down their cheeks like whiskers, women with sharp shrill voices accustomed to hold converse with one another from one end of the village to the other. Out from among the men stepped forth a man with pleasant face, Christos was his name, and after appropriating us hurriedly, sketched for us his history; telling us how he had come to Samothrace years ago to act as schoolmaster; how he had in the first instance married the daughter of Father George, the chief priest of the island; how he had been appointed *epitropos*, or churchwarden; how his first wife had died; how he had taken to himself a second and much prettier spouse; and how he had two Samothracian mothers-in-law. Poor man, we pitied him for this double infliction, and when we knew him well enough to express our condolences on this point, he replied in a mild sweet way peculiarly his own, "the fates have been kind to me in most things; they do not permit any one individual to be altogether happy."

The new Mrs. Churchwarden, as she is always called, is indeed a lovely creature, and her husband adores her. "My one grief," said he, "is that she is entirely uneducated and refuses to learn; my old wife could read very nicely, and was learning to write when Charon took her. Do impress upon her in every way you can the advantages

of education." But we soon found out that since not only her own mother, but also mother-in-law number one, backed her up in her refusal to learn, and as they with their bare legs and unkempt hair were always to be found squatting in the churchwarden's house, there was little use in our pressing the point.

We made haste to accomplish sundry expeditions on Samothrace during the early days of our stay, as Easter week was approaching, a time when even the mules have a holiday. On these the churchwarden was our constant companion. Of course, the first was to the ruins of the deserted shrines of the Kabiri; and as we lunched by a well under a spreading plane-tree, with fragments of temple ornaments strewn around us, we talked of the grand scenes once enacted at this spot, when Philip of Macedon and his wife were initiated into the sacred mysteries, and when pilgrims flocked hither from all parts of Hellas to worship and offer their gifts at these shrines.

A second expedition was to certain hot springs, which bubble up out of the mountain-side, and are considered wonderfully efficacious in curing every disease. In the vicinity numerous traces of pottery pointed to the existence here of a population in ancient times, and a knowledge of these streams, though nowhere can I find any classical allusion to them; but the place names and legends show that in former ages these waters were used. We passed a rock called "the Archon's Spot," which, according to the inhabitants, is the point to which the rich, who once frequented these baths, extended their constitUTIONALS. The first bath, and the one most in repute, is a circular hole in the rock, and is known as the "fish bath" from the close resemblance between the smell of its waters and that of decayed fish. It is very hot indeed, often hot enough to boil eggs, and a terrible tragedy occurred here a short time ago. Theodore Lathekos, an old man of seventy, being afflicted with rheumatism, came here by himself to bathe. He was missing for some time, but at last was discovered boiled to rags in the fish bath. I have no doubt whatsoever of the truth of this story, for his son, now demarch of Samothrace, told it to me before a large audience as we sat watching a dance on Easter Sunday, and each bystander had some horrible detail to add respecting the appearance of the poor old man when taken from his fatal bath.

A third expedition we made bears wholly on the life of the Samothracians of to-day. It was to a valley called by the pleasing name of "the Garden Village of Xeropotamos," which lies on the southern slopes of the mountain. And inasmuch as no one is rich and no one is poor in Samothrace, it has fallen to the lot of each

family to possess three acres and a mule in this happy valley. On each holding is erected a rude shanty, most of them consisting of brambles covered with mud, with a tiny round mud oven hard by in which the cooking is done. Thither in summer-time the inhabitants migrate in a body to escape from the intolerable heat of their shadeless village, and to revel amid orchards, lovely to look upon, of olives, apples, peaches, cherries, and apricots. When we were there these were all in full blossom, and it was a day of unspeakable charm, one of those days when a Greek spring was upon everything—not the spring when one day is winter and the rest summer, but the gradual dawning of loveliness which can almost be seen creeping on to perfection. As yet only a few women had come out to Xeropotamos to look after their property; one of them had recently had a baby, and to her grief would be unable to return to the village for Easter. The infant's cradle was as primitive as its surroundings: a trunk of a tree had been cut in two, one half of which had been hollowed out as a cradle for little Forty—for, having been born on the day of the Forty Martyrs, his name was thus chosen—the other half formed a trough for the pigs. The poor mother had been very ill, and sought our advice, her only remedy having been a favourite Greek horror called "rat's oil," made by putting a tiny baby rat into a bottle of oil, and allowing it to decompose in the sun. This terrible oil is rubbed over the part affected, and the patient is perceptible from afar, and almost unbearable at close quarters.

On climbing the hill above the garden village we came across the abodes of the charcoal-burners, but I fear charcoal-burning will soon cease to be a trade in this island, seeing that they have used up all their trees for this purpose, and now to obtain material they are digging up the roots. Above the charcoal-burners, amid the rocks and the wild winds, dwell the shepherds of Samothrace, a hardy race, who know no comfort, no civilisation, returning to their homes but twice a year, for the Easter festival and for the raising of the Cross in September.

One of the things which interested us most in the garden valley was the numerous primitive open-air altars, dignified by the name of churches indeed, and each dedicated to its own special saint. We took particular notice of one dedicated to St. John, which I will describe as a fair specimen of the rest. The sacred enclosure was marked off by a wall three feet high; at one extremity of this stood a rude altar and some incense pots; at the four corners four venerable trees spread their branches as a canopy over the shrine; two olives

stood at the front, a plane-tree and an ivy-covered stump were behind. No one dares so much as to touch a leaf of these sacred trees, for if they do they are sure the saint will inflict on them some punishment. As an instance of the respect shown to these open-air altars, the churchwarden related how he had wished to cut down the trees at the corners of a similar shrine on his property, to use the wood for his own house ; and even though he promised to build with it a roof for the church before taking any of the wood for his own use, he could not get a workman to help him, and was forced to abandon his design. Close to the little shrine of St. John we saw a large branch lying, which would have made excellent firewood, but none durst touch it ; a branch of ivy which had fallen from the stump was carefully laid by the side of the altar, and the widow Penelope, who always resides at Xeropotamos, and whose duty it is to sweep the mud floors and keep tidy several of these shrines, told us how a sacrilegious man had once cut wood from near a church, and shortly afterwards the punishment came in the shape of a big wound on his knee. She furthermore told us that olives are regularly gathered from the two trees, and are carefully kept apart to be converted into oil for sacred purposes, and to these trees the sick send their friends to tie up scraps of rag, hoping thereby to be miraculously relieved of their infirmity.

Verily we had found here a survival of those ancient woodland shrines, such an one as was doubtless erected beneath the shade of the oak at Dodona, and such as the forefathers of the present race consecrated to the woodland nymphs and deities, even as now they are thought to protect mankind from the evil spirits which haunt solitary places. It is the religious life of these modern Greeks which so distinctly connects them with their ancestors, and the widow Penelope, on hearing our muleteer utter an oath, consigned it "to the wild goats on the mountain," as they did in ancient days.

By the way, there are many wild goats on Samothrace, in the almost inaccessible heights of the mountain, and this is almost the only island now left in the Archipelago where these animals can now be found. In connection with these wild goats I heard a curious legend which accounts for their origin. An old woman lived on the mountain, and one spring she boasted that the cold of March could do her and her flocks no more harm ; whereat March was enraged and borrowed a day from his brother February, on which it froze so hard that all the old woman's flocks were killed except a few goats she had secured in her cauldron. In her wrath she swore at the Almighty, and was turned into a certain stone, which the shepherds

still point out ; it rocks when the wind blows violently, and indicates thereby that the old woman is swearing still. This is why February has never more than 29 days at his disposal, and the wild goats on the mountain are the descendants of those kept alive in the cauldron.

As the shades of evening were drawing on we left Xeropotamos, armed with a basket full of salads, and accompanied by a motley following of women, charcoal-burners, and shepherds returning to their homes to keep the great festival of Easter.

"Red Thursday" was an exceedingly busy day in every house in the village ; it is termed "red" because on this day they dye all the eggs which during the long fast have been hard boiled and laid aside for Easter. On this day the housewives were busy rolling candles out of specially prepared beeswax for the ceremony in church, whilst others were busy whitewashing, others scrubbing, and it was with many apologies that we intruded upon these domestic scenes. Though rude outside, many of the Samothracian houses are exceedingly pretty within. All round the wall a carved ledge runs, on which the household crockery is displayed ; a prettily carved press occupies one side of the single room, in which the family linen is preserved ; on the walls are hung tastefully woven towels, the handiwork of the housewife ; the niche for the saint is also elaborately carved, and the floor in front of the divan is spread with homespun rugs, radiant with stripes of green, blue, red, and yellow. By day the family bedding, which is spread on the floor by night, is neatly rolled up in one corner ; queer odds and ends of charms, blessed sprigs of basil, sacred water in phials, are hung about the room, and usually form the only known medicines of the Samothracians, who have neither doctor nor dispenser of drugs, only their superstitions and their quacks to heal them in the hour of sickness. Many invalids were brought prominently before our notice, and our fees were regularly paid in Easter eggs, two or three of which were considered sufficient remuneration for one visit and a dose of quinine. Amongst other things we learnt that the estimable race of wet nurses has no representative in Samothrace, and if a mother requires assistance in the nurture of her infant a she-goat is called in, and if the little Samothracian is not regular at his meals Nanny bleats piteously for her foster kid. The churchwarden told us that during the fast last August a baby was being thus nurtured, when the question arose as to whether it was not a sin for a baby to drink that from which its elders were abstaining. Argue as he would on the relative sin of drinking goat's and mother's milk, our worthy friend could not convince the theologians of the village that there could be but little difference ; the poor baby had to abstain, and

died. So bigoted are these folk that a man would sooner steal his neighbour's goat during Lent than commit the sin of drinking its milk.

On Good Friday evening every oven in the village was heated for the baking of countless loaves of bread. No one appeared to have a thought beyond baking till darkness set in, and the hour for the great funeral service, the *epitaphion*, was at hand. It was a very dark night indeed, and it was with difficulty that, with the aid of a lantern, we scrambled up the rugged path to the church in time for the solemn function. As we entered the brilliantly lighted church a strange sight met our gaze. Crowds were already collected in the nave, and on this occasion, for once only in the year, the women are to the fore, and not penned up in their latticed gallery; for "women must weep," say they, "and sit at the tomb and watch, even as the Marys did." So around the representation of our Saviour's tomb in the centre of the church sat crowds of women on their haunches, with their heads wrapped in clean white cloths, their babies on their knees, and chatting gaily with one another, as if they were at the theatre.

The representation of the entombment stood on a large table in the middle of the nave; the centre piece was of course a rude crucifixion, on either side of which two thieves looked down from a nest of candles, and over the whole table was spread a large picture of Christ's tomb, covered with sprigs of basil. In front of this stood a handsomely bound "gospel" for the faithful to kiss, and from beneath the table, which was furnished with a valance, pept out from time to time, wearily and sadly, the heads of five sick people, who had been placed there in the hopes of a cure. Unkempt, wild-looking herds from the mountains, our friends the charcoal-burners, and all the men, advanced in turn to kiss the "gospel," bringing their heads, as they did so, into dangerous proximity to the many candles.

At length, from the dense mass of women surrounding the entombment, a voice of wailing arose, the sweet plaintive voice of a "myrologista," one of the hired mourners of Samothrace, whose vocation in life it is to sing death-wails at every funeral, and who is always hired to sing at this *epitaphion* service. She sang for the space of half an hour a metrical version of the Passion, as related to us in holy writ. Though excessively sweet, the monotony would have exasperated one had it not been for the dramatic action she threw into her song, weeping where weeping was necessary, and triumphant as she closed her dirge and sang of the victory over sin and death.

On the conclusion of this wail we went away, as did most of the congregation, though many pious women waited for the midnight

liturgy, and were prepared to watch by the tomb all night. Nay, even some of excessive piety refuse to leave the church until the conclusion of the first Resurrection Service on Easter Eve ; and the poor sick remained there too on the mattresses spread for them beneath the table, praying, fasting, and I fear in most cases aggravating their maladies.

During the three days before Easter, the fast of the Samothracian devotees is intense and terrible to witness ; for after their weary abstinence of forty days from all food, save bread, olives, and beans, their emaciated bodies are made now with a last supreme effort to abstain from all solid food for these three days, and to subsist only on tiny cups of coffee and water. Meanwhile, they go about their domestic avocations with double vigour, washing, scrubbing, baking, and living in eager expectation of the great Easter feast, and of the luscious lamb. A small boy of twelve, who acted as our muleteer on the occasion of our visit to the ruined shrines, retired from our presence as we lunched beneath a tree, remarking that it was a sin even to see people eating like we were, when Easter was so near.

We had but little to do on Saturday, and, as the lanes and alleys of the village were intensely disagreeable with streams of blood from the slaughtered lambs, we wandered off alone to the solitary tiny monastery on the island, which is about an hour's walk from the village. After losing our way several times, we asked a passing peasant to be our guide. Suddenly he turned round with the startling announcement, "We are meeting St. Athanasius," but instead of the presumably austere man who wrote that very condemnatory creed, we met a meek little man, carrying a sacred picture of the saint in question, adorned with gold coins, and set in red velvet ; he was accompanied by a boy with a large basket, and they were on their way from the monastery to the village to collect Easter offerings. Some would give cheese, others eggs, and others money, and from this collection the monastery of St. Athanasius reaps annually no small advantage.

One monk, Agathangelos by name, is the sole occupant of the monastery now, the untenanted cells being occupied by a farmer and his family who till the monastic land. The good man was asleep when we arrived, reposing after his exertions the night before in church, and preparing for what had to come, but he woke before we left and insisted on our taking coffee with him, and on our accepting an Easter offering of nuts. I never received so many presents in my life as I did in Samothrace. Of Easter eggs we were presented with

fifty-eight—red ones, pink ones, yellow ones; besides these we got two legs of lamb, two bowls of beestings, and several barley loaves, and we always found it necessary to have our “antigifts” ready, when the women came with their presents of food. Almost anything would do; a European candle, a screw of tea or caviare, two or three needles, and on occasions of rare munificence an “antigift” of some object in sham jewellery was thought a handsome equivalent. These “antigifts” are doubtless of a religious origin, for the priest in church, in return for a sprig of basil from Christ’s tomb, a blessed candle, or a phial of holy water, expects as an “antigift” (*ἀντίδωρον*), a coin to be placed on the tray an acolyte holds to receive the same.

The great midnight service on Easter Eve, known as the first Resurrection Service, we watched from our own window, well knowing how hot and disagreeable it would be in church, and how monotonous would sound the chanting when our eyes were heavy with sleep. Moreover, the sight from outside is by far the most interesting; the night was pitch dark, and the innumerable brushwood fires which were lighted in all parts of the village shone on the excited inhabitants in a weird fashion as they rushed to and fro. Guns were let off, to the infinite terror of dogs, pigs, and donkeys; bells clanged, people shouted, and night was hideous with this inharmonious concert. Sleep was out of the question, so we sat up and watched.

The service began at twelve and was not over till two, and then the huge bonfire near the church was lighted, and when its flames rose high into the air they cast into them the effigy of Judas Iscariot, being just a doll dressed up in quaint garb, and stuffed with gunpowder; he naturally exploded with a loud report, which made everybody cheer, and then they retired to their several homes to gorge. Peace for a while rested over the village as they ate, and we slept slumbers which were soon to be broken by the angry quarrelling of dogs over the many and well-picked bones cast to them from the houses. After the scarcity of food incident on the long fast, these poor lean quadrupeds were wild with delight, and for the remainder of our stay in Samothrace their canine passions ran wild in the many contests which took place over the savoury morsels at their disposal.

We attended the second Resurrection Service at midday on Easter, and very wearisome we found it, except when during the reading of the Gospel crackers were let off, to the mingled dismay and amusement of the assembled worshippers. Everything was excitement; everybody chatted with his neighbour; nobody attended to the mumbling of the priests, who themselves looked as if they were

engaged in some theatrical performance with their tawdry robes of green, purple, and red ; even the chandeliers were not permitted to hang still, but needs must be swung to and fro, as if to add to the general feeling of unrest. Everybody held a candle in his hand, not always straight indeed, as long cataracts of grease down many backs testified. These candles are supposed to have been lit from the miraculous fire, which a fiction of the Eastern Church represents as springing from the facsimile of Christ's tomb on Easter Sunday. "Take, then, the flame from the eternal light, and praise Christ who is risen from the dead," says the priest as he applies his lighted taper to each man's proffered candle. After the service is over the women endeavour to convey their candles alight to their homes, often a process of some difficulty in windy Samothrace, for, say they, if they can succeed in so doing, it is a sign that all will prosper with them during the ensuing year.

On a certain large flat roof, which has been thoughtfully provided with beams of befitting strength, the Samothracians assemble to dance after the church work is over. Theirs is a most peculiar dance, very slow, and consisting of one very large circle made up of sometimes as many as 200 dancers. On this occasion I counted more than a hundred dancing at once. In the centre of this big circle sat the musicians and spectators, consisting of children busy painting their faces with the dye off Easter eggs, the aged and the infirm, and on this particular occasion two Europeans, who were in closer proximity than they cared for to odoriferous peasants and doubtful heads of hair.

The women of Samothrace love the gayest of colours, red, green, yellow, and purple ; they are girt with handsome silver girdles, above which are jackets edged with fur and heavy with gold coins, whilst round their heads is bound a yellow kerchief like a crown. It is only the very oldest men who wear the single white petticoat, the tight-fitting skin gaiters, and the knitted skullcap which their forefathers wore ; the rising generation prefer the loose baggy trousers of the islands and the red fez. Theirs is the slow doleful Thracian dance, lacking the vivacity and the acrobatic evolutions so dear to the dancers in Southern Greece ; and so very slow was the progress of the huge circle round and round the extreme edge of the roof, and so very measured were their steps, that we wondered to ourselves whatever fascination they could find in such very mild gyrations.

The churchwarden sat by our side and explained many interesting things to us in connection with the dance ; how at these times all the Samothracian love-making takes place, and engagements

are made in this wise. If a man wishes to get married he lets the fact be known by his regular appearance at the dance ; but it rests with the lady, inasmuch as they inherit all the property and houses in the island, to say the first word ; this word is said at the dance ; and the next step is for the lady to send her mother to the young man's mother to settle minor details and to fix the day for the betrothal. To illustrate this custom the churchwarden told us of the extreme difficulty he had had in obtaining a second wife. In vain he frequented the dance, no tender words were said to him, no aged relative knocked at his door with her message of love ; so at last in desperation, and relying on the fact that he was a man of substance, he took courage, and sent his first mother-in-law to his proposed second, and the two old ladies arranged the details, and at the same time, I have no doubt, the plan of campaign by which they were to hold their son-in-law in bondage, and which has turned out so very successfully.

As the dance moved round and round us we looked eagerly at the faces to see if we could detect the novel sight of a female proposal, but though several looked cheerful and gay, I cannot conscientiously say that I have been the witness of so interesting an event.

It was a disappointment to us not to be able to remain another Sunday in Samothrace, for on that day there was to be a wedding, at which, according to the churchwarden, many interesting ceremonies would be performed, including the *Λούσματα*, at which the bridegroom's mother washes the bride's head and binds it with a towel, an obvious survival of the bride's bath of ancient days. Furthermore, on the day following the wedding, we should have seen the bride go to the well expressly to cast therein a copper coin, with a view to appease the water deities, or Nereids, who are supposed by these modern Greeks to haunt the same.

Certainly the Samothracians are endowed with a simplicity which it is difficult to find in these days of education, and of this excessive innocence certain evil-disposed individuals from the opposite mainland have from time to time taken advantage. The churchwarden related to us some of these incidents. How, on one occasion, there arrived a robber dressed as a monk, and calling himself Father Sothethios ; he assumed the air of piety to perfection, living in a cave on the mountain-side, eating, to all outward appearance, nothing but herbs, and covering himself in cold weather with only one blanket, avowing that the Holy Virgin gave him miraculous warmth. Miracles, in exchange for money, were wrought ; presents innumerable

were given to him, and one day Father Sothethios decamped with them all, soon after to be captured amongst a gang of thieves, and to be consigned to Smyrna gaol.

Another individual played the same trick with equal success, calling himself St. Kosta ; he harangued large audiences in a crowded room until the sweat rolled off his brow, which the pious women collected with cotton wool and kept as a priceless charm. One day St. Kosta caused a dove to fly into church. "Seize her," he cried ; "she is the Holy Virgin." At this the Samothracians were wrought to such a pitch of frenzy and excitement that they with one accord fell down and worshipped St. Kosta and his dove ; but he, too, in due course disappeared with much gain, and was accompanied in his flight by one of the prettiest of the Samothracian maidens.

After the dance was over we took a hasty meal, and then were conducted by the churchwarden to pay a series of visits, each more trying than the last, from the fact that at each we had to eat hard-boiled eggs, and the task grew more burdensome by repetition. We were seated in the house of one of the leaders of this primitive society with eggs spread before us, red and yellow, when the door burst open, and in walked Father George, the chief priest ; as he entered he sang in a loud, gay voice, "Christ is risen," and we all replied, "He is risen indeed." Whereupon he set to work to bless us all with exceeding vehemence, for, having visited many of his flock that afternoon, and having been hospitably entertained by each, he had grown boisterous. Finally he settled down to a game of Easter eggs with our host, which is played in this fashion. You take an egg, and with it attack your neighbour's with the point, saying as you do so, "Christ is risen" ; if your egg is the first to break you lose and give it to your neighbour, but if the contrary happens, you put them both in your pocket and depart rejoicing.

A true Samothracian storm was raging next day ; and a sight it was to see the good women, after the rain-cloud had passed over, with bare legs and lifted petticoats, rolling their roofs with great marble cylinders, and only those who, like us, have slept under mud roofs in wet weather, could appreciate the energy with which they apply themselves to this task. Archæologists may be interested to know that most of these cylinders are made from the columns of the ruined temples of the Kabiri, and that there is a man at Samothrace whose trade it is to smooth the fluted drums of Doric columns that they may be more conveniently used for this purpose.

We were to have left that day, but the storm naturally obliged us to postpone our departure, so we paid final visits to some of our

patients, to see the result of our amateur treatment. The diagnosis of one case puzzled us much. A young man lay on a mattress in his cottage, his hands and his feet burnt as if with fever. He appeared very weak, and stated as the cause of his ailment that he came from Imbros, that he had deserted an Imbriote girl for a Samothracian, and that in revenge she had cast over him a magic spell ; for six long years he had been in this condition, and he felt that he should die. We presented him with quinine and pills of special merit, and inquired of his wife further particulars concerning the spell. It would appear that the young minx from Imbros had sent her faithless swain what they term, in these parts, "a magic bundle." On opening it he found therein bits of bone, hair, charcoal, and a portion of an old garment of his. This bundle had been studded with forty-one needles in the shape of a heart, and it had been the cause of their blighted married life. I have elsewhere heard of similar charms ; of hedgehogs being thrown into a bride's house to bring on her misfortune, and of certain mysterious words which, if muttered at a wedding, will blight the prospects of the young couple, but this was the first time I had been called in to prescribe for so strange a malady.

Easter Monday is a day of importance in Samothrace, for it is the festival in honour of the martyrdom of five of its inhabitants during the revolution of 1821. The churchwarden brought a MS. book containing an account of their sufferings and the service read in church on this anniversary day. It told us how at Makri, on the mainland, these five young men, "the boast of Samothrace and the glory of Makri," had suffered various and ignominious deaths at the hands of the Turks because they refused to become apostates. It read like a chapter of apostolic history. How Manuel was cut in pieces with a sword ; how Theodore was crucified and Michael hung ; and all this occurred within the memory of some Samothracians now living, and the relatives of the martyrs are still there to join in the memorial service, which we too attended as a fitting conclusion to our sojourn on this remote island.

J. THEODORE BENT.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE LAMENT OF PROFESSOR STOKES.

IN his recent anniversary address the President of the Royal Society stated the question "What is light?" and replied by adding that it "consists in the undulations of an elastic medium. But we are not able at present to give a similar answer to the question—What is electricity? The appropriate idea has yet to be found. We know a good deal about its laws and its connection with magnetism and chemical action; we are able to measure accurately physical constants relating to it; we make it subservient to the wants of daily life, and yet we are unable to answer the question What is it?"

I may add that there has lately set in a decided reaction towards the reinstatement of the old electric *fluid*, and the fancy of describing conductors as pipes through which this fluid may rush while resisted by impenetrable surroundings.

My aversion to that gigantic and gratuitous creation of the scientific imagination, that infinite, all-pervading, immaterial, or quasi-material quivering "jelly," the luminiferous ether, is well known to the readers of these Notes. I may add to what I have already said concerning the violations of sound philosophy which its conception demands, that I firmly believe that the fundamental gap in our knowledge which Professor Stokes so clearly indicates and so justly deplures, is mainly due to the all-around barrier and cerebral clog of this cosmic coagulum, which limits the philosophical vision and hampers the thinking of our ablest prophets of physical truth.

Would I were a mathematician! Then would I shatter that shivering idol and erect in its place a noble shrine, firmly based on the simple and demonstrable physical fact that heat, light, electricity, magnetism, chemical force—all the manifestations of material energy—are modes of activity of ordinary matter, analogous to the waves of sound, but differing from the big slow-moving waves of sound in being molecular vibrations, while sound is molar vibration.

This simple key, if fashioned and fitted with but a fraction of the mathematical skill and ingenuity that has been absorbed by the

luminiferous jelly, would unlock the whole mystery, would open the door to a pathway leading forward to an ever-expanding vista of the common correlated origin of all the correlated physical energies, the obscurity of which Professor Stokes deplores.

Why do Professor Stokes and so many others still refuse to admit that gaseous matter has the property which it has been experimentally demonstrated to possess, viz. that of indefinite expansibility in the presence of radiant heat? Why do they fail to perceive that if the space between the radiant suns were vacuous it must act upon our atmosphere as the vacuous tube of the sprengel pump acts upon the contents of Mr. Crookes's radiometer bulbs?

My answer to the question is that the luminiferous ether blocks their vision. They can jump to the conclusion that this ether is frictionless, while accepting and transmitting material motion, but have never thought of ascertaining the limits of friction in the attenuated gaseous matter that possesses the peculiar properties displayed in Crookes' bulbs.

I will now quote another passage from the address, closely following the above. The President here says, "There can be no reasonable doubt that the periodic times indicated by the bright lines in the spectrum are those belonging to the component vibrations of *the chemical molecules themselves*." The italics are mine to indicate the involuntary and compulsory, though limited, conversion of the President of the Royal Society to the view I advocate, viz. that light is a direct affection, a molecular agitation, of ordinary matter itself, irrespective of any outside or inside chimerical ether. Why should these vibrations of the molecules *themselves* require coagulum crutches for their transmission if there be that continuity of atmospheric matter throughout space which there must be, unless all that we have learned experimentally of the essential physical properties of gaseous matter be mere delusion?

THE GROWTH OF RAIN DROPS.

WHEN several rain gauges are set up in the same locality, but at different heights, a curious fact usually presents itself. The quantity of rain that is falling on a given surface is shown to diminish with the height. This, according to ordinary notions of the supply of rain from the clouds, appears very paradoxical. Some meteorologists even question the accuracy of the rain gauge record. Thus Professor Cleveland Abbe attributes the difference to the action of the stronger winds to which the rain gauge is exposed

when set high up. These, he suggests, carry the drops to one side, so that the higher gauge catches less than the lower one.

I do not see how that accounts for the observed facts, but they are easily explained if we reflect a little on the ordinary physical conditions of rainfall. I say the "ordinary" conditions, not the exceptional conditions. One of these ordinary conditions is that the air through which the drops of rain fall is fully saturated or even supersaturated with aqueous vapour; and another is that the temperature above is lower than that below, and therefore the drops of rain coming from above are cooler than the air through which they are falling. This being the case, each drop acts as a condenser to the vapour through which it is passing, and thus grows in size as it descends. This increase of the size of the drops has been well observed, and is not at all covered by Professor Abbe's explanation.

The following is an experience of my own. I started on a "soft day" to ascend Ben Nevis. Rain was falling at Fort William. At about half way up the mountain there was a mixture of rain and sleet. Gradually the proportion of snow flakes increased, and finally, before reaching the summit, dry snow was falling. I have passed through the same series on other occasions. It would be the common experience of tourists, but for the fact that we rarely start to climb a mountain in wet weather.

The characteristic "nimbus" or rain cloud is a cumulus or rounded cloud extending downwards in shapeless mass, cloud above, mist below. The whole cloud is supersaturated stratum of atmosphere in the condition of condensation and precipitation, the rounded upper surface indicating the upper boundary of this condition. Rain is produced throughout this cumulo-stratus cloud at all elevations from its woolly summit down to its base, which very commonly rests on the earth's surface.

There are occasions when rain drops diminish as they fall. This must of necessity occur whenever the rain is formed above a dry stratum. In such case the falling drops must rapidly evaporate.

The north side of the Romsdal (Norway) is a magnificent wall of dark-coloured rock, ranging at the lower part of the valley from 2,000 to 3,000 feet in height. Over this are poured a multitude of cascades, some of them mere threads of water. On a clear summer's day the continuous sunshine warms the dark rock so effectively that some of these minor falls, after breaking as they all do into snow-like spray, vanish altogether by evaporation. I witnessed this on both of my visits to this valley on hot days of different summers.

TABLE TALK.

LE MIROIR DU MONDE.¹

UNDER this ambitious title, which, as he says, suggests many early and erudite works, including the "Speculum Vitæ Humanæ" of Rodericus Zamorensis, and Caxton's famous "Myrrour of the World," M. Octave Uzanne has added one more to the list of works which are among the most coveted of modern bibliographical treasures. *Paula majora canamus* might be the motto to this volume, in which the laureate of the fan, the sunshade, the glove, and other portions of the artillery of female triumphs, treats of the cultivated life of cities. The world to which M. Uzanne holds up the mirror is that of fashion, and his successive chapters treat of society, arts and letters, study, travel, sport, love, and gastronomy, and the like, all the graces, aspirations, and occupations with which that world is filled. On these subjects M. Uzanne writes with taste, spirit, and distinction. His preface, or, as he elects to call it, his proscenium, is a bit of pure Rabelaisism, in which the manner and the thought of the great master is caught with signal happiness. In the book itself the brightest and pleasantest description of actualities is blended with a lightly worn erudition that adds greatly to its charm. What, however, in "Le Miroir du Monde" should stir the English publisher to a noble rivalry is the nature of the coloured illustrations which, like those to the earlier works of M. Uzanne, are by M. Paul Avril. The execution of these is marvellous. Some of the head- and tail-pieces are worthy of the designers of the last century, and might have been intended by Eisen for the *Fermiers Généraux* edition of La Fontaine. As regards the large coloured designs, no comparison is possible. The pictures of travel, the domestic interiors, the representations of sport, have each a grace and a beauty of their own, while the colouring has indescribable freshness and beauty. In this branch of art France is so far ahead of civilisation it is not easy to see what steps are to be taken to overtake her. Meanwhile, for the boudoir of fashion and the cabinet of the collector, the "Miroir du Monde" is equally fitted.

¹ Paris. Maison Quantin.

MR. STEVENSON AS A PROSE ESSAYIST.

WHATEVER opinion may be held concerning the claims to consideration of Mr. Stevenson as a poet, the merits of his prose style will not be disputed. His records of imaginary adventure have won him a distinguished position among novelists, and the collections of prose essays which now see the light¹ will establish him in public favour as a humourist. By pleasant paths domed with imagination and hedged in by paradox, Mr. Stevenson leads you whither he will, contrasting the new with the old, not always to the benefit of the old, and supplying at times the apotheosis of the actual. Sometimes he has a sort of whimsical extravagance recalling Lamb, as when, in "A Plea for Gas Lamps," he protests against electric lights, declaring that "here we have the levin brand at our doors, and it is proposed that we should henceforward take our walks abroad in the glare of permanent lightning," and urges that "a man need not be very superstitious if he scruple to follow his pleasures by the light of the Terror that Flieth." On the calm absorption of children in their amusements, and their contempt for their elders who are so imbecile as to be occupied by serious pursuits, "Child's Play" supplies some delightful gossip. A sadder interest attends the "Ordered South," in which we trace personal revelations. What a fine simile is that concerning the joylessness of the invalid in the midst of the loveliest scenery of the Riviera, when he tries to rouse himself for the capacity of admiration and enjoyment, "as the sick folk may have awaited the coming of the angel at the Pool of Bethesda"! On dogs Mr. Stevenson rhapsodises admirably, and his whimsical pictures of the mendacity, the self-consciousness, and the theatrical airs of the animal have a characteristic mixture of truth and extravagance.

OF WINDMILLS.

A MAN must be born in the North duly to love the South. I am not now speaking of that ceaseless beat of sunshine that leads the denizens of the snows to the land of the palm and the olive, and has been the cause of every human inundation that has spread

Beneath Gibraltar to the Libyan sands;

I refer only to the kind of delight that inhabitants of Scotland, or the Northern Counties of England, experience when they see what Mr

¹ *Memories and Portraits*, by Robert Louis Stevenson : Chatto & Windus.

Virginibus Puerisque, by Robert Louis Stevenson : Chatto & Windus.

Stevenson depicts as "The warm habitable age of towns and hamlets ; the green, settled ancient look of the country ; the lush hedgerows, stiles, and privy pathways in the fields ; the sluggish, brimming rivers, chalk and smock-frocks ; chimes of bells, and the rapid pertly sounding English speech : " the list of attractions does not pretend to completeness, and might be indefinitely prolonged. The keenness of enjoyment that the North countryman derives from these things cannot be measured by Southern minds. It is, moreover, easily reconcilable with a warm affection for his native district. It is not to be false to Cumberland to revel in the beauties of Warwickshire. One phrase in Mr. Stevenson's paper, *The Foreigner at Home*, appeals to me as little of the same class in literature appeals. He rhapsodises over the revolutions at the end of airy vistas of windmill sails. Neither Alps nor Pyramids will greatly surpass the pleasure of the vision. "There are, indeed," he continues, "few merrier spectacles than that of many windmills bickering together in a fresh breeze over a woody country ; their halting alacrity of movement ; their pleasant business, making bread all day with uncouth gesticulations ; their air, gigantically human, as of a creature half alive, put a spirit of romance into the tamest landscape. When the Scotch child sees them first he falls immediately in love, and from that time forward windmills keep turning in his dreams." This is literally and scrupulously true. To my boyhood life in a windmill seemed to offer some of the temptations of life in a ship. To this day my admiration for them, using the term admiration in its true sense, remains, and the only thing I miss from Mr. Stevenson's description is a sense of the mystery, the weirdness, the unconsciousness that attends their beauty.

ENLARGEMENT OF HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

PEACE hath her victories, no less renowned than war." Such a victory, in part at least, is the acquisition for the public of a large addition to Hampstead Heath, including the whole of Parliament Hill. The scheme on a larger scale was, I believe, first propounded in Table Talk, and has since been warmly supported there. Slowly a sense of its expediency, of its necessity indeed, has spread, and by the action of the Metropolitan Board of Works, the parish of St. Pancras, and other agencies, it is now in a great measure secured. In such a triumph it is natural to feel some jubilancy. Another, and not less important, portion of the estate remains to be acquired.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
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FEBRUARY 1888.

THE SECRET UNION.

By JUSTIN FRESHE.

I.

TO introduce myself let me say I am French ; my name, Jean Paul Dumartré.

On coming to London I took up my quarters in the A—— Hôtel, where I had not been two days when the following strange missive was handed to me:—

“ Monday.

“ MONSIEUR DUMARTRÉ,

“ A meeting will be held on Wednesday. Hour and place will be intimated to you in due course. Your arrival in London has been notified to us, and as our proceedings, though differing but little from those of the Paris brotherhood, will be to some extent new to you, you will please arrange to be at (mentioning a *café parisien* in the neighbourhood of the Strand) to-night at 10, when Brother Sarcovitch will meet you and discuss matters necessary for you to be acquainted with.

“ CHR. NIJHOFF, *President.*”

I was quite at a loss to account for this peculiar communication. I was unacquainted with any brotherhood in Paris; did not know “Chr. Nijhoff, president;” and the person of Brother Sarcovitch, who was so considerably placed at my service with the information “necessary,” was equally unknown to me. When I had got over my first astonishment, I was inclined to laughingly put the letter aside as meriting no attention; but something in the wording of the epistle, as well as the entire absence of address and reference to the purpose of

the meeting intimated, caused me to ponder its possible purport. A meeting was to be held on Wednesday, hour and place to be named in due course. Why not state the hour and place of conclave in the note? Possibly, I mused, because it would be safer not to trust such information to paper.

Clearly the letter had come to me in error. It was intended for someone else bearing the name of Dumartré. The more I gave thought to the matter, the more strongly was I convinced the note had emanated from some society whose movements and doings, for obvious reasons, it was desirable should be kept secret. Perhaps a Fenian Brotherhood; a Federation of Nihilists, or other law-opposing league. The possibilities called up by these conjectures were calculated to excite any average temperament; and, I must admit, they stimulated me in no small degree, for, after careful and lengthy consideration, both of the wording of, and the matter contained in, the note, I could come to no other tenable conclusion than that I was mistaken for a member—a brother—or what you will—of some dire conspiring union.

Did this conclusion cause me disquiet? I cannot say it did. When the fact was first borne in upon my mind, I was, as I have admitted, conscious of evincing some degree of excitement; but, for two reasons, I was, when all is told, rather pleased than otherwise at the incident; firstly, because I had read much of secret associations, and, doubting the veracity of my reading, had often desired a personal proof of their existence; and, secondly, I was staying alone in London, with my time my own to dispose of as I chose. My mind was made up. I would learn something of the fraternity from which the unlooked-for epistle had come; I would pose as the Monsieur Dumartré for whom the *billet* was intended. The proceeding, I foresaw, was a dangerous one, as the true *frère* might turn up at any moment to expose me, and then my existence might be reckoned of little value. But excitement is a grand thing; and I would brave the outcome of my undertaking.

“To-night at 10.” I would be there.

The *café* named in the note was one, I found, much frequented by foreign residents in London. It seemed to be made a place of resort by all nationalities. There were several large rooms, in which quite a host of groups of two, three, or more were disposed at little circular tables. I was at a loss what to do with myself when I entered. The name of Sarcovitch was all I had been vouchsafed whereby to recognise the “Brother” who was to meet me. It was hardly sufficient, I fancied, unless it was meant I should go the

round of the rooms, and inquire of each of the individuals : “ *Pardon*, are you Monsieur Sarcovitch, of the Brotherhood?” That method would not do. But I might inquire at the bar. I did so.

“Monsieur Sarcovitch,” repeated the pretty *fille-de-salle*. “*Non*, Monsieur. He has not yet arrived.”

“*Merci*.” I stood by the door watching the newcomers. I had come rather earlier than the appointed hour, it not yet being 10 o’clock.

In a few minutes, a youthful man entered and our eyes met. He approached me, muttered in a low voice, intended only for my ear, the one German word “*geheim!*” which I, wisely judging it to be a phrase of recognition, repeated ; and, shaking hands, we retired together to a less frequented part of the *café*.

My appointed *précepteur* was a Russian, of clear-cut, highly refined and intelligent features, bearing upon them lines which perhaps might denote—as I read them to denote—great decision of character, unyielding to difficulties, and of high mental *calibre*. But though stern, and to some, maybe, forbidding, his face was by no means an unpleasant one. His age, I concluded, would be about my own—twenty-six years.

We retired up the long *salle-à-manger*, and seated ourselves at one of the tables at the extreme end.

“Will you have a bottle of wine?” inquired he pleasantly, and fixing me with a penetrating scrutiny, which I steadily returned, though not unconscious of a stimulated pulse-beat.

“Thank you ; I have no objection.”

The trial was about to begin. I must guard myself as best I could, as a single slip might expose everything. All was well so far ; but how long might that continue ? I was a little uneasy of the future.

“We will converse in English, Monsieur Dumartré,” said Monsieur Sarcovitch, filling his glass ; “because it is not well known here, the people who come to this *café* being almost generally from the Continent.”

I tasted my wine, leant back with an assumed *négligé* air, and nodded.

“Our president expected you would have made your arrival known at once. He had advices this morning from Berlin, saying you had left there four days ago.”

So much learned. I had come from Berlin—not Paris—four days ago. I smiled at my companion, and tendering my cigar-case replied :—

"Well, Monsieur Sarcovitch, I had nothing of consequence to report, and took a short holiday."

He laughed somewhat constrainedly, I thought, politely declining to smoke.

"Holidays are dangerous under our bond."

Then "we" were under a "bond." So. I must remember. What the nature of that bond was I must make an effort to find out. I merely laughed lightly for reply ; indeed, I did not perceive what better answer I could make.

"President Nijhoff bade me," he went on, in a harder tone, "communicate to you details as to our next place of meeting. Well, two days hence—that is to say on Wednesday—we assemble at 11 P—— Square."

I noted, with simulated carelessness, the day and address ; after which, looking up, I inquired :—

"In what part of London is P—— Square ? I know it by name, and fancy it is well-nigh in the city."

The "Brother" was tickled somewhat at the query, but responded :—

"*Pardon.* You don't know much of London, it is evident. P—— Square is a most fashionable part, I assure you, and, of course, West. As you think, it is no distance from the city. But," he added, quickly, "we might go there in company, perhaps, to-morrow—unless, that is, your time is already disposed of."

I caught at the chance. Let me discover as much as I could of this league before I appeared at their assemblies ; that was my thought.

"Thanks ! many thanks for your offer, of which I will certainly avail myself. I have few or no friends in London, so that my time is wholly my own ; and if you are disposed to pity me in my seclusion—why, your kindness will be well appreciated, be sure."

"Say no more. I, too, find time weigh heavily on my hands, and am, therefore, not altogether disinterested in making such an offer."

Somehow I felt not in the least degree afraid of the outcome of my strange adventure—now only developing. This sense of security at this early stage of my relations with the secret body, I have since decided, was due more to the geniality of the man in whose company I found myself, than to any other cause. Caution was necessary to the furtherance of my project, and caution was, I might say, my watchword ; yet, still, careful of my every word, as I had to be, I was, nevertheless, quite free of all outward restraint, and the cloak of

hypocrisy, for as such I regarded my bearing towards the stranger—this Monsieur Sarcovitch—seemed to fit to a nicety.

My only safeguard lay in circumspection. My tongue should be bridled. Of course, it might prove after all that this society on whose tracks I had set out was innocent of any infraction of the common law ; but such a probability, I thought, I might safely deem as remote in the extreme.

We sat together—the Russian and I—hours long over our wine, and strangely enough, when I recall it, our conversation was not of the Brotherhood, of which he considered me a member. No ; our talk was varied ; it embraced politics, literature, science, and art, ay, and gossip, on all of which I found my new acquaintance a most learned expositor. His knowledge was great, and, as is the case generally with those who have seen much travel, he could speak on almost any subject, and with fluency. I had, from an ulterior motive, which may readily be guessed at, and by cautious manœuvrings, brought our conversation to bear upon matters political ; but while he was as much at home on this as on any other subject, he failed to betray the strong feelings from which I had hoped in some degree to gauge his individual mind as an indication of the political belief of his fellows of the “Union.” Communism, Nihilism, Republicanism, Socialism, Radicalism—all those advanced and inflammatory creeds were touched upon, but, watch his features as I might, I failed to find in them the merest clue to his mind on matters of government. His remarks were *à propos*, and were sensible. His meaning was clear, he was never at a loss for a word, and, in short, when I left him it was with the conviction that he was a fit antagonist for the greatest controversialist of modern times.

But if my endeavours to learn his political leanings were abortive, success was mine in another direction ; and when the reality dawned upon me, I may say it was a very pleasant surprise. What I now allude to was the close friendship between the Russian and myself that was born of that exchange of views, the direct outcome of my meeting with this member of what I had come to call in my thoughts the Secret Society.

Though I have said it was a pleasant surprise to realise the friendship that had sprung up between us, it was at the same time the cause of sincere regret to me that I should be obliged to disguise my real purpose. Yet how else could I pursue my inquiries ? What might the result be were I to disclose the real facts of the case ? Again, on the other hand, was it acting fairly by the friend I had thus found to continue my pursuit after knowledge to which I had not the remotest

title—knowledge sought out of idle curiosity—and which, when ascertained, if it ever would be, might mean nothing to me? Self-preservation is a law of nature—all the better feelings of the genus are made subservient to this. To err is human. I erred in failing to trust my friend.

II.

On the forenoon of the day following, I met Sarcovitch by appointment, and we spent the greater part of the day together. I was anxious to extract from him some particulars of the society, and as the result of deep thought I had decided to ply him with a series of questions, which, put in assumed *naïveté*, would secure for me the information I so longed to obtain.

Thus it came about that at a point when the conversation lagged, I interrogated, with great affectation of uninterest, and pretending to look after a gentleman passing the windows at which we were together seated—

“By the way, Sarcovitch, I want to know—that figure seems familiar” (with a nod after the retreating form) “Ah—yes—I meant to ask you, are there many members attached to the London branch of our body?”

Sarcovitch peered at me with a puzzled annoyed look, and shrugged his shoulders as if not quite pleased at the turn our talk had taken.

“My dear fellow,” he said, and there was a perceptible irritability in his voice, which he lowered, “I make it a rule never to speak of the Union more than I can help. It is dangerous.”

There was a sternness about his eyes that, as much as the implied snub, caused me to redden. He evidently fancied that I was put out at his cold retort, for after a second's pause, he said :

“But, *pardon*, Dumartré. I forget that you are new to London, and are, therefore, doubtless anxious to know a little of the men with whom you are to mix.”

“Thank you,” I replied, leaving him in the belief that I was hurt by his manner. “That was my first object in inquiring ; of course,” I added, in my usual voice, and narrowly watching the effect of my words, “we, none of us, like to speak overmuch of our connection with the Secret Union.”

At the mention of the name he rose hastily, waved his hand in warning, and took a step to the door, afraid—I took the movement to imply—of my words being overheard.

"*Nicht so laut*," he blurted forth angrily.

Afraid now that I had gone too far, and quick as a flash, I burst into a pretendedly hearty laugh at his discomfiture. His brow grew darker and his eyes flashed, but as I continued to shout with laughter, his aspect gradually changed, and at length with a grin, showing his beautiful white teeth, he resumed his seat.

"Ha ! Ha ! *Très bien* ! Very fine, indeed," I gasped.

"You are the devil to laugh," he remarked quietly, as I stopped. "And you are not at all afraid of shouting that name all over the place. You must be careful." He spoke seriously, and there was again the significant drop in his tone. "The French police may not be sharp. But those in London are considered to be very much so."

"I beg your pardon, Sarcovitch. I am reckless at times. But really I would like to know something of the London section. Tell me; how many do we count?"

He pulled his chair closer to mine ere he answered. "Twenty-one—you are the twenty-second."

Mine was now a difficult part to play. I pretended surprise at what he had said.

"How? Twenty-one only? Was I not told twenty-seven?"

"Who told you that? The French president, Damallier?"

I nodded. I was getting into deep water.

"Perhaps," I said apologetically, "I may have misunderstood. However, it does not matter. What sort of men have you here? Like those in Paris?"

"I am unacquainted with the Paris members, so that I cannot enter into a comparison. But," with returning gravity, and an air of indifference, "the London members are what I suppose you would call very respectable men."

"Of what nationalities?" I then queried.

"Nijhoff, our president, hails from Holland, as does Aardvaark, our second centre. There are seven Poles, a Norwegian, five Englishmen, two Russians (myself one), and the remainder, I think, are German. There are, singularly, no Frenchmen here. You are the first from *la belle France*."

"And are there twenty-one now in London?"

"No," he answered, elevating his eyebrows at the question. "We are never all here. Seventeen only are at present free. One is in Germany on the French frontier, and another in France close to the German lines. Their object there will be patent to you."

I must not evince ignorance, though their "object" was not thus far "patent" to me.

"So," I responded. "Go on. Where are the others?"

"One is in Sofia. The other in Chicago, America. The latter succeeded well in his mission, as you must be aware."

Could the Society have had a hand in the great tumult that took place there? It must be so.

"What!" I asked in a tone of surprise. "Are we credited with that as well?"

"Certainly."

"Bravo! I was not aware of it, though."

His brows depressed for a moment at my assumed jubilation.

"It is odd you were not made aware of the fact. The president wrote to Paris in reference to it."

"Ha! Perhaps after I left for"—I was going to say "here," but remembered in time—"Berlin."

"Most likely so." A momentary pause and he resumed. "There will be appointments shortly, I expect. Perhaps, at our first meeting. If not then, certainly at the next. Are you ready to undertake a mission?" he proceeded banteringly, yet with a certain amount of regretfulness in his tone.

This suggestion opened up a field of speculation which I had not foreseen, and which was, on the whole, alarming to my mind.

"If I have any option," I retorted, in a similar tone, "I should prefer to stay in London yet a while. I like London."

Sarcovitch laughed—an envious laugh, I thought.

"It is good to hear you. I can scarcely conceive you a member of the Secret Union, you are so light-hearted. All in the London circle are sober, dull, thinking men, who, I almost think, would count it sacrilege to smile. They may be good men; but they are too wrapped up in the work of the body to which we belong. With me I strive to make it otherwise. I go to the meetings, hear the reports read, see the business transacted—all in a fitting humour. But, thereafter, away from my fellow-members, I try to forget, and believe that I sometimes do forget, the existence of the Union and its work. But you—you are totally different. You seem to look upon the solemn federation and its functions as every-day things, and make light of them."

This was spoken in a modulated voice, and to me it was like a first lesson. It shadowed forth the department to which I would require to habituate myself, if I were to continue the inquiry which I had entered upon. What had I learned? Much that to an ordi-

nary citizen would cause great alarm. My own conclusions on the receipt of that no-longer-inexplicable letter from "Nijhoff, president," had been proved true, and the nature of the secret league's work was to some extent explained to me. Yet of the tenets on which the Union based its actions I was as yet ignorant. Would the articles of constitution ever be made known to me? Knowledge is power; but, to me, the knowledge I had gained of the Secret Union was no power—it seemed to put me rather in the power of the body, whose doings and method of action I had ventured upon ascertaining to satisfy my own cupidity. My position was no enviable one. My thoughts were uneasy—uneasy from dread of the future's unfolding. What was the punishment of betrayal of the Union's existence and secrets? Ought I to proceed further on my self-imposed and perilous inquiry, when at any moment I might be confronted by the very man whose shoes I filled and as whom I posed—for what purpose? Would the Union be satisfied that the gratifying of my own inordinate curiosity was all that weighed in the balance?

From what had passed I could not but draw conclusions—well grounded they seemed to me—as to the objects of the Secret Union. The body was the agency in advance of revolution; seeking to overthrow dynasties and wreck empires; endeavouring, by seditious play upon the easy belief of the ignorant masses, to gain what would not be secured to it by a more open and straightforward course.

Should I now draw back? *Could* I now draw back? To do so I must explain to Sarcovitch, and, bound together as we now seemed to be by the tie of friendship, could I rely upon his receiving the news of my perfidy with equanimity? Would it not be more likely that he would, on hearing my tale, accuse me of treachery, revile me for my baseness, and finally report all to his president—so placing me at the mercy not of one but of a number?

In that event the little information gained—and of what *real* value was it to a man at bay?—would be the only set-off against the hazard attracted by what I had done. Would it not, then, be safer to go on, and, keeping in view the adage that knowledge is power, ascertain all I could of the working of the Union, in order that I might the better make terms by holding in my hand the fate of its members? In this groove ran my thoughts. I almost dreaded to go on—every new step seemed to bring me nearer danger, and yet, I decided, it would not be safe to hang back. A bold front and go on, trusting to my luck to bring me unscathed from the difficulty.

I could now, I thought, by the light of my own reflections, form some reliable opinion as to the political tendencies and history of my

Russian friend ; and it was thus I argued :—He was of no mean parentage—this much was evident—but may have been early brought in contact with the oppressed masses of the vast and mighty empire from which he came, thus incepting the first idea of the revolutionary creed boasted by the movement to which he was now attached—the outcome of his warm-hearted and honest commiseration for the people's sufferings. Or, failing this possibility, some one of his family or relations had fallen under the ban of the realm's high governmental authorities, an act that, firing the natural desire for freedom from oppression, had led up to his present connection with the Secret Union. But I could almost fancy, in addition to this, whether from his general bearing or from something underlying his words, that the ardour that he might once have shown in the cause had largely abated, that he would fain, if he might, relinquish his post as a unit of the twenty-one and rise to the position to which his education and estate entitled him—that of one of the world's great men. His higher though abnegated faculties shone out from the degraded thoughts and actions which were his only because they were dictated to him by the society to which he belonged. Even to himself I could fancy his thoughts, as far as they related to this society, were obnoxious, thus accounting for his desire to avoid all discourse in reference to the faction in the cause of which he was so unfortunate as to have pledged his genius, that would otherwise, freed from the trammels of that membership, have brought him to eminence in nobler walks of life.

III.

Sarcovitch and I, as we had arranged, repaired together to 11 P—— Square towards the close of the afternoon. In him, as I have said, I had a most entertaining companion, and the time passed very quickly under the influence of his brilliant conversational powers.

Nijhoff stayed at 11 P—— Square, and our visit there was to serve the double purpose of introducing me to the president, while it made known the place of meeting, and saved me the trouble of being my own executioner, as Sarcovitch with grim significance added, should I fail to put in an appearance from losing my way.

The house was a large one, similar in size and detail, as far as exterior went, to those on each side of it.

A tall servant, in plush *culotte*, ushered us into a side room and went after our host with our cards.

In a few minutes the door was pushed open and a small, thick-set man, with a pale hairy face, entered. Though his voice betokened some little pleasure at meeting Sarcovitch, the stolid expression of face remained unaltered.

"Ha! Sarcovitch, you it is. And your friend."

Sarcovitch and he shook hands, after which I was formally introduced to the great man, not, I fear, without betraying some evidence of trepidation. It might be said that I was now taking the leap, and it was but natural that I should feel some slight uneasiness, though I strove to seem at ease, and I dare say succeeded.

"I am glad to make your acquaintance, Monsieur Dumartre," said the little man, eyeing me searchingly, and displaying the same inflexible front till it seemed to me impossible for him to smile or show pleasure otherwise than in the tones he employed. He eyed me long and sharply from beneath bushy, hanging eyebrows, and then added: "I will, of course, introduce you generally to the London membership at our meeting. By the way, the proceedings will have an interest for you, as I fully expect to be in receipt by then of important despatches bearing upon the relations between Germany and your country."

"Yes, I am led to understand you have two emissaries on the spot," I answered, waving my cane to and fro between my legs as a means to hide the internal agitation which had come upon me.

"Yes; yes. Sarcovitch would tell you that," and the hard cold stare was turned upon my companion, who for answer nodded, at the same time betraying some annoyance at my remark, and the rebuke it had brought upon him, for as a rebuke, I had no doubt, the words and the glittery stare were intended.

"You will dine with me, of course," continued the president; but somewhat to my surprise, the invitation was hurriedly declined by Sarcovitch, who insinuated that there existed a previous engagement for both of us, although for my part such was not the case. Therefore, after exchanging a few commonplace phrases, we rose to go, the president being, as I conceived, in no wise disappointed at losing our company. No further reference was made to the Union till, as we were leaving the room, the "Head Centre," as I afterwards heard him styled, remarked in a voice that to me sounded like a venomous hiss, a vindictive light gleaming the while from his eyes, turned upon Sarcovitch who stood easily before him,

"Wednesday night, gentlemen. Ha! pray do not forget. *Bon soir.*"

It was with a feeling of undoubted relief that I went from the

fearful presence of the "Head Centre"; and Sarcovitch seemed to share the feeling, though his brows remained lowered for a while after we had left the house. We strode on for some distance in silence, for, to tell the truth, I was busy with my own thoughts. I was by no means prepossessed in favour of Mr. Nijhoff from the interview just concluded, and I felt sure that he already had his suspicions of me. Little had transpired in the few minutes we were with him, it is true, yet enough there was to sufficiently indicate the kind of man this "Head Centre" was. Let him discover me, and I need not, I was assured, expect any mercy at his hands, and since all the others must look to him, as their leader, for guidance, my outlook was not of the brightest. To say that by now I was heartily sick of the whole business is to put it mildly indeed. I regretted sincerely that I had been foolhardy enough to set out in an affair of so dangerous a nature; but having so committed myself, I could perceive no alternative but to follow the issue out, and for the reasons I have already adduced.

We walked on. I was depressed. I could not shake off the disquietude that the short interview had brought upon me.

Recalling myself suddenly, I turned and faced my companion. He was regarding me with a fixed and questioning gaze, which perturbed me not a little. He seemed to me to be reading my inmost soul. I strove to return his stare, and, grasping at the nearest straw, to divert his conjectures which I felt convinced were those of suspicion, I spoke hastily:—

"I do not like the London president."

If he had any suspicions of me, this utterance appeared to quell them, for after an instant flash of uncertainty, it might have been, his features relaxed, and a cold grim smile replaced the earnest stare.

"There is nothing strange in that."

Not the words alone, but the manner in which he said them, impressed me with the opinion that he too had no liking for his leader. This discovery caused me no inconsiderable after-reflection.

"He is hard," I continued. "He seems devoid of all manly attributes, as necessary to him as to another. Is he liked by the members generally?"

Sarcovitch pulled his moustache for a moment in moody and savage reflection.

"I ought not to speak of him, but, since you moot the subject, let it be so. No; he is not liked. No one I think cares for him—unless indeed Second-centre Aardvaark—and, apart from the respect due to his position, and, of course," he added hastily, "to our oath,

he would not long be tolerated. He is overbearing. He forgets sociability ; thinks it is drowned in his responsibilities as chief."

He stopped with a savage swish of his cane. We walked on for a few seconds. Then I ventured :

" You do not pull well with him, Sarcovitch."

" Ha ! you are sharp ; but, *entre nous*, you are only right in part. Personally, I do not like him. I cannot bear him. Outside of the circle he is the same as when he sits within it as its president. That ought not to be. Doubtless, he is a man of *savoir faire*, else he would never have won the post. We are sworn to respect him as our chief, and obey his commands, whatever they may be, to the letter. They dare not be called in question. Well, they are not, they are obeyed. He is respected as our president. What then? Is he looked up to outside of our ranks---as a private gentleman? No; his bearing forbids it. Why? Because his is not the bearing of a gentleman."

Sarcovitch had waxed warm over his subject. I was learning more than I had hoped for.

" But why did you inform him?" he continued, turning towards me again with traces of annoyance in his voice ; " why did you inform him to-day that I had told you of two emissaries having been despatched to the French and German frontiers? That will tell against me badly in Nijhoff's estimation. He will think I have been gossiping. But I do not care."

The president's eye lecture to Sarcovitch was recalled, and I felt that I had committed a grievous error.

" I am very sorry, Sarcovitch. *Vraiment*, it was careless of me."

" It does not matter. I do not care," he repeated callously. " Let him think as he pleases. It will not cause me to forget myself---though I have been tempted to it often."

He blurted out the last remark almost unconsciously, and then realising something of the meaning it would have to me, he continued deprecatingly, with an attempt at cheerfulness,

" But what am I talking about? Detailing my *petites peines* to you who are about to enter upon your own. I am sorry our president is no better than you have already decided him to be."

" Do not apologise for him," I returned, also assuming a lighter tone, though the change ill agreed with my state of mind. " You cannot help it. But I feel I shall not get along well with him."

Sarcovitch gave a short quick laugh.

" Ha ! who does? You will not be alone in that respect."

"Why, *parbleu*, already," I went on, hooking my arm in his, "I am conscious of a change. I feel dispirited and cast down where before I was lively and—well, not troubled with care."

The Russian smiled a pitying smile upon me.

"I foresaw such a change," he said. "You were as I was when I joined, untroubled by conscience. Your serenity and openness surprised me." I winced at mention of my "openness." If he only knew! "As was once the case with me, you seemed never to consider or to realise your position. Tell me, did you ever ponder this—that the fact of your belonging to the Union meant that you were in some degree answerable for its actions? You had your individual share in the misery entailed by the Union's doings—were responsible to a certain extent for the unhappiness of many mortals, which was brought about by the Union's method of work, for no success such as we strive for is attainable without bringing home to some dire misery and disgrace. We, as it were, superintend the operation, but those who operate are not of our body. It is they who are made to suffer for our failures, as for our successes. We influence—we move them; but they do not know us. We work in the dark and save our necks. They perform their part in open daylight and risk their lives. More than that, they generally lose them. These men are patriots, misguided perhaps, but nevertheless patriots. Have you considered all that? Then, again, are the actions of our fraternity always justifiable? They may appear so on the information which we receive, but is that information always reliable? Is there no loophole for the entrance of misconception? Yes. I was once as you are; but thinking—ceaseless thought—has changed me."

There was a sadness in his tones that more than ever depressed me, and I wondered if noble thoughts like his were known to the brow-beating coarse Nijhoff, the president. God knows, I was no patriot myself; but I was drawn to Sarcovitch by those few words more than by anything that yet had transpired. "Man's inhumanity to man" I could conceive was symbolical of despot Nijhoff's convictions; but not so with the Russian; the "milk of human kindness" it was that flowed in his veins. His sentiments, so aptly expressed, stirred me more than I could have imagined possible.

I grasped his hand.

"Sarcovitch, I honour you for your principles. I cannot say I have ever thought so deeply on this subject as your words indicate you to have done; but what you say is none the less true, your sentiments are such as would fire the feelings and bring out the good qualities of revolutionist and imperialist alike."

"I merely wished to mark the turning point in your temperament, and hard as it may seem to insinuate that you, like us all, will lose your lightness of heart, and instead become an irritable misanthrope, I consider it really for your advantage to speak of it, that you may, if you can, decline the *rôle*."

"Thanks, Sarcovitch. Your words are cold comfort yet well intended. I know you predict true."

IV.

I will pass over the interval between my visit to the president's house at P—— Square and the meeting on the following evening.

It was the rule, Sarcovitch informed me, for each member to repair to the place of conclave alone. I could, therefore, not accompany him as I had hoped I might.

As the hour approached, excitement ran high in me. I endeavoured to keep down this sensation, but my nerves were at too great a tension to admit of it. I would gladly have abandoned the chase even now at the eleventh hour, if I could have done so without involving my friend in difficulties, for I feared, not without reason, after what had occurred, that to disappear from the scene now would bring obloquy upon him as, in a sense, my introducer. But by persisting in my self-imposed, and, as I now regarded it, foolish mission, there was also the attendant risk of eventual detection, which would similarly reflect upon Sarcovitch. How bitterly I repented my stupid venture I cannot tell. But I must go on. By doing so I staved off immediate ignominy for my friend, and that weighed as something in my meditations.

In a state well nigh bordering on fever, I made my way with hasty steps—it would not suit my humour to go leisurely—to the appointed place of meeting. The hour of assembly was fixed at seven o'clock.

When I reached 11 P—— Square, I could observe no signs indicative of anything unusual. I pulled myself together at the door and rang.

In an instant the handle was turned; someone must have been stationed there to open the door immediately on members arriving—and I entered.

The lacquey had flown, and in his place stood a fierce low-browed stout man, with the heavy features peculiar to the Dutch. He seemed

to expect a stranger and stood for a moment ere he spoke to give me an insolent scrutiny, which, I regret to say, my state of mind did not permit of my returning, or challenging, as in other circumstances I would have done.

"Monsieur Dumartré," he snapped, in thick gutturals.

I merely bowed, waiting the developing of events.

He left his post by the door and walked along the hall-way. I looked after him. He had gone some distance when he turned, and, seeing me standing still, commanded harshly:

"Follow me!"

I did so. We passed the room in which I had been introduced to the president and ascended a wide spiral staircase, finally halting before a door at which, his palm resting on the handle, my guide suddenly faced me with the words, which seemed to give him a malicious pleasure in the utterance:

"Give the *passe-parole—le signal!*"

I had held up well so far. Now I was *déconcerté*. I gasped for breath. A cold sweat oozed from my whole body. I felt I was lost. Probably I looked it, for the face of my *conducteur*, who was narrowly watching me, was an odd mixture of jubilation and alarm. He tapped his foot impatiently upon the yielding carpet; and like a flash the word used by Sarcovitch at our first meeting at the *café* occurred to me. Would it satisfy? I could but try it. Already the suspicions of my guide were excited alike from my demeanour and hesitation.

"*Geheim!*" I exclaimed breathlessly, and then followed a sigh of relief, not lost upon my single auditor.

The handle was turned and I passed into the apartment, a meaning flash from beneath the bushy hanging eyebrows sending me again into a cold sweat. I learned afterwards that this man was Aardvaark, the assistant of Nijhoff, and "second centre" as he was denominated.

The chamber was a long wide one, richly furnished. There was one large oval centre table, on which were placed writing materials, and round it were a number of chairs.

When I entered there was a small group standing by a window; another by a side table. They were all as Sarcovitch had described them—or rather as I had pictured them from his description—of a class; stern, cold-blooded, perhaps brutal—I could imagine as much from their forbidding cast of features—slow thinking men.

My *entrée*, flurried as I was, called down upon me a great deal of observation, under which I was far from feeling comfortable. Sarcovitch, I noticed, was not yet arrived.

Conversation ceased as I went in, and rude staring became the occupation of those present.

Not quite enamoured of this condition of things, which was not such as might be calculated to calm my excitement not yet quite dissipated, I crossed the chamber and returned, as best I could, the *regard fixé* of the president, who formed one of the group by the window.

"How do you do, Monsieur Dumartré?" said he, with a close approach to courtesy. "I am glad to see you present. Have you seen Monsieur Sarcovitch to-day?"

"Yes, Monsieur," I responded. "This morning."

Nijhoff then turned from me towards an obese and short-sighted German on his left, and said no more.

I picked up a book and pretended to find occupation therein. I was elated to perceive no signs of an introduction to the men then in the room, and hoped to escape that questionable pleasure.

Meanwhile the party was being steadily augmented. With every turning of the handle I looked up in expectation of finding Sarcovitch, whom I had not as yet seen.

I looked at my watch. It was ten minutes past the hour. A misgiving that something unforeseen had occurred to prevent the coming of the Russian took possession of me, and added to my disquietude.

A few minutes more passed.

"Are we all here?" inquired Nijhoff, adjusting his *pince-nez*, and placing himself at the head of the table.

"No. Monsieur Sarcovitch alone is wanting."

"Ah!" ejaculated the president. A smile of malice, if not of exultation, wreathed his flaccid dull-brown features.

"Take your seats, gentlemen. It is a quarter past. I will call the roll. Aardvaark is here."

He went over the list, placing a mark against each: all were there except Sarcovitch alone. I was in a terrible state—as much for myself as for him. His presence would go far to ease me from my distressing nervousness, and in the event of the worst happening, I could rely at least upon a word from him in my behalf. The penalty of failure to put in an appearance was death. So he himself had told me; and it looked as if he were laying himself out for that penalty.

The unusual absence was the subject of remark all round the board. On some faces I could decipher a trace of pity, on others indifference; yet again on others—as for example, Nijhoff—attempted

indifference, through which, however, a mild exultation was discernible.

"Gentlemen," said Nijhoff, rising when the list had been completed "our number is not complete ; but the hour of assembly is long past. Shall we delay our business because of one who fails in his duty?"

"No," was the firm and low retort from some—the majority of those seated at the table ; "Yes," from a few only. One or two remained silent, preferring that to a more decided indication of their opinions.

Nijhoff again spoke, an evil lustre in his eyes.

"We *shall* proceed, then. But first, gentlemen, our bye-laws and fortuitous circumstances compel me to make some remarks of which I had not dreamt. Monsieur Sarcovitch has failed in his duty. He is absent from our meeting. We know what that fact means. In accordance, therefore, with our solemn regulations, to which we must adhere, I have to declare to you assembled here that one of our number has betrayed——"

"Hold ! I am here." The door burst open and Sarcovitch, with grinning Aardvaark in the background, stood before us. His dress was deranged, the left sleeve of his coat was slit up to the elbow. His hand and fore-arm were thickly bandaged. His face was unearthly pale, and heavy beads of perspiration stood out like little knots upon his brow. He seemed to understand at a glance the true state of matters, and smiled quietly on the faces turned towards him.

"An accident," he explained disjointedly. "Thrown from my horse half an hour ago, picked up insensible. Recovered in time — to be here now."

He said this with painful slowness, then, taking a drink of water, sat down exhausted on the chair left vacant for him.

Some applause was manifested by a few of those in the throng, but was frowned down by the chief, whose face was, if possible, a shade darker than before.

"Then, gentlemen," proceeded Nijhoff hastily, "we will proceed to business. But first of all we must congratulate Monsieur Sarcovitch on his narrow escape."

This was said with veiled irony. Sarcovitch rose leisurely, leaning for support against the table, and, fixing the president with his eye, said, with a freedom from agitation which showed the complete control he had over himself :

"Excuse me, monsieur. But you seemed in a great hurry to

draw up my death-warrant. That accident that befell me might have happened to you, our president,"

"Quite so," was Nijhoff's biting retort; "but we make no count of accidents, Monsieur Sarcovitch."

"Quite so," repeated Sarcovitch sarcastically, and lapsed into angry silence.

The proceedings then enacted, though new to me, were not of such interest as to warrant recital here. Besides, the incident I have narrated provided such ample and suggestive food for reflection, that, though to all appearance closely following the business transactions of the Union, I was in reality sunk in deepest despondency. My conception of the Secret Union gathered volume the longer I was associated with it, and the more I pondered my unpleasant position in relation to it; and I now imagined myself in a loathsome cell from which on no side could I make good my escape. I was hemmed in. What a fool I had been to cast myself, in my senses, within the net that was now being so closed around me as to prevent all chance of eluding its meshes. In three short days what a change I had undergone! On Monday, free as the bird on the wing; on Wednesday immured within the walls of my own dark imaginings, despairing and hopeless. And to think it was all the direct outcome of my own ostentatious meddling was the more galling to me.

Sarcovitch, who suffered much from the effects of his accident, and myself were the first to depart when the proceedings had concluded. I hailed a cab and drove with him to his hotel. On the way he told me how the misfortune had come about. Thinking that a short ride would do much to revive his ebbing spirits, he had obtained a horse on which he cantered slowly to the park. There his steed broke into an exhilarating trot, and the rider was thoroughly enjoying the exercise, when, shying suddenly, the horse precipitated him harshly to the ground, sending him with a great amount of force against an iron railing, in contact with which his arm and shoulder came with such severity that it caused him to completely lose consciousness. He must have remained insensible for a long time, but on recovering he found himself in a surgeon's room in the near neighbourhood of the park whither he had been conveyed. Then recollecting the day, and the necessity for his appearance at the meeting of the Secret Union, he had time only to get his wounds roughly bandaged, and repair with all haste to 11 P — Square, his arrival at which I have already detailed.

(To be concluded.)

ASCENT OF MIND.

IT may fairly be taken for granted that the theory of evolution, which was until lately so vigorously opposed by the large mass of the people of this country, is now practically an accepted doctrine amongst the educated, being openly advocated even by the ministers of the various religious denominations. Whilst, however, it is generally admitted that man is but the latest development of a long line which had its origin in the Amœba, there appears to be a decided aversion to the theory that the mind of man is also a higher development of the primitive instincts of our lowly ancestors. Yet it requires but a minimum of thought to perceive that if the theory of the evolution of man from the Amœba is a sound one, so also must be that of the evolution of man's mind from the primitive sense organ of the soft-bodied Protozoa. In fact, the theory of evolution is not applicable to one division of the phenomena of the universe only, but to all divisions, to matter and to mind equally. Let us go back to the very earliest conceivable point in the history of the universe, and we shall find that from then until now the very same process has continued to operate slowly and surely, and that all nature was then, as now, bound and regulated by the very same laws. We know how, according to the nebular hypothesis, the world on which we live has gradually assumed its present shape and beautiful proportions after undergoing manifold and wonderful changes ; how from the condition of a huge extended mass of highly attenuated matter, or nebulous vapour, floating lightly in the universal ether of space, it became converted, under the influence of the laws of gravitation and transformation, into a separate compact body, by undergoing condensation ; and how from its condition of a monster gaseous body it slowly assumed that of a highly-heated fluid mass, becoming in the process plastic, so as to be moulded, by revolution on its axis, into the necessary mathematical contour of an oblate spheroid. We know all this now by heart ; and the schoolboy will tell us that, in cooling down, our earth assumed gradually the condition of a large spheroidal body, with a central burning mass and an outer crust of

solid rocks, upon which latter we live, surrounded on all sides by animal and vegetal life. This nebular hypothesis is the prelude to Darwin's great theory of man's descent, as will be presently shown.

According to the evolution hypothesis, all throughout this long period of condensation and transformation, occupying many millions of years, the molecular atoms of universal matter have been bound by certain fixed laws, under the control of which the various phenomena have been slowly unfolded. The original nebulous vapour possessed an inherent force—a latent potentiality—which infused life into every particle of the mass, causing to be manifested a continual motion, which has operated, is now operating, and no doubt will necessarily continue to operate in all eternity. The present magnificent universe is but a development of that latent potentiality which inhered in the nebulous vapour ; the first rock formation which formed the crust of our earth was but an unfolding of this potentiality ; and the vegetal and animal kingdoms are but further unfoldings. In short, the whole universe is a huge manifestation of phenomena, a gradual unfolding of the universal life or force, which, possessing infinite potentiality, was once in a state of latency, and now manifests itself in an infinite variety of ways by means of different combinations which it brings about in the molecular atoms of universal matter. This attraction and cohesion of particles of the matter of the universe is perpetually operating—that is to say, every particle of the universe is in a state of perpetual motion or activity ; in fact it is this very motion, or life, that sustains matter, for matter could not exist—that is, its particles could not hold together and thus form substance—without the life, motion, activity, or whatever we may term the property which operates within them and causes mutual cohesion. It depends entirely upon what particular combination of the molecular atoms of universal matter takes place whether a stone, a crystal, a sponge, a tree, or a man be the result ; but, whilst the fundamental law of evolution insists that this is so, it also declares that not one of these or any other bodies can ever be produced except by an evolutionary process subject to the universal and immutable law that fixes the sequence. Animal life is a comparatively late development or manifestation in the sequence of universal phenomena ; and so gradual was the process of evolution from the primal condition of homogeneity, through all the manifold stages of life, until the condition of animal life was reached, that it is utterly impossible to fix a particular moment when such life became manifest.

So it is with every stage of the evolutionary process ; there are no starting-places for particular species, the whole being one continuous

unfolding of phenomena, without arrest of any kind. Although it is impossible to discern in this slow process of evolution any well-marked difference between one particular species and the next-of-kin, yet the difference becomes clearly apparent if we take two species separated from each other by considerable time; just as it is impossible to detect any alteration in form and feature between a child of six days old and the same child of seven days old, while the change is very evident after the lapse of several weeks or months. If we were to photograph a human being each day regularly from the moment of its birth to the time of its decease at the age of eighty, we should be unable to detect any real difference between the portraits on any two consecutive days; but the difference between the child of a week old and the young man of twenty years would be enormous, as would be that between the full-grown youth and the tottering old man. It is equally impossible to fix a particular point or moment for the manifestation of the vegetal or the crystal life as it is for that of the animal; all are but gradual unfoldings of the universal potentiality. Crystal life is the highest development of what is popularly but erroneously termed inanimate nature, and differs not one iota from moneron life (protoplasm), which is the lowest form of animal life, in its constituent elements; the only difference between the two, to the man of science, being in the mode of combination of the elementary particles composing each, which mode is brought about by the peculiar conditions surrounding each development. Crystal elements combine together in such proportions as to cause the mass to hold together like other solid bodies, its bulk being increased by the deposition of fresh particles upon its outer surface; while the moneron elements combine in such a manner as to render the body soft and yielding, so that it can absorb nutriment from without to within, and multiply by fission. Now the theory of evolution teaches us that this power of absorption and multiplication possessed by the moneron was no new power brought into existence with the development of that little animal, although it would appear to be so, exactly as is the case with every other modification of a previous state of nature, a notable example of which we find in the metamorphosis effected when oxygen and hydrogen gases mix together in the proportion of two of the former to one of the latter, the water resulting from this mixture of the two gases manifesting properties that did not previously exist. In short, this power of absorption is simply one of the many manifestations of that universal life or energy that is inherent in all matter and has been so from all time; but it is a comparatively late manifestation, occurring at a

period in the world's history when the conditions necessary for such a development were present. Before that period no such combination of molecular atoms had taken place with the same result simply because the necessary conditions of development were absent; and consequently the power of absorption had previously existed only in a state of latency. Precisely in the same manner there was a prior time when no such substance as a crystal existed, the conditions necessary for the peculiar combination of molecular atoms to result in the formation of a crystal having been absent. It was not until the world had undergone many ages of the evolutionary process that there arrived a time when such atmospheric and other conditions were present as to permit of a modification of the then existing substances and properties, which resulted in the formation of a crystal; and, precisely in the same manner, and for the same reason, a further and later modification resulted in the formation of protoplasm, which is the earliest form of animal life. This little substance, which is termed a moneron, consists of a structureless albuminous mass, without even the characteristics of a mere cell; but it readily differentiates into a cellular organism by the formation of a nucleus within the protoplasmic mass, at the same time becoming possessed of a peculiar power of locomotion, which makes it still more distinctly unlike its ancestry. This power of locomotion, again, is but a modification of the universal life-power, and forms a stepping-stone between the molecular action of mineral substances and the mental wonders of the human being. The crystal, in common with all other bodies in the mineral kingdom, always possessed this power of locomotion to a limited extent, for all the individual atoms which make up the whole substance of the body are able to attract and repel each other and effect cohesions by their mutual attraction; but this locomotive power underwent such a modification when cell life was manifested, that not only were the constituent molecular atoms individually possessed of this quality as before, but the whole mass of the cell became endowed with the same property, the function of the individual being assumed by the body corporate. The little cellular organisms, known as *Amœbæ*, may be seen exercising their newly-acquired function daily in little ponds, where they constantly move about in the endeavour to locate themselves in the brightest part of their dwelling-place, being attracted by the light; a distinct proof that they possess a degree of sensory perception, although special-sense organs are of course wanting, the whole mass of the body being nothing more than a single cell composed of protoplasm and nucleus. Many of these little cellular organisms

unite with each other, forming small bodies composed of several cells in a state of cohesion (Synamœbæ), and on the surface of these multicellular organisms are frequently thrown out minute threads, or *cilia*, the first attempt at separation of sense organs from the surface of the body. In these tiny Protozoa, the unicellular Amœbæ, as well as the multicellular Synamœbæ and Ciliata, are able to perform all the functions of animal life—cohesion, sensation, motion, digestion, and reproduction; but, as the organism becomes more and more complex, these different functions are shared amongst several groups of cells, the differentiation proceeding steadily stage by stage, until at last different senses are located in different parts of the body, and we find animals possessing eyes, ears, noses, and mouths, one organ performing the function of sight, another that of hearing, and so on. All these organs of sense are but parts of the general nervous organisation of the body, which is *apparently* absent in the Protista, but existed potentially in the protoplasmic substance, as it also does in every other substance in the universe. In course of time the ciliated multicellular organism undergoes a further differentiation, becoming transformed into a hollow body with a wall composed of a single layer of cells, which, by invagination, or folding of itself within itself, forms a double-walled cavity, or gastrula, having an external opening like a mouth. The inner layer of cells of these little Gastrœada is termed the endoderm, and carries on the nutritive and assimilative functions of the organism; while the outer layer, or ectoderm, forms the general motor and sense organ of the body; and here we come across the first animal organism to possess a real sense organ separate and distinct from other parts of the body, for from this epidermal organ of sense are developed, as higher forms of animal life make their appearance, the nerve cells and sense cells which form the whole nervous system. In the Hydra, or fresh-water polyp, we find a marked attempt at localisation of sense organs and a manifestation of instinct, which causes the little animal to shrink from the touch; though wanting in distinct organs of sense and nervous system, yet they are remarkably sensitive to touch, to warmth, and to light, individual ectodermic neuro-muscular cells performing these functions, but a far greater sensibility is exhibited in the circle of fine prehensible tentacles surrounding the mouth than elsewhere. From the Hydra evolved the Medusa, which, instead of being dependent entirely on neuro-muscular cells like the parent form, developed minute sets of nerves and muscles, by the use of which it became enabled to swim about easily and at its own will and pleasure. Here we find the first appearance of real nerve function, or conduc-

tibility of stimulus along the nervous fibre to a muscle which it causes to contract—a totally different function from the contraction of the whole body upon a stimulus being applied to it, as in the case of the Hydra. In the worm forms which evolve from the Gastroæada we come across the first attempt at special-sense-organ formation, the Himatega, or sack-worms, not only possessing a rudimentary spinal cord, but exhibiting upon the surface of the body several small depressions, which answered the purpose of a set of special-sense organs, one tiny depression being set apart especially for the perception of light-waves, another for the perception of sound-waves, another for the perception of odours, &c. As the animal kingdom developed into higher and higher forms of life, and skulls and brains became the order of the day, the special-sense organs became possessed of larger powers, at the same time that the whole nervous organisation assumed higher and more complex functions, resulting eventually in a very gradual unfolding of the most wonderful of all the latent potentialities of universal life—the marvel of consciousness. This is the present climax of evolution, the grandest and most awful achievement of that hidden and mysterious force which baffles comprehension, and beside which all things seen, heard, or felt, pale into insignificance.

Having arrived thus far it is now necessary to briefly notice the different products of intellectual development in the order in which they are unfolded, showing the analogy between ontogenesis, or the life history of the individual, and phylogenesis, or that of the whole race, so far as regards the evolution of the mental faculties only, for it is not intended here to trace out the genealogy of man from the Amœba, which has already been done in my late work, entitled “Evolution and Creation.” It must ever be remembered that the biogenetic law insists that the process of development in the race is reflected in miniature in the embryonic history of every individual ; in other words, it is an accepted article of faith with biologists that the development of the individual from the embryo *in utero* to the full-grown man is an exact counterpart of the development of the whole race from the primitive protoplasmic atom, the lowly moneron, to *homo sapiens* ; and this is equally true as regards the development of mind. Every human individual commences his term of separate existence as a tiny speck of protoplasm, and slowly advances through the phases of separate-cell life, multicellular existence, and the gastrula, vermiform, and pisciform stages, being finally born as a partially-developed member of the human family, from which moment he grows rapidly to the perfection of the adult stage, having accomplished, in the short period of about a score of years, precisely

what his counterpart, the race, effected in many millions of years. During the period that elapses before the individual takes his birth great and rapid modifications take place in the general construction of the tiny body : sensory perception makes its appearance very early, being followed quickly by the first attempt at differentiation of special-sense organs in the form of small surface depressions ; the brain and spinal system gradually take shape, and make ready for future action ; and the little body slowly assumes a form suitable for separate existence. All animal organisms have exactly the same order and mode of development, which may be conveniently observed by placing a hen's egg in an incubating machine, and carefully watching it for the space of three weeks. It will be noticed that the eyes, ears, nose and mouth are not present at the commencement of the process, but make their appearance later on, about the third or fourth day of incubation, as tiny depressions on the integument, from which condition they gradually develop into perfect organs of special sense, as possessed by the full-grown chicken ; the eyes, which receive the impressions caused by light-waves ; the ears, which receive those made by sound-waves ; the nose, by which odours are discerned ; the mouth, which holds the taste organ ; and the skin, which remains the organ of touch and perception of temperature. At the moment of birth the brain and special-sense organs are not yet developed to such a degree that they can properly discharge the functions they are called upon to perform in the mature state ; they have to advance gradually to perfection in harmony with the growth of the whole body ; and thus it is that a newly-born individual does not see, hear, or exhibit signs of consciousness until some time has elapsed from birth, although it is, at first, quite sensitive to cold and heat. If a lighted candle be held in front of the eyes of a newly-born infant, and moved to and fro, it will be at once observed that the child is totally unconscious of it ; and if a gun be fired off in the room occupied by the child, the effect upon the infantine organism is *nil* ; but if the air of the room be allowed to cool the effect will be at once perceived, for the muscles of the child will soon begin to contract, and his vocal bellows to act vigorously. Gradually, however the sight, hearing, &c., become adjusted, and the infant begins to take notice of surrounding objects, until, at about a month after birth, pain and pleasure, the first indications of the dawn of the mental powers, manifest themselves. Conscious, as distinguished from instinctive or unconscious, memory appears to be exercised at about the thirteenth week, and to be immediately followed by association of ideas, the recognition of places and persons, and

dreaming. At the same time that these indications of intellectual development are manifesting themselves a corresponding unfolding of the emotions is observed. Side by side with memory appears fear, followed by pugnacity, play, and, later, anger; while still later, about on a par with the first period of dreaming, or at about the age of five months, are manifested emulation, jealousy, joy, and grief. In about another month we notice that the child begins to understand words, while on the emotional side he evinces signs of awakening sympathy, curiosity, revenge, and gratitude; followed, within a couple of months, by pride, shame, deceitfulness, passionateness, cruelty, and ludicrousness, which appear at the moment the child is observed to first exercise what is termed true reason. From this point the higher products of intellectual development are rapidly unfolded, the first of which is morality of a very indefinite kind, which immediately precedes articulation at the age of about fourteen months, and is closely followed by knowledge of the use of various simple instruments, afterwards—at the age of twenty months—by concerted action, and still later by speech, which is generally effected at the age of two years, or rather earlier. Following quickly upon speech are judgment, recollection, and self-consciousness, and by the time the child has attained the age of two years and a half morality of a definite kind appears. Continuing still further up the scale we find the next important intellectual manifestation to be superstition, which is manifested at about the age of three years; while, concurrently, the following emotional products appear—avarice, envy, hate, hope, vanity, mirth, and a love of the beautiful, which are followed in the course of a few months by awe and an appreciation of art. From this age to the time of adult life the intellectual faculties develop according to the surroundings of the individual; while, on the emotional side, reverence, remorse, and courtesy make their appearance at about the age of five years, and melancholy and ecstasy at about the tenth year.

In the foregoing ontogenetic mirror will be found the key to the unfolding of the great mystery of the evolution of mind in the animal kingdom. If we take the geological periods one after another, and study the various animal life forms found in each, we shall find that with the race the order of sequence in the appearance of the intellectual and emotional faculties is precisely the same as with the individual. The new-born infant may be placed intellectually on a par with the lowly molluscs or the little vermiform animals which first existed in the Cambrian period, and in which little organisms, probably, pain first made its *début* on the platform of life to be followed

by the appearance of pleasure, conscious memory, and association of ideas amongst the lowly crustaceans of the later Cambrian and early Silurian periods. With the spiders, fishes, and crabs of the later Silurian and Devonian periods was manifested the faculty of recognising places, of which these animals are capable, and which places them intellectually on a level with a child of four or five months old. The recognition of individuals next made its appearance in the reptiles of the Carboniferous and Permian epochs ; while the birds of the Oolitic and Cretaceous periods were the first to dream, and may therefore be placed on an intellectual level with a child of five or six months. The emotional development coincides with the intellectual, just as in the case of the infant, for we find fear manifesting itself among the lower molluscs, pugnacity amongst the crustaceans, play among spiders and crabs, anger among reptiles, and emulation, joy, and grief among birds. Rising in the palæontological scale to the Tertiary period, we find in the Eocene age equine and other mammal forms, such as cats and pigs, which are capable of understanding words and signs, and among which we notice a manifestation of sympathy, curiosity, revenge, and gratitude. In the early Miocene age the first clear signs of true reason were exhibited by the monkey, the dog, and the elephant, while at the same time were manifested such emotional signs as pride, shame, deceitfulness, passionateness, cruelty, and ludicrousness, thus placing these animals on an intellectual par with the infant of less than one year old. The anthropoid apes of the later Miocene age may be placed on a level with one-year-old infants ; their descendants—the partly-human apes—slowly acquiring the faculty of articulation, and afterwards, becoming more human, the knowledge of the use of simple instruments, thus reaching the intellectual level of the child of fifteen months old. As the apes became more and more human in the later Miocene and early Pliocene ages they gradually acquired the faculties of acting in concert and of speech ; and when they had arrived at that stage of evolution in which they partook more of the character of savage man than human ape, judgment, recollection, self-consciousness, and, lastly, definite morality manifested themselves, thus raising the ape-like man to the level of the child of two and a half years. In the lowest savages of to-day, as well as in the old descendants of the ape-like men, superstition developed to a large extent, at the same time that the emotional unfolding proceeded in the direction of avarice, envy, hate, hope, vanity, mirth, a love of the beautiful, and, afterwards, art appreciation, awe, reverence, remorse, courtesy, melancholy, and ecstasy, precisely as with the child of from

five to ten years of age. As the race improved, becoming in turn semi-savage, semi-civilised, civilised, and cultured, the intellectual powers of course developed similarly, until at the present day we find men possessed of the most wonderful mental faculties.

It will be seen from the foregoing sketch that the difference between the mind of man and that of the lower animals is one altogether of degree, and not in any sense whatever of kind. The intellectual superiority of civilised man over his savage brethren is due to the greater multiplicity of his objects of thought, and precisely so is it with the intellectual superiority of the savage man over his Simian ancestors. The actions of all have the same aim—viz., the supplying of the wants of the physical nature and the gratifying of the desires aroused in the mind. The old theory that speech was altogether limited to the human race has now to be given up once and for all, for such a statement cannot stand against the scientific evidence brought forward to oppose it from all quarters. Language is but a product of reflection and experience, and originated in all probability in interjection, or the instinctive expression of the subjective impressions derived from external nature; and just as the reflective powers of the race were developed and shone more brilliantly as each stage in the evolutionary march of intellect was passed, so did language pass from the simple monosyllabic cries of the lower animals and savage men to the complex dialects of modern civilisation; and it is worthy of note that at the present day, or at least very recently, there were races of savage men inhabiting the earth who possessed no proper language at all, and could not, on account of their manner of living, be placed on a higher intellectual level than the higher apes; while we have the authority of the leading philologists of the day in support of the fact that the monosyllabic cries of some of the lower human tribes are well within the grasp of the ape's voice. Travellers whose veracity and ability cannot be impugned have described long conferences held by monkeys, where one individual addressed the assembly at great length, fixing the attention of all upon himself, and quelling every disturbance by a loud and harsh cry, which was at once recognised and obeyed by the multitude; and we need no traveller to point out to us the many notes of call and recognition possessed by birds of all kinds, who thoroughly well understand each other's expressions, and, moreover, are able to produce quite a string of different notes consecutively, and without any hesitation.

In fact, the organ of voice in some of the lower animals far exceeds in powers that of some tribes of the human family. The *Euphonia musica* of the East Indies can perform the seven notes in

the scale ; the chaffinch not only sings real songs, but invents them, one of his songs containing as many as five long strophes, while the songs of many savage races of men never run to half that length, and when Cook visited the Fiji archipelago the native women could only sing from *la* to *mi*. In the case of both bird and savage the song moves only at short intervals, and is not easily adapted either to measure or to rhythm. In large monkeys both vocal and instrumental music are in a rudimentary stage, but Darwin saw a gibbon who knew how to modulate an octave, while Savage relates that the black chimpanzees sometimes come together in twenties or fifties to hold a concert by beating a hollow and sonorous piece of timber with small sticks which they hold in their hands. As Dr. Letourneau (from whose work I quote) remarks, it may perhaps be only noise that is made, but it was only by slow degrees that music has grown to be other than noise ; and all over the earth the drum seems to have been the first instrument of music known to man. Slightly in advance of the chimpanzee tree-drum is the tom-tom of the modern savage and the skin diaphragm drum that is now used in an improved form by civilised nations. All over the world the tom-tom seems to be in use amongst savages, excepting, however, the Tasmanians, Australians, and Fuegians, who never possessed any musical instrument whatever. After the drum came the whistle, then the trumpet, and next the flute ; the Bushmen made whistles out of the bone of the antelope's leg, and the New Zealanders have long used a wooden trumpet of one sound only ; while many of the Polynesians regularly use flutes with one, two, three, four, and sometimes six lateral holes. Asia appears to have been the birthplace of stringed instruments, no Southern tribes ever having been discovered using such musical appliances. We see, therefore, a gradual improvement taking place in the vocal apparatus as we rise in the animal scale, which results in speech and song, and, indirectly, in instrumental music of various degrees ; and we find fresh proof that there is as wide a difference between the development of the civilised European and the savage man as between that of the savage man and his brute ancestry.

The habits of life of some of the savage tribes of men in the Southern hemisphere are such as to preclude the idea of classing them with civilised Europeans and Asiatics, and to render it necessary to place them intellectually on a level quite as near to the higher apes as to civilised people, and, indeed, some may reasonably think, nearer to the former. The Fuegians, for instance, go naked, do not use fire, and are in the habit of crunching their fish raw, just as it comes out of the water, devouring every morsel from head to tail, and their

women and children devour raw birds and share with their dogs the raw flesh of seals ; while the African Bushmen, after killing a hippopotamus, rush at him, tear open his belly, and fight for his entrails, like dogs. The Australians also go about naked like the Fuegians, being oppressed with no feeling of shame ; and, indeed, instances innumerable of other human tribes acting similarly may be found recorded at length in Letourneau's "Sociology." It is well known how certain savage tribes regularly eat the flesh of their fellows, in many instances without even cooking it ; and quite as well known is the fact that the males and females of many Polynesian, Australian, and South American tribes live promiscuously, the notion of marriage not having yet entered their heads. The morality of some of the lower human tribes is of a very low order, and this, of course, we expect, for like language, conscience, or the knowledge of the distinction between right and wrong, is not an inherent quality of the human mind, but merely a result of the operation of the reflective faculty aided by experience, as must be evident to the most casual observer from the fact that the ideas of morality in our own country vary according to the age in which we live. Amongst some of the lowest human tribes we find hardly any evidence of morality, the conscience of the individual having scarcely any existence at all ; while amongst dogs and some of the higher apes the "knowledge of good and evil," or perception of the difference between right and wrong, is frequently manifested. Mafuca, the female chimpanzee of Dresden Zoological Gardens, whose portrait is given in my "Evolution and Creation," is described by Hartmann in his "Anthropoid Apes" and others as being in a very marked degree intelligent and moral ; her habits of life were very refined, she used a spoon to her meals, could pour from larger vessels into smaller ones without spilling the liquor, took tea and cocoa in the morning and evening, and a mixed diet between whites, such as fruit, sweetmeats, red wine and water, and sugar, was exceedingly fond of a practical joke, could wring out wet clothes and blow her nose with a handkerchief, and exhibited the utmost decorum and modesty in the performance of all her daily and other natural functions. She was, moreover, highly emotional and affectionate, and just before her death, from consumption, put her arms round her keeper's neck, looked at him placidly, kissed him three times, stretched out her hand to him, and died. In contrast to this there have been discovered human beings in wild and hitherto unexplored regions who have not the remotest idea of what we should term civilisation. They travel about in a state of complete nudity, and lead a wandering and useless life, sleeping at nights not in huts nor in

caves, but squatting among the branches of tall trees, where they are placed out of reach of savage animals. They do not appear capable of expressing their thoughts in sentences, but make use of exclamatory grunts, which serve the purposes of speech quite sufficiently for their limited requirements ; the two sexes live promiscuously, and their general appearance approaches to a remarkable extent that of the higher apes, in that they are almost completely covered with hair, possess a dirty brown skin, short legs, long arms, and full abdomens, can pick up stones, sticks, &c., with their toes almost as well as with their fingers, and show few if any signs of intellectual powers. In conclusion, and to sum up, the doctrine of evolution, rightly understood, teaches us that all so-called living beings are but products of the development of protoplasm ; that this protoplasm possesses the property of vitality, or the power of perceiving stimuli of various kinds and responding to them by definite movements ; that the phenomena of mind are but functional manifestations of this protoplasmic development ; and that the highest intellectual product of the human mind exists, and has existed from eternity, in a state of latent potentiality in every atom of matter in the universe.

HERBERT JUNIUS HARDWICKE.

POOR GENERAL WOLFE !

MORE than a century and a quarter has elapsed since the memorable victory on the heights of Abraham, which first turned the scale of success during the Seven Years' War in favour of the English arms, and decided the supremacy of the Anglo-Saxon race on the continent of America. Since then, though at a long interval, the fame of "brave General Wolfe" has been written in the chronicles of the heroes of England ; but his memory has always lived enshrined in the hearts of his grateful countrymen. The credit of the conquest of Quebec has long ago been assigned by general consent to one man (for the part of the statesman has been eclipsed by that of the soldier), and it is now almost incredible that there should have been a time when the fact was secretly disputed by a political and military clique which opposed and ridiculed the hero whilst he lived as a crazy enthusiast, and disparaged his memory with faint praise as "poor General Wolfe !" Fortunately neither of these manifestations of petty jealousy reached serious dimensions. Wolfe himself was protected by the strong arm of Pitt, and his fame was effectually vindicated by an outburst of public indignation at the slightest suspicion of dispraise which the malcontents hastened to repudiate. The recent publication of the Townshend MSS., and the evidence of certain letters and documents not hitherto published, will perhaps enable us to judge more exactly the extent and motives of this contemporary cabal.

Towards the close of the year 1757 an expedition was planned against Louisburg, the key of Upper Canada, by the genius of Pitt, on a scale which must ensure ultimate success. The Minister's chosen agent for this service was Amherst, under whom Wolfe served as Brigadier, by letter of service, dated January 23, 1758.¹ The capture of Louisburg was to be the first step towards an "irruption" into Upper Canada by way of the St. Lawrence river, timed to take effect with an expedition from the south ; thus, no sooner was the fate of the town sealed than preparations were begun for a recon-

¹ Secretary of War's Common Letter Book, No. 182.

naissance in force towards Quebec. The command of this expedition was entrusted by Amherst, apparently following Pitt's original intention, to Wolfe, for Amherst, having successfully carried out his mission, was retained for the supreme command of the campaign, and a new agent selected, like himself, for abilities beyond his rank, by the unerring sagacity of Pitt, was to repeat the success of Louisburg on the banks of the St. Lawrence. Amherst's instructions to Wolfe, dated in October 1758,¹ direct him to ascend the St. Lawrence river and destroy the settlements along the banks in order to disturb the minds of the enemy at Quebec as well as to pave the way for a definite expedition in the spring. On his return from this service Wolfe is ordered to proceed to Halifax, where "I imagine you will receive orders from England. . . . It was intended when I came from England that they (the forces of the expedition) should be ordered home, and I was told it was likewise intended that you should return to England." The letter concludes with the following postscript : "As you tell me that, by your letter of service when you left England, you think yourself authorised to return to England as soon as the siege of Louisburg is over, you will leave the above orders with the eldest officer whenever you think proper to go after you return from the river St. Lawrence."² A copy of this correspondence was forwarded by Amherst to Pitt on October 15, and on the first of the following month Wolfe wrote to Pitt announcing the entire success of the reconnaissance. He was now, according to his previous instructions, to winter in Halifax where Brigadier Whitmore had been appointed to supreme command by order of the War Office dated January 23, 1758, and "over his head," as Wolfe so bitterly complains in his memorable letter. Meanwhile, it would appear that Amherst had sent *private notice* to Pitt of Wolfe's declared intention of returning to England on the fall of Louisburg, a prospect which filled the Minister with anger and dismay, as involving the disarrangement of all his plans against Quebec. Therefore, on October 2 the following letter was addressed to Wolfe from the War Office,³ though it did not reach him, as will be seen, till the following June :—

War Office,

2 Oct., 1758.

Sir,—Mr. Secretary Pitt having acquainted me that he finds by a letter from Gen. Amherst that you had told the general that you thought yourself authorized by your letter of service, dated 23rd January last, to return to England

¹ Colonial Office Records, A.W.I., No. 79.

² *Ibid.* Letters to American Governors, 1758.

³ Secretary's Common Letter Book, No. 182.

as soon as the siege of Louisburgh was over, that he was a stranger to any such power given to you, and was apprehensive of the greatest prejudice to the King's service in case you should on your return to Hallifax from the expedition up the St. Lawrence so interpret your letter of service and return to England accordingly without the King's orders for so doing. I am much surprised at this, there being no such meaning in the letter of service dated 23rd January last which I wrote to you ; but to clear all doubt whencesoever it may arise, I do hereby signify to you His Majesty's pleasure that you do not return to England from America without farther orders from His Majesty or your superior officers there.

I am, &c.,

To Brigadier Wolfe.

BARRINGTON.

This letter was received by Wolfe in the following June after his return from England and on the eve of his departure from Louisburg with the expedition against Quebec, and to this he returned the following answer :—

MY LORD,—Since my arrival in America I have had the honour to receive two letters from your lordship, one of old date concerning my stay in this country, in answer to which I shall only say that the Marshal told me I was to return at the end of the campaign ; and as General Amherst had no other commands than to send me to winter at Halifax under the orders of an officer who was but a few months before put over my head, I thought it was much better to get into the way of service and out of the way of being insulted ; and as the style of your lordship's letter is pretty strong, I must take the liberty to inform you that tho' I should have been very glad to have gone with Gen. Amherst to join the army upon the lakes and offered my services to carry reinforcements to Mr. Abercrombie if Quebec was not to be attack'd, yet, rather than receive orders in the government of an officer younger than myself (tho' a very worthy man) I shou'd certainly have desir'd leave to resign my commission ; for, as I neither ask nor expect any favour, so I never intend to submit to any ill-usage whatsoever.

Your lordship's letter, with the cartel concluded between his Majesty and the French King, is come to my hands.

Brig.-Gen. Murray and Colonel Howe having represented to me that an ensign of Amherst's regiment, and two of Anstruther's had not join'd their corps since their commissions were out, and that General Amherst's intentions were to superceed these officers and put others in their room more disposed to serve, I have therefore taken upon me to appoint officers to these commissions, in conformity to the general's intentions and for the good of his Majesty's service, waiting, however, till within a few days of our sailing for the arrival of these gentlemen.

There are no less than 100 invalids, absolutely unfit for service, in this corps of troops (47 of Frazer's regt.) 60 are to go home in the *Nightingale* and 40 in a cartel ship appointed by the admiral to carry prisoners to France. I have filled up the vacancies in these regiments, and inclose my report of it.

I have the honour to be,

With great respect, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient and most humble servant,

JAM. WOLFE.

Neptune at Sea, 6th June, 1759.

P.S.—The 3 ensigns' commissions are dated before the letters, but this is to give their proper rank to the volunteers who succeeded.

[Endorsed] Major-Gen. Wolfe, at Sea, 6 Jan., 1759.

The letter of service here alluded to¹ certainly contains no mention of Wolfe's return, but it seems probable that Amherst was mistaken in his statement that his subordinate intended to act upon this authority, and Wolfe explains in his answer that he had received an assurance to this effect from Lord Ligonier, an explanation which is borne out by the similar promise made to General Townshend, and by Amherst's own impression of the arrangements made before he left England. The inconsistency of these instructions, however, is not due to Pitt (who had throughout determined Wolfe's share in the future campaign against Quebec), but to an official blunder.² No sooner was the short and successful expedition up the St. Lawrence river brought to a close than Wolfe, always a man of his word, returned to England with the Admiral of the expedition, Boscawen. He was in fact the bearer of his own despatches which are dated just before the "Namur's" arrival at St. Helen's. Thereupon he returned to the simple colonelcy of his regiment to await leave of absence from the War Office. This was just a month after the date of Lord Barrington's severe reprimand on the subject of his intended return ; and though we may suppose there was a smart exchange of "explanations" between his lordship and the too-independent colonel, there is no trace of them in the official correspondence. Doubtless Wolfe was interceded for by the Marshal whose verbal promise he claimed, and still more by the Minister who viewed with secret gratification the resolute demeanour of his *protégé*, and who recalled him in December from a flying visit to his friends in order to confer with him upon the means for the accomplishing his cherished scheme of the conquest of Quebec. However this may be, it is certain that Wolfe had but a cold friend in Barrington, in spite of the popular story of his lordship's recognition of the young officer's genius. Wolfe's biographers have found it difficult to reconcile Barrington's supposed patronage of their hero with the obvious neglect of his posthumous claims by the War Office. This difficulty is easily explained by the tone of Wolfe's letter of June 6, which shows that the relations between himself and his official chief were permanently strained,

¹ Secretary's Common Letter Book, No. 182.

² It will be observed that the wording of this letter is rather ambiguous. It is more natural, however, to suppose that Pitt was the person who objected to this infringement of the rules of the service rather than Amherst. On the other hand, Amherst was still more nearly concerned in the matter, and we know that he must have written privately to Pitt on the subject on account of the chronological order of these despatches. If Amherst really made these strong objections to Wolfe's return, his attitude must be regarded as one of great insincerity in the face of his postscript to Wolfe of October 15.

whilst the anger excited by his spirited retort would not have been easily allayed in such a nature as Barrington's, even by the affecting circumstances of the offender's death. Wolfe had other enemies at this period of his career, as is proved by the well-known libel (which has probably not yet been traced to its true originator) of his fantastic behaviour at a ministerial dinner, a story which may be dismissed from serious consideration by the acceptance of George III.'s famous comment thereon. "Mad, is he? Then I wish he would bite some of my generals." Indeed, Wolfe's ardent and excitable temperament was exactly to the taste of both King and Minister. There is nothing inconceivable in the idea of a young enthusiast expounding his daring projects before a cynical audience with gesticulations which may have appeared uncouth to their fastidious taste. It is interesting to compare with this gasconade Wolfe's earlier boast that were he permitted he would land upon the French coast with a thousand men. The truth is that Wolfe was, before all things, a military reformer, impatient of abuses, indignant at the mismanagement which had characterised the earlier conduct of the war. All reformers are liable to the charge of exaggerated mannerism, and most of all military reformers, from Alexander the Great to Napoleon. Moreover, all reformers are unpopular. It is necessary to allude to this well-known incident on account of the effect which it produced upon Wolfe's subsequent fortunes. The lampoon was a contemptible one but it stuck. Wolfe, it was whispered, was mad, though not so mad, it was added (and here we see the true motive for the attack upon an insignificant character), as the Minister who employed him. The whisper preceded him on his departure for Canada, where he found his colleagues prepared to execute punctually the demands for assistance in the new expedition against Quebec peremptorily imposed by the Minister, but in the letter only, and not in the spirit which animated Wolfe. They feared him for his influence with the Government, and they hated him for his good fortune; but none of them believed in him, and their professions of readiness to serve him barely concealed their disbelief in his success.

Wolfe set out upon the enterprise, which was as near to his heart as to his friend the Minister's, in the spring of 1759. He was furnished with the acting rank of major-general, and with secret and minute instructions. The former ceremony was obviously necessary in order to strengthen his hands, yet even so it was viewed with displeasure by the War Office; for in the draft proposals for the expedition,¹ drawn up by Lord Ligonier in concert with Pitt, the following marginal note

¹ Letters to American Governors, 1758.

occurs, apparently in Barrington's hand : "Qy. Is it necessary he should have the name and rank, as it will greatly mortifie his seniors in that country ?" Fortunately red tape was ignored on this occasion ; but the man who made this suggestion knew well the wound that its execution would inflict on Wolfe's sensitive nature.

Next to the pertinacity displayed by Pitt in his choice of a suitable commander, we notice the anxious care which he bestowed upon the preparations for the expedition to Quebec. In his instructions to Amherst, dated December 29, 1758, the Minister lays remarkable stress upon the importance which the Government attached to the new project, and the necessity for the most strenuous assistance and perfect co-operation of the generals in America, and the same instructions were repeated to provincial governors.¹ Wolfe arrived at Halifax towards the end of April to find that the intentions of the Government had been either not appreciated or not realised by his colleagues. He writes to Amherst, May 1, that the forces under his command are at a very low ebb, and that he is totally unprovided with funds. He particularly requests therefore that he may be reinforced. "I hope you have ordered Whitmore to give me the company of light infantry," he adds, as "the least loss reduces our undertaking to little more than a diversion,"²

In reply to this appeal, Amherst, writing from Albany on May 21, promises to furnish 300 pioneers from the Boston Militia. As to the company of light infantry, he has not received the least mention of it from England, but, he adds, "I am very well convinced Brigadier General Whitmore's zeal for the good of His Majesty's service is a sufficient inducement to him to grant them to you."

Meanwhile Wolfe, finding matters becoming desperate and relying on his secret instructions, which authorised him to use every means in his power to ensure the complete and punctual levy of his forces which, nearly a month after the appointed date, only amounted to 8,000 men instead of the 12,000 estimated by the Government, made an earnest application to Whitmore for the desired reinforcements, informing him that it was Lord Ligonier's intention that he should draw a detachment of light infantry from the garrison of Louisbourg in addition to the troops already notified, although by some mistake no mention had been made of the former in General Amherst's orders from England. He explains that his recruits have failed and his position is critical, and "it is therefore my duty to signify to you that it would be much for the public service" to let these troops serve with the expedition, "upon condition of being

¹ Letters to American Governors, 1758.

² A.W.I., No. 88.

replaced man for man with the Rangers and other raw levies who are not so proper for the field, though very sufficient for the defence of a fortified place.”¹

To this earnest and dignified appeal Whitmore replied coldly as follows:—²

Louisbourg, May 19, 1759.

SIR,—I have the honour of yours of this date, wherein you acquaint me that in the distribution of forces for the Invasion of Canada it was regulated that Bragg’s regiment, three companies of Granadiers, and one company of Light Infantry, besides the Rangers, should be taken from Louisbourg.

By His Majesty’s instructions to me, I am to obey the orders I shall receive from Major-General Amherst or the Commander-in-chief of his Majesty’s forces in North America.

I have not as yet received any orders from Major-General Amherst to detach a company of Light Infantry from this garrison. Bragg’s regiment, three companies of Granadiers, and all the Rangers are ordered to embark when you see fit.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

Major General Wolfe.

ED. WHITMORE.

Now a few weeks previously, Whitmore had received instructions from Amherst to detach certain troops from the garrison of Louisbourg, and further, with regard to certain light infantry which he finds that General Wolfe expects, though not mentioned in despatches from England, he expresses a strong desire that they may be spared, as their absence will be attended with very little risk.³ Again, a few days only before his refusal of Wolfe’s application, Whitmore had received separate instructions from England to “use the most punctual diligence in putting into execution” the orders which he should receive from the Commander-in-chief in America.⁴ Unfortunately, however, the usual form was slightly altered here, though preserved in his formal instructions from the War Office, dated January 18, 1759, which require him to execute every order of the Commander-in-chief, *or other his superior officers in America*.⁵ It is possible, however, that these last instructions may not have been received by him at the time. It is interesting to remember that Whitmore was the very person alluded to in Wolfe’s subsequent letter to Lord Barrington as the officer who had been put over his head. This promotion was probably to the command at Halifax, to

¹ A.W.I., No. 88. Wright, who prints this letter, was not aware of Whitmore’s answer to it.

² A.W.I., No. 88.

³ Letters to American Governors, 1758.

⁴ A.W.I., No. 47.

⁵ Secretary’s Common Letter Book, No. 184.

which Whitmore was appointed in January 1758,¹ but which he never actually filled, as he was appointed in the following September Governor of Louisburg.² Wolfe thus alludes to him in a private letter, dated February 1758: "He never was a soldier, though otherwise a very worthy gentleman. I pray you beware how you employ him near the top."

In any case, however, Whitmore failed in his duty, as he writes to Pitt on the very day after his refusal of Wolfe's application to signify the execution of his orders with reference to the Quebec expedition, and observing that "the inferior force of the enemy" renders it extremely improbable that any "inconvenience" can arise from weakening the garrison, by an exchange of regulars for provincials.³ Never was a man more thoroughly condemned out of his own mouth, and never perhaps was a momentous campaign more nearly ruined by official blundering and professional jealousy.

In a despatch to Pitt, written on the eve of the departure of the expedition, Wolfe reviews the numerous delays and disappointments which he has encountered. His experience was, perhaps, the most extraordinary one that had ever befallen a British general since the scandal of the Irish campaign of 1689-90. We learn from this statement the gravity of Whitmore's refusal to exchange the light infantry for the Rangers, for Wolfe complains that the latter are so weak that he "expects no service from them," which, he adds, was the reason for his demand for Light Infantry to mix with them. Now Pitt in his instructions had laid especial stress on the necessity for an effective muster of this arm of the expedition. With respect to this failure Wolfe encloses a copy of his correspondence with Whitmore, with the following generous comment. "If Brigadier Whitmore did not consent to my proposal, it has proceeded from the most scrupulous obedience to orders." The same despatch contains a fresh instance of Whitmore's hostile attitude, from which it appears that, in addition to the Light Infantry, Wolfe had asked for some pioneers from the Boston Militia. "The men were asked," he says, "if they chose to go; and as it seldom happens that a New England man prefers service to a lazy life, none of them seemed to approve of the proposal. They did not ask it and the General would not order them."⁴ This further episode is rendered still more interesting by the official correspondence which passed between Wolfe and Thomas Hutchinson, the able Lieut.-Governor of Massachusetts, who having been

¹ Secretary's Common Letter Book, No. 182.

² Letters to American Governors, 1758.

³ A.W.I., No. 88.

⁴ *Ibid.*

requested by Amherst to furnish Wolfe with 300 provincial pioneers for which he had applied, not only used the greatest exertions to despatch them in time to join the expedition, but wrote to Wolfe earnestly advising him in case of necessity to borrow these troops from the provincials of the Louisburg garrison, who would be replaced by the Boston pioneers on their arrival.¹ We have seen with what success Wolfe attempted to carry out this reasonable proposal.

It has been confidently stated by Wolfe's biographer that the selection of his colleagues in the command of the expedition to Quebec was left to himself with the exception of the appointment of Brigadier Townshend, who, we are informed by his kinsman, Horace Walpole, "thrust himself" into the service and was permitted to take part in it in order to relieve his friends from his importunities. It is far more probable, however, in the absence of actual proof, that Pitt deliberately selected the subordinate generals of the Quebec expedition upon the same principle that he had adopted in the selection of the Commander-and-Chief. Just as he had forecast the chances of success possessed by the young hero whose remarkable career he had so attentively watched, so it was his whim to second him with three young men of birth and breeding who, without any great pretensions to generalship, were distinguished by the highest personal courage and moral character. Pitt, perhaps, had argued wisely that good blood would be sure to tell in such a dangerous service as this. He did not calculate, however, for the leader's persistent ill-health, which gave an unlooked-for opportunity for his colleagues to take a more prominent part in the affair than was either intended or desirable. From the first Wolfe had foreseen the desperate nature of the venture with the force at his command, and for the first three months of the campaign it seemed as though its ruin was inevitable. These continued failures did not increase the General's reputation in the eyes of his aristocratic staff, and before long the Brigadiers had begun to criticise his tactics and to bless themselves in secret for their freedom from responsibility for his blunders. Of these three officers Townshend may be taken as the type, not an uncommon one in those days of political simony. Popular among his own set, and possessed of a considerable local reputation, Townshend was yet wholly unqualified to take a leading part in either politics or warfare. An exemplary son and husband, and a model Lord Lieutenant, the worst side of his nature was displayed by his contact with the countless meannesses and jealousies of a political and military

¹ A.W.I., No. 88.

career. His request to be employed in the dangerous service of the Quebec expedition, if it was really made by him, is highly creditable to his professional zeal. But, unfortunately, neither he nor his friends could forget that he was heir to a title, and as such privileged to undergo just as much of the discipline and hardships of war as were suited to a passing fancy. He might go if he liked and return when he liked, and every care was to be bestowed upon his comfort and safety. The military authorities at home hastened "to applaud with all mankind" this "spirited and magnanimous" offer of service, while the Commander-in-Chief in America, writing to acknowledge his new subordinate's "kind assurances of friendship," observes that his condescension "makes me very happy, and I shall try to prove myself deserving of the continuance of it."¹

These humiliating revelations prepare us for almost any outrage upon professional propriety, but it does not appear that the favoured Brigadier conducted himself, during the earlier part of the campaign at least, with anything else than courage and modesty, which went far to compensate for his inexperience. The truth is that Wolfe, with the rough kindness which made him the darling of the rank and file, cultivated his new colleague to the best of his opportunities, kept him always beside him, and on more than one occasion guarded him from the ordinary risks of warfare. This considerateness was even apparent to Townshend's friends at home, and we find one of them writing that "in this instance and some others I see in General Wolfe a great tenderness for Mr. Townshend."² It is painful to relate that this "kindness" was repaid with wanton ingratitude, not from any actual malevolence on Townshend's part, but apparently from an irresistible impulse of his nature to exercise his caustic wit at the expense of his truest friends. Already he had given evidence of this unamiable propensity in the case of his former patron and commander, the Duke of Cumberland, whose conduct of the continental campaign he had ridiculed in some telling lampoons. A fresh opportunity now presented itself of criticising his new commander's operations, an amusement in which he was joined by one at least of his fellow-brigadiers. Thus Townshend writes to his wife during the investment of Quebec, that "General Wolfe's health is but very bad. His generalship, in my poor opinion, is not a bit better;" adding that "he never consulted any of us till the latter end of August, so that we have nothing to answer for, I hope, as to the success of this campaign."³ It will be seen presently how far Townshend was prepared to abide by this disclaimer. The occasion

¹ Hist. MSS. Commission, xi. 4, p. 306.

² *Ibid.* p. 317.

³ *Ibid.* p. 308.

of Wolfe's first consultation with his colleagues was indeed a peculiar one. On the 24th of August, prostrated with fever and still more a prey to disappointment and anxiety, he placed his secret instructions and private plans in the hands of the Brigadiers. From this moment these worthy officers seem to have assumed a new and critical attitude. This was especially noticeable in the debated point of the mode of attack to be made against the defending army beyond the river St. Charles as a last desperate attempt to win the town. It would appear that Murray, acting in concert with Townshend, had presented a paper to Wolfe objecting to his scheme.¹ When the memorable attack was made, on the 13th of September, we learn, from a memorandum² preserved by Townshend, that the force under the command of the Brigadiers was dropping down the south side of the river according to Wolfe's orders, which it was suddenly discovered would cause them to be carried by the force of the current beyond the point of attack, "and thereupon the Brigadiers (there not being time to report and receive General Wolfe's directions thereon) authorised him to carry them down the north side of the river, and fortunately it was followed," &c. Further light is thrown on these assertions by a remarkable letter³ from Murray to Townshend, dated October 5th, of which the following is an extract :—

I shall look for the letter you mention, and take a copy of it, and deposit the original with you. Since so black a lye was propagated I think myself very happy that you will be on the spot to contradict whatever Ignorance or Faction may suggest. I have no copy of the paper I sent by you to Gen. Wolfe concerning his scheme of landing between Point au Tremble and St. Augustine, but the publick orders are sufficient proof of his intention to do it, and likewise of the suddenness of the thought of landing when he did. Indeed, his orders throughout the Campaign show little stability, stratagem, or fixt resolution. I wish his friends had not been so much our enemys; his memory would probably have been dearer to his country than now it can be. We are acting on the defensive. You have the execution of the Plan and . . . will manage it with as much tenderness to the memory of the poor General as the nature of the thing will admit of.

The hostility of those who are called here Wolfe's friends was excited not only by the alleged attempt of Townshend to detract from his share in the victory which was so dearly bought by his death, but also probably by certain not unjustifiable suspicions of that officer's share in the passive resistance that had been offered to the expedition from first to last. This view of the matter may be gathered from a contemporary "Letter to a Brigadier General,"⁴

¹ Hist. MSS. Commission, xi. 4, p. 316.

² *Ibid.* p. 322.

³ *Ibid.* p. 316.

⁴ *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xxx., p. 507, which gives a copious analysis of the contents of this brochure,

which has been attributed to the Duke of Cumberland himself, and in which Townshend is accused in the strongest terms of disloyalty to his leader's memory. A refutation of this charge was attempted by Townshend himself, or more probably by his brother Charles,¹ which sufficiently disposes of the ridiculous accusation that he had been induced by jealousy to refrain from any public eulogy of Wolfe in his despatch describing the battle. The same charge might just as easily have been made against Admiral Saunders, who in a private letter to Townshend, speaks feelingly of their common loss in the death of their friend the General,² and Townshend was able to quote a similar tribute written by himself to a friend in England."³

The truth is that Townshend's was one of those peculiarly callous natures which are capable of inflicting the keenest pain upon others without the consciousness of moral turpitude. Just as he had predicted the failure of the expedition and disclaimed all responsibility for its management, so when its success was unexpectedly assured, he coolly appropriated all the credit that chance threw in his way in a despatch,⁴ which vividly portrays the shallowness and self-sufficiency of his professional character. What we cannot so easily forgive is the insincerity and ingratitude which he displayed towards one with whom he lived on the closest terms of professional companionship, and whose infirmities he ridiculed whilst seeking an opportunity to take advantage of them in order either to clear himself from the blame of failure or to put in his claim for the merit of success according to the uncertain issue of events.

¹ *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xxx., p. 507.

² Townshend MSS., 310.

³ *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xxx., p. 507.

⁴ War Office Original Correspondence, North America, 1755-61.

HUBERT HALL.

THE FAROE ISLES.

THOUGH Thorshavn, the capital of the Faroes, has had an existence historically for some eight or nine hundred years, the town itself dates back as far as 1579 only. In that year Magnus Heinesen, Commissioner from Frederic II. of Norway, to protect the Faroes, built a fort on the rocks by the seashore in the middle of the site of the present town. It was high time some such assistance was given to the hardy but few inhabitants of these northern isles. Year by year the wool they had taken from their sheep and stored for the traders was stolen by professed pirates and others. Nor were the sheep themselves spared, nor the houses of the islanders. English ships, bound for the Iceland fishing banks, periodically anchored off the Faroes, on their way, for a little marauding, when "they seized by force what they could, and carried it off." Not even the bishops of the isles, in their episcopal residence at Kirkeboe, were safe from spoliation and worse. One such ecclesiastic was besieged in his own cathedral, and kept a prisoner until he fell a victim to starvation. And the first bishop under the Reformed Faith was also the last that Faroe has seen : him the robbers fairly frightened out of the isles. Again, the priest who had charge of the schools founded by King Christian III. in Stromoe had to live in an almost unapproachable mountain recess (Syderdahl) "because at that time he was so frequently assailed by pirates that he had no fixed place of residence." Truly a deplorable state of affairs !

But the King of Norway did more than send Magnus Heinesen to the help of his long-suffering dependency. With remarkable wisdom forsooth, to put temptation out of the way of the ravagers, he prohibited the Hanse Towns from trading any longer with Faroe. The Faroese might dispose of their skins and whale oil and wool how they could, or store them for his own royal markets ; the argosies of the fat German merchants should not continue to be the loadstones to attract the robbers into their latitudes.

Yet, in spite of this eccentric embargo upon the trade of Faroe, thenceforward Thorshavn grew apace. Huts were reared between the white rocks which litter the land, and rude processes of cultivation

were instituted. For centuries the building used for the storage of the papal dues in kind, and later for the security of the general produce, had stood alone, or nearly so. Thorshavn had been the seat of Government, it is true, but the occasions of political meeting were few, and such assemblies were primarily in the open air. Frederic II.'s successor, Christian IV., caused a church to be built in Thorshavn, and enlarged the royal warehouses. A census of the population of the town taken about this time shows that, besides Government officials and their servants, it contained five handicraftsmen, ten day-labourers and fisher families. Since then the number has gradually increased to 997 in 1860, and 1048 in 1870.

During the last two hundred years the Faroes have had few stirring vicissitudes. Far away from the centres of European life and power, events of the first magnitude have happened almost unknown to them. Indeed, if we except the capture of the citadel of Thors-havn in 1678 by some French cruisers, and again in 1808 by an English gunboat—in both cases without bloodshed—we may affirm that for fully two centuries the life of the Faroese has been a monotony of peace and contentment.

As the capital of a Crown dependency, Thorshavn is the seat of the local government, and the residence of a deputy of King Christian IX. of Denmark. From the bleak little bay whence the precipitous cliffs of three or four of the other islands are seen darkly to the north-east, the Governor's house is the most conspicuous building of the town. It stands on a rocky knoll close to an obelisk commemorating King Christian's visit to the isles in 1874; it is of stone, with real slate roofing, and round about it is a garden wonderful to the eyes of the Faroese. One of the gables of the house is capped with a weathercock, and the vane bears the royal monogram, surmounted by a crown. Of the garden a few words must be said. Sheltered studiously on one of its sides at least, this tract of land has reared shrubs and trees to the phenomenal height of some sixteen feet. True, they are wind blown, beaten out of all natural shape, and coated with lichen; but they are alive. And it is doubtful if in all the twenty-three islands of the Faroes anything can be found to compare with the horticultural prodigies of the "*Amtmann's huus*." Nevertheless the contents of the garden are meagre. A few currant bushes bearing reluctant fruit, hard and green in August, and barely ripe in September; sundry bushy shrubs, crouching at the stems of their stronger brethren, and a bed or two of nutritious greens and radishes; these, with as hearty a crop of docks as can be found anywhere, constitute the wealth of the Governor's garden. And from the radishes to the portico of the residence but a single good step!

Landt, the laborious chronicler of the Faroes, eighty years ago strove to combat the inclemency of the islands with trees and plants by the score, which he imported from Denmark for the purpose. He put the shrubs in the ground, tenderly watched and cared for them, and had the mortification of recording their death for the most part, sooner or later. A certain kind of willow was his chief success, and specimens of the tree yet grow, stunted but green, in cosy corners of the town. In the end, discomfited, he reflected, and ascribed his failure to four causes in combination: the devastation of the winter storms; the thick and depressing atmosphere; the moisture and salt from the sea; and the variable spring, in which mild and warm days are succeeded by frosts and cold. It is a fact that, save for these carefully-preserved specimens, there is not a tree growing on all the islands. In the hothouses of the town little apple, cherry, and plum trees may be seen, about a yard in height; but these, too, are curiosities merely; they fillip the imagination—that is all.

Yet the Faroes were not always so completely destitute of trees as at present. Turfcutters often, even nowadays, unearth entire trunks from the boggy ground in different parts of the islands, some of which are in sound state of preservation. Landt himself, writing of the coalfield in Süderoe, says: "I have held in my hands pieces of this coal which at the one end were proper coal, but at the other were real timber, recognisable by its fibres and roots." And we may accept his alternative explanation of the presence of this timber: "Either it must have been brought into Faroe by some convulsion of nature, or it must have grown here."

In the sheltered suburbs of Thorshavn a few gardens struggle into foliage and verdure periodically. They contain each barely a hundred square yards, and the walls of stone which surround them and protect them from the fierce winds which sweep the valleys as well as the hills, are as high almost as the tallest shrubs within them. But they are dignified by the name of gardens. They grow a few carrots, a little rhubarb, horse-radish and parsley, some currants and strawberry plants, and sundry flowers of the hardier kind. And in the most secluded of their corners they accommodate a wooden seat for rustic talk and entertainment.

Besides the Governor, there are sundry other gentlemen appointed by the home authorities, who help to redeem the tone of Thorshavn from absolute parochialism—a doctor, a judge, a dean of the clergy, two or three schoolmasters, a sheriff, and a sysselman or district revenue officer and magistrate. But, except the doctor and the schoolmasters, it is difficult to conceive how these gentlemen pass the

time. They meet each other in the narrow crooked streets of the town twenty times in the day ; have always a word or two to exchange ; yet one cannot but envy them the good humour with which they bear the tedium of comparative worklessness. I have met my friend, the governor's secretary, bustling up the street more than once with important-looking documents in his hands, and "urgent pressure" written upon his face. We have stopped to talk, and the papers have proved to be meteorological reports, though of the most exhaustive kind. Nor is even the magisterial sway of the sysselman, though extensive, productive of much work ; indeed, the only case I heard of during six or seven weeks was a bull-difficulty between two farmers, which recalled Master Sterne ; and this was settled after a day's trial, in which an amount of very amusing evidence and wit was evolved. I fancy the Governor is busiest when a man-of-war or an English yacht comes to anchor in the harbour, for at such times a pleasing interchange of dinner courtesies takes place. The above-mentioned gentlemen, together with the apothecary (he wears a rectangular black cap with points to it, something like an ecclesiastical biretta), the leading merchants and their families make up the genteel society of Thorshavn. Their ladies intervisit, and, during the long winter nights, together they scheme concerts, charades, theatricals, &c., for their own and the people's amusement. The old stock of the Faroese, though faithful to their womenkind, did not hold them intellectually in much esteem. "Women's plans are unfortunate" says an old Faroe proverb ; but times are changed, and ladies now meet with as much respectful recognition in Thorshavn as in Boston, Massachusetts.

A more exclusive community than that of the Faroes, in one respect, could hardly exist. The number of foreigners (other than officials appointed by the home authorities) in the isles may be reckoned on the fingers of one hand. When I paid my first visit to the Governor I was met at the gate by a gentleman in a soft felt hat, who presented me with a tract entitled "Save thyself from Destruction." At the moment I fancied there was some feud between the man and the Governor, and that the warning applied to the wicked propensities of the latter. But the other enlightened me. He was agent in the Faroes and the North-Atlantic thereabouts for an independent Scotch Mission Society ; and, as I had come within his jurisdiction, as it were, he hoped I would not take his presentation amiss. His work must be sufficiently arduous and discouraging, for not only has he to invade every ship anchoring in Thorshavn, but periodically he goes over to Norway, there also to proselytise ; and it

cannot be said that he makes much way in Thorshavn. But his zeal not long ago involved him in a disagreeable dilemma. A schooner from Spain came into port, and had no sooner got her anchor down than the missionary in his little boat was alongside her. He clambered up her sides, with his book in his pocket, and began forthwith interrogating the master about his soul, his hopes, and so forth. A few minutes afterwards the health officer rowed up, boarded the ship, and discovered that a case of small-pox had occurred on her during the passage from Bilboa. Instantly she was bidden lie farther from the shore, and to keep strict quarantine for a certain number of days. And the missionary also, being ordered off the ship, was put into quarantine by himself, though nearer the shore, in his little blue boat. For many days thereafter, he was a source of merriment to the townspeople.

Save this missionary there is no British settler in Thorshavn. A British consul is deemed unnecessary. Nor are the causes of this apparent neglect of the Faroes far to seek. In the first place, the isles are extraordinarily barren: they furnish food for sheep and cows; but, except on the coast, will admit of no cultivation. Nor do they contain much if any mineral worth the exploitation. Secondly, the population, though small (111,220 in 1884), would seem to be ample for such unprofitable rocks as the Faroes. Thirdly, until 1855 the trade of the isles was a royal monopoly: all the warehouses and stores in the different townlets were king's property. Until then a man was a farmer, a peasant, a professional man, or he was nothing. Not until January 1, 1856, could a foreign trading vessel enter the ports of the isles, or any but a king's officer practise the calling of a merchant. Again, the land laws of Faroe are a little complicated for the understanding of foreigners; and the land itself is so costly that it does not yield more than two and a half per cent.; the Thorshavn Savings Bank gives three per cent., and local merchants six per cent.; but fishing boats and merchandise are the favourite investments of well-to-do Faroese. For the most part the land belongs to the Crown, and the Crown favours the native inhabitants: a Faroe man almost invariably continues to hold what his father held. Such a tenant under the Crown is called "Kongsbond," and no foreigner may be "Kongsbond." Certainly, a stranger may purchase land when it is in the market, thereby becoming "Odelsbond"; but in spite of the privileges of "mark" (or right to grazing in proportion to his land), and of peculiar profit from all whales driven ashore thereon, the advantages are not exceedingly patent. And lastly, perhaps, the high latitude of the

isles, the tantalising fogs, the long winter, and the climate in general (salubrious though it is), do not offer much attraction to emigrants of any kind—still less to a people who have continents at their disposal.

No : for hundreds of years the Faroese have been a people living apart from the rest of the world, intermarrying, growing up, and dying in the midst of their own hard, wind-swept, but fascinating rocks ; dependent for their livelihood on the sea which surrounds them, the sheep and cows on their hills, and the tiny patches of grain which they nurse into fruition on the sheltered mountain slopes ; dependent for their education on the well-tryed words and traditions of their fathers, and on the old infallible instructress Nature herself. Nowadays, however, it is somewhat different. School attendance is compulsory, and very good is the education provided by the State. A mail steamer brings letters and merchandise from Denmark and England once every month. Luxuries are no longer rarities. Visitors come occasionally, and of the few that come once some come twice. And statistics show that the islands are making strides in all respects commensurate with the progress of Anglo-Saxon settlements. At present Faroe has no cable communication with Europe. She relies for her knowledge of the world's movements upon the monthly mails ; and naturally, in such a case, only the most intelligent and best-educated of the people care to profess a lively interest in international problems and questions which may have resolved themselves by the time they hear of their initiation. Each person, therefore, becomes vitally and healthily interested in the good opinion of his neighbour, as by far the most important thing he may attain to.

In truth, the Faroese are open-air folk : whatsoever is natural is wholesome to them ; their laws, like their habits, are simple ; and if they have not all the advantages of a high state of civilisation, they are wholly free from the vices and distempers of the same. If a people may be understood by its poetry, it will be enough to say that the songs sung to this day by these islanders are the robust old ballads of the "Fœreyinga Saga" ; about deeds of physical prowess ; about the joyous plenty which ensues upon a successful whale-hunt ; about the love of strong active men for virtuous and comely women ; about their boats and the ancient kings of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, with whom their ancestors were associated. It may surely be forgiven to such a people that they do not distress themselves about the sewerage question, that they are ignorant of the very meaning of the phrase "analytical philosophy," and that their rooms are not papered with Burne-Jones's devices. One can hardly

doubt, however, that with the telegraphic wire a disturbing element will come upon the quietude of present Faroe, and a new ingredient, as fatal in some respects as dynamite, into the education of younger Faroe. The counterbalancing advantages, to a community so peculiarly independent, are not apparent.

In the early days of Faroe history its inhabitants, like the inhabitants of the rest of Northern Europe, worshipped Odin and his divine associates. The gods of old (*Æsir*) were regarded as the props and stays of the world, and Odin was the chief among them. The heathen Trinity was composed of the three brothers, Odin, Vili (will), and Ve (strength); but, after a time, the supreme god surrounded himself with a council of twelve other gods.

From all time there were two worlds or principles of things: *Niflheimr*, the abode of clouds and darkness, in the north; and *Umspellsheimr*, the home of light, in the south. Between these two was a vast abyss or gap (*Ginnungagap*), in the bed of which flowed a river. The rime and ice of this river at its northern or cold extremity coming into contact with sparks from the southern region of light and warmth, icicles were generated, and thence stepped forth Ymer, the first of the *Jøetter* or giants, who subsequently begot from himself many other giants.

There was now war in space, between Odin and the gods on the one hand, and the *Jøetter* or material giants on the other. Eventually, Odin, Vili, and Ve slew Ymer, and drowned in the copious deluge of his blood all the other giants his offspring, except one, who escaped and continued the race. Ymer's body they conveyed to the great abyss, where "from his flesh they formed the earth, from his blood the sea and other waters of the earth, from his bones the mountains, from his teeth and the fragments of his bones the rocks great and small. The heavens they adorned with sparks from *Umspell*, the home of light, and they disposed the sea round about the earth." Heaven and earth they linked together by means of the rainbow. "The great and black giantess Night, and her son the light and fair Day sat in heaven by Odin himself, to rule over the earth, while the brother and sister, Sun and Moon, were appointed for its illumination."

The raw material world was thus ready for habitation. Matter for the creation of man was all that was required to complete the work. And this Odin, Vili, and Ve found in a couple of trees lying on the shore of the sea of their own creation. Hence they made from the one *Ask*, a man, and from the other *Embla*, a woman. Odin bestowed life upon them; Vili gave them understanding and feeling;

and Ve blood and colour. Midgaard was given them for a residence, and so, in due time, they peopled the earth.

Such is the Faroese myth of the creation—a myth derived immediately from the Icelandic Eddas.

The heathen priests of this mythology (Goðar or God's men) were all-powerful in Faroe, as elsewhere in the North before the institution of Christianity. Secular as well as religious matters were absolutely in their hands. The early political and other gatherings of the people were held at the place of sacrifice, under their superintendence. And the later "Thing," or general assembly, also met by the altar stone, where the covenant of peace and security necessary in those brawlsome times during the sitting of the "Thing" was contracted.

But in the year 998 A.D., Sigmund Bresterson, whose renown in Faroe history is rivalled by that of his cousin, the warrior Thrond alone, accepted a command from Olaf Tryggveson to Christianise the isles. The "Thing" was convened and Sigmund Bresterson read Olaf Tryggveson's injunction in the presence of the people, chiefs and vassals alike. From this time dates the establishment of Christianity in Faroe. A bishop was appointed, subordinate to the Archbishop of Bremen, and Kirkeboe, near the south-western extremity of Stromoe, was chosen for his episcopal dwelling-place. Subsequently the Bishop of Faroe came under the see of Trondhjem; and in 1538, with the incoming of the Reformation, the appointment of a bishop of the isles was virtually abolished. A dean now rules the insular clergy.

In religion, therefore, the Faroese are Lutherans. The Scotch missionary before mentioned has made two or three converts, but this is the limit of his success. A few years ago, in South Stromoe, there was a community of Roman Catholics, and a chapel for their services; but they have not flourished; their numbers have diminished, and the chapel has been made use of in other ways. For all the five hundred square miles of the islands there are but seven priests, so that necessarily many of the villages see their pastor only once in six or seven weeks, unless a parishioner be taken moribund. And the districts, separated by rough water passages and bleak mountains, are such as to tax the strength no less than the courage of the clergy at times. In winter and autumn storms endanger their lives, and hold them prisoners perforce for days and weeks. One priest visiting Myggenoes, the principal western isle, was kept there by bad weather for about three months. And some years ago the priest of Sandoe, having successfully got over the miles of rough sea separating that island from the precipitous rock called Store Dimon (the Great Diamond), slipped whilst scrambling up the side of the rock

to his parishioners, and received fatal injuries. It was the custom formerly to land visitors on the Great Diamond by means of a basket and pulley, so inaccessible are its iron shores ; and to this day the farmer who lives as tenant on the rock victuals himself for the winter late in the year, and expects to see no one from the other isles until the return of spring.

The Faroe clergy are appointed by the home authorities in Copenhagen for a term of years. They come out to Faroe, for the most part, as to a place of exile, longing for the expiration of their time. But, in spite of the intense quietude of their surroundings, the rude lives led by their parishioners, the absence of all culture save what originates with themselves, and the rough ungenial climate, Faroe soon becomes endeared to them. Their emoluments are derived from the State in part, and partly also from their flock. For instance, there is a tax of half a pound of wool on every sheep killed in the isles (about 40,000 are slaughtered annually); on every milking cow, annually, of the worth of three pounds of butter ; and the proceeds of these taxes are divided into three equal parts, one of which goes to the Church, one to the Crown, and one to the pastor of the district. Again, when a catch of "Grind," or Faroe whales, takes place, a tenth of the whole is divided in the same way (between the Church, the Crown, and the minister of the district in which the catch occurs). Sundry other receipts from fish, &c. help to make the income of the clergy more than ample for their needs. They are, one and all, well-educated and agreeable gentlemen.

Like the clergy, the four doctors, who divide the isles between them, are also subsidised by the State. And again, like the clergy, the doctors have to undergo considerable hardships in the winter visitation of their patients. At any time they may be called upon to travel thirty or forty miles of rough waterway in an open boat, willy nilly as far as their stomachs are concerned. But in the two districts of Stromoe and Waagoe, at least, there is compensation for these labours in the harvests reaped : fees and subsidy together make a handsome income. The Faroes are said to be extraordinarily healthy. The duration of life in them averages no fewer than forty-four years and two-fifths. Nonagenarians are as common as octogenarians in England, and centenarians are not rarities. People with grey hairs and marks of old age upon them can yet point to their thin and greyer elders, and call them "papa" and "mamma" with the affection of juveniles. But for all this longevity, the tenure of life in the Faroes does not seem to be very sound. The prevalent fogs and the extreme moisture have a bad effect upon many constitu-

tions. Colds and inflammations and rheumatism are common. It is true the popular opinion is that "the Faroe fog is healthy" rather than noxious, and that the Faroese are so used to the fog that when fine and clear weather follows they get coughs and colds. And, alluding to the general moisture of the climate, a Faroe doctor, from his experience of the Faroese, has said, "The Faroe people are just like the flowers, always needing some water." All which is plausible enough; but to a stranger the universal colds and hawking do not seem indicative of very good health. Two or three times a week every one appears to be afflicted with a troublesome "kruim." For the rest, at times the air is so thick that even up on the hills it is impossible to breathe without difficulty.

Fog and cloud are such considerable elements in Faroe life that they have received minute attention at the hands of Faroe topographers. According to these observers, there are three distinct cloud phases. First, when the fog lies like a white cloud on the tops of the mountains, while their bases are free. This is called Skadda (Norwegian, Sködda); is accompanied with damp, and generally forebodes strong wind. Secondly, when the fog lies seawards and about the lower half of the mountains, whose tops rise above it. This they call Pollamjörki (Norwegian, Poll—a little circular channel: a creek with narrow entrance), and indicates a calm. Again, the mist sometimes has the appearance of swaying loosely in the air, both out at sea and round the middle of the mountains (their bases and tops both being free from it), like a seething belt. Later, this fog fills all the atmosphere. "Mountain, valley, and sea are hidden, and the searching eye sees nothing to rest its gaze upon; pedestrians lose their way; fishermen would be likely to do the same but for their compasses; in vain are sheep looked for on the mountains; and the fisher folk no longer discern the mountain tops which serve them for landmarks. Were this fog, which is called Mjörki (pronounced Mirchy), of long duration it would hinder all activity." Happily, however, it soon vanishes, and is not of frequent occurrence. It is succeeded by a mere haze, a thin and level cloud, which does not imperil travellers or seafarers.

Some people, who have visited neither Iceland nor Faroe, imagine that the Faroese and Icelanders are about equally unclean in personal and domestic matters. This, however, is erroneous. If the standard of cleanliness in Faroe is not quite so commendable as that in England, it yet much exceeds that of Iceland. Nor are fleas and their dreaded "big brothers" a *sine quâ non* of summer existence in Faroe, as in Switzerland. Landt, in his painstaking researches

into the origin of things Faroese, has determined that the latter of these (*cimex lectularius*) are very rare, and pleasantly accounts for their presence by the importation of articles of furniture from Copenhagen; while, as for the common flea (*pulex irritans*), he confesses that "it is here as elsewhere." But, during a two months' summer stay in the isles, I saw not an individual of either vermin.

Yet, though offensive dirt and its parasites do not abound in Faroe, there is, as in England and other places, frequently a want of cleanliness in details which is repugnant. Cold water, though it pours from the hills through every village and farmyard, is not appreciated wholly. In many of the most dilapidated hovels outside the villages men and women, ducks and poultry, cats and dogs, all stew together in one low room, the rafters and walls of which reek with the smoke from the peat fire, which smoulders under the same chimneyless roof. One shudders to imagine the added horrors in such a place after a successful whale-hunt, when chunks of gory flesh and oily blubber are piled against the wall, and all the human inmates gorge themselves with the stuff, until their faces seem to shine with spiritual and bodily contentment and repletion, and the exusion of the superabundance of "grease" which they have compelled their systems to accommodate. For weeks and months after such carnival, the skulls of the whales will lie outside the houses, stinking and bleaching at their leisure, and the smug-faced Faroe ravens will cram themselves too full even to croak. Again, for the most part, a householder seems to think he has done all that can be expected of him if he throws the offal of his establishment outside his door, where it is a shock to the sense of smell no less than of sight. And when by chance I approached a friendly fisherman on the shore, while he was engaged in tearing the "sundmaver" from the inside of a heap of dead fish, I was compelled, by a barbarous if democratic custom, to shake hands with him just as he was. And since he was a curious man, he would not hesitate to lay his besmirched fingers upon the book or paper I might have with me, with a view to his own instruction; and he would turn over the pages with a cheerful laugh, not a whit heeding the many-coloured and indelible prints he left behind him. But, after all, there is no vice in this disregard for the fitness of things. One may therefore readily excuse it—afterwards.

Faroe peasant life may be said to centre in the kitchen or "røg-stue." Every farmer has his attachment of men and maids to do his milking and field work, and at other times to go out fishing in his

boats. And for these, no less than for himself, his wife and children, the "røgstue" is the common-room of the house. Imagine a spacious chamber of timber throughout, except the floor, which is of earth sometimes, and sprinkled with powdered shell; its rafters grimed with the smoke which drifts about them from the glowing peat on a raised hearth like an altar in the middle of the room. The name "røgstue" indicates its characteristic: smoke-room: kitchen. There is no chimney. The smoke finds its way out how it may, and down the throats of the case-hardened occupants of the room. By the walls are wooden benches for the peasantry, who take their seats according to seniority or length of service. The maids sit apart from the men, and the housewife is queen among them. Similarly, the farmer is sovereign and referee with the men. Fastened to the wall are a couple of spinning wheels, and here two men or two women are at work, chattering amazingly in spite of the droning hum of the wheels. From the central rafter hangs a lamp, if it be winter time, and the soft light gleams upon the old white-haired men, upon the comely Faroe maids, and the roguish boys of the house with admirable pictorial effect. There is no idleness in the "rogstue" at such a time, unless it be with the youngsters. Some are carding wool, some sorting the fleeces, and every woman not otherwise engaged, manipulates her knitting-needles with confusing dexterity. It has been said, with superfluous emphasis, that insanity is common in the Faroes. Possibly the percentage of crazy folk in the isles may compare with that of Great Britain, but the number is certainly not obtrusively great. However, in the gathering of twenty or twenty five people in an important bonder's "rogstue," one may not be surprised to discover an idiot, short of stature, big-headed, black-eyed, staring with amiable imbecility first at one of his associates, then at another, and fumbling ceaselessly with his fingers the while. The Faroese are very kind to their afflicted brethren. They do not relegate them to asylums, but contribute as much as possible to the simple pleasures of their weak, vacant lives. And in this assembly of a score of men and women, all well-disposed towards each other, there is hardly a moment's silence during the term of hours they work and sit together. For the Faroese are incessant chatterers; and, when the web of innocent gossip, local and extra-local, has been woven and unwoven to the last thread of its interest, story-telling ensues, and the veteran of the district holds his audience enchained by the unaffected power and conviction with which he recounts the legends and "Folkesagen" bequeathed to him by his own parents half a century back. The Faroese are born hero-worshippers, nor

are native heroes lacking to them. They are excited to emulation by poetry about

. . . . "Sigurd og Virgar stærke,
Om Hellig-Olaf og Sigmund";

but they also love, with a more personal sympathy, to hear about Sören So-and-So, and his brave climb up an almost inaccessible bird-rock out at sea, with the waves thundering at his feet, and seeming to shake the very cliff at its base; about the adventures of a matter-of-fact Hans Christian from the next village, when he found himself, tongueless and helpless, put ashore at Grimsby, surrounded by ten thousand Englishmen ready to take every advantage of his innocence and helplessness; about the wonderful catch of whales in '66, and the pluck shown by this man and that in the driving them ashore. An untravelled Faroe man's world begins at Iceland and ends at Copenhagen. Faroe is its centre. Nations and continents outside this orbit may have an importance in the eyes of somebody, but they are no concern of his. He has heard of Russia as we have heard of the giant that Jack killed. She is a name suggestive of huge but thoroughly vague possibilities. For example, after interrogating several well-informed islanders about the personality of Mr. Gladstone, I at length received from one of them a reply so hesitating that it was little better than a guess: "He's a man what sits in Parliament?" This extraordinary and almost culpable ignorance is due to the scant intercourse between Faroe and England; and also to the poverty of the one journal which Thorshavn prints for weekly circulation in the isles.

This Faroe newspaper is quite a remarkable little print, in these days of telegraphic and interviewing enterprise. It is a single sheet some eighteen inches by nine, and generally opens with a royal proclamation more or less lengthy. This is followed by a pretence at an editorial, or the text of the speech of some Danish notoriety. The editorial is an unscrupulous crib from a British or Copenhagen paper on any subject of momentary absorbing interest; for instance, some two months after the *Pall Mall Gazette's* special issue an abbreviation of it appeared in the *Faroe Dimmalætting*, to the exceeding astonishment of the innocent islanders, or such of them as had never been in Copenhagen. After this editorial comes a series of snippings from different papers, filling two pages of the entire four. A brief report of the proceedings in the Lagthing, if political sittings are being held; some births and deaths; a list of vessels arriving and departing during the week, and the weather statistics, bring the paper to its final page, which is devoted to advertisements. And for

this needlessly dull little paper a sum equal to three halfpence is asked from the Faroese. An American would speedily infuse enough spirit of locality and personality into the sheet to pique and amuse its readers ; but here in Faroe, under the ægis of royalty, such a measure would be scandalous indeed, if it were possible in the first instance. Only in one respect does the Faroe paper seem to deserve praise, and this is for reprinting from the old manuscripts and compilations entire ballads of the *Føreyinga Saga*. These poems are in the Faroese language, which they save from the singularity of being a wholly unwritten tongue ; for, though every one in Faroe talks Faroese, none but the accomplished philologists among them can write a score of words in their native language. Apart from this, the ballads are interesting and metrically musical. Fighting and love-making on land and sea are their eternal themes, and both are described with manly sententiousness and brevity, and (it must be added) with very considerable poetic license. Some of them are well worth translation into English, and all have been put into Danish.

Besides these *Saga*, there is little Faroese literature. A clergyman born of an honourable Faroe family and making his work a labour of love, has collected a number of legends and tales peculiar to the islands, and these, with several hundred proverbs or sayings constitute Faroe's claim to an independent position in the world of letters. Many of the proverbs have a ring of plagiarism about them, though this may be attributable to the sameness of human nature throughout the earth. But there are also others worthy of a passing word. "The man who has lived always at home understands how to behave in the world," might have come from the mouth of Socrates himself. Again, "The wrong of one man is never the gain of another ;" "He who ridicules another is himself ridiculous ;" "Better a working hand than a babbling tongue." This last appears to be a shaft aimed at the womenkind of Faroe ; but if so, it falls short, for the men are at least as fond of talking as the women, and can hardly be said to do more work. That "Nothing is so bad as to be good for nothing" well indicates the happy disposition of the islanders. While one inclined to cavil at the reputation for honesty possessed by them might point with triumph to their own assertion that "None can take where nothing is." "As a man gets older he gets wealthy, stingy, and cross : " this hardly applies to the Faroese, for wealth is unattainable in the isles ; but no doubt the whole saying has received partial confirmation even in Faroe. That "It is good to live in one's own country though it be poor," is

a proverb after the heart of the Faroese, who gravitate back to Faroe after wandering all over the world. "Better to be a good man's mistress than a bad man's wife." This a modern inhabitant of the isles repudiates. If little else has changed in Faroe, such a sentiment has become obsolete. Two or three sound practical sayings of universal comprehension may end these samples of Faroe wit and wisdom. "It is not good to marry without love." "It is dangerous to tie a dog to a butter tub." "An evil eye shall see no good." "Better to leave a little than eat too much." "A little man has often a large heart." "Few are like a father, none like a mother." "He who has much in his mind will lose much from his mind." "Every one has a superior." "When sons marry the mothers lose them, but when daughters marry the mothers gain other sons." "Nothing is so well done but that it were better undone." "The middle of the sausage is the best part of the sausage."

In conclusion, it may be said that a very potent instrument of change is likely soon to come upon the Faroes. For several sessions the Lagthing or Faroe Parliament has been discussing the question of obtaining a steamer for inter-communicatory purposes, in addition to the monthly or other mail boats touching at Thorshavn on their way to Iceland. It is probable that this steamer will soon be a familiar sight in Faroe waters. The Faroese will welcome the boat, so also will the few tourists who visit the isles; but it will assuredly affect the tone of life in the Faroes.

CHARLES EDWARDES.

WHO WERE HENGIST AND HORSA ?

IT is an amusing game of science to reverse the intellectual gymnastics of the old Greek philosopher, and instead of proving that all the gods were men, to show that the great men of the past were gods, or at least as uncertain of actual existence as were ever Jupiter or Venus. Everybody knows how Archbishop Whately disproved Bonaparte's existence, and how the same service was performed in a different way in France by proving that Bonaparte was Apollo. There are few men's lives that cannot be twisted into a sun-myth ; indeed, the prosaic everyday life, the incidents of one common day, are susceptible of very mystical interpretations if the solar theory is given full scope. When the thing becomes ridiculous everybody sees the danger of a too rigid devotion to a theory, but meantime the historical accuracy of the doubts as to Tell's existence, and that of various other undoubtedly legendary heroes, have made most men of marked personality, but of whose biography we know little, marks for historical sharpshooting.

If the intelligent schoolboy can give an answer to the question, "Who were Hengist and Horsa?" he will answer that when he has said they were the reputed leaders of the Anglo-Saxons in their descent on Britain, he had told everything anybody knew about them. The Frisian invasion is now a very old story, for fourteen hundred years and more have passed since then ; and although the story is one that must always have interest for us who are in some sort the descendants of that rough crew, there is very little said in any of our histories about it. The Germans have been more alert in this as in other fields, and it is to them and to Mr. Palgrave that we owe the assertion, which would have been startling if other things were not much more so, that Hengist and Horsa are mere names of fiction.

Our earliest Welsh authority on the English invasion is Gildas. He was far from being a contemporary, for he was born seventy

years afterwards ; but it is to be remembered that although a man born in 1758 would be a poor authority at first hand for the events of 1688, it was very different in older days, when great news was scarce, and tradition strong ; it is not impossible he had some actual records. Gildas describes the arrival in 450 of "the whelps of the barbarian lioness" in three ships. They landed on the eastern part of the island and were shortly joined by others of kindred race. They declared their readiness to aid King Vortigern, who had invited them to aid him against his enemies, but demanded supplies. These given they asked for more, and ravaged the country. Gildas says nothing about the leaders. To Gildas succeeds, as a "respectable authority," Bede, born 223 years after the invasion. He adds that the English defeated the Picts and Scots, and had as leaders two brothers named Hengist and Horsa. Dr. Guest thinks ('*Origines Celticae*,' vol. ii. p. 166) that Bede in all probability was quoting some Kentish chronicle. Bede says that a monument bearing Horsa's name stood in the eastern part of Kent in his day. The Saxon Chronicle, which professes to be more nearly a *contemporaneous record*, and may have been one of Bede's authorities, tells how the leaders landed at "Ypwine's Fleet, and at first helped Vortigern ; but six years later they fought with him at Ægil's Threp and Horsa was slain. Hengist and his son Ash assumed the sovereignty, and when two years later four thousand Britons had been slain at a battle at Crecgan-Ford, the Britons forsook Kent, and in mighty terror fled to London-Burgh." Henry of Huntingdon describes the last battle in language which Mr. Elton ('*Origins of English History*,' p. 377) says seems to have been taken from some heroic poem, of which the original no longer exists. "When the Britons went into the war-play they could not bear up against the unwonted numbers of the Saxons, for more of them had lately come over, and these were chosen men, and they horribly gashed the bodies of the Britons with axes and broadswords." It is hardly worth while quoting Nennius, or other writers, to point out their inconsistencies. Our best authorities are the Welsh Gildas and the Saxon Chronicle and the careful Bede, but it may be noted in passing that all the historians, contradict themselves otherwise as they may, agree that Horsa fell comparatively early in the war of conquest.

So far the sailing has been easy. No doubt seems to have been felt as to the identity of the leaders. When we come to the work of modern scholars, however, not only is the topography of the old writers assailed, but doubts are thrown upon the very existence of a Hengist or a Horsa. The chief argument against these being the

names of Frisian leaders is their form. Palgrave says, "The names bestowed upon the sons of Whitgils seem to be poetical epithets rather than real denominations ; both have the same meaning, and signify the 'snow-white steed.'" Kemble saw in the names a myth of Woden in the form of a horse or a half-godlike form. Nork, writing of Odin or Woden as the god of the Anglo-Saxons and the father of their kings, says, "Hengist and Horsa I take to have been *horses' heads* symbolical of the presence of Odin, who would lead the people to victory, for the wanderers took their old religion with them." "Horse," he says, is the English translation of Hengst (a stallion), and meant Sleipner, the horse which was the chief symbol of Odin. Two kings with horse-names, leading a community to a fresh colony and claiming descent from Odin, are not otherwise to be regarded, says Nork, "than as we do the descent of Æsculapius from Apollo, the Father of Healing, or of Minos from Zeus, to whom judgment belonged"; and so he disposes of Hengist and Horsa. Simrock, writing also of the consecration of the horse to Odin, cites Lappenberg, apparently with approval, to the effect that the names Hengist and Horsa meant the holy horses who had led the English on their way or indicated their course, presumably before they started, or on their landing, for they can hardly have swam in front of the expedition. Grimm, who of course had read everything, says when writing of horses, "as heroes received the names of horses—Hengest, Hors—so horses also received proper names;" but in the appendix (which might suggest volumes) to his great work he observes that the names Hengest and Horsa are borrowed from horses, and this might mean exactly the reverse of what he stated earlier.¹ The German scholars are very sure, but what does their argument come to? Everybody knows that the horse was sacred to Odin, and that Odin (or Weda) was the chief god of the Frisians; but to carry the exposition of mythology to such an extent as to substitute entirely supposititious four-footed leaders for the bipeds of the Chronicles seems to go a little too far. The Frisians must have had some leaders; these leaders must have had names. The New Zealand scholar of 4,000 A.D. may argue that Quebec was taken, not by a supposed General Wolfe, but by an animal, which led the troops as a sign of future victory, and support his contention by reference to the

¹ The German works I have cited above are Nork, *Mythologie der Volkssagen und Volksmärchen*, 1848, p. 232; Simrock, *Handbuch der deutschen Mythologie mit Einschluss der nordischen*, 1878, p. 501; Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie*, 4th edit. vol. ii. (1877), p. 546; vol. iii. (1878), p. 380; or (for the second volume) Stallybrass's translation (1883), p. 655. I wish the Index Society, or some industrious student, would make a proper index to Grimm's work.

undoubted fact that there were wolves in Ireland in the beginning of the eighteenth century ; or a rather pretty myth might be built out of the name of the late ambassador to France, and the traditional lion of the British Crown.

It would be very unsafe to conclude that the existence of the horse-named leaders is proved by the numerous place-names which are derived from the names. There is Hengistbury Head on the Hampshire coast, and a mound near the castle wall of Conisburgh also bears his name. Horsted, near Aylesford, in Sussex, has been from about 1763 doubtfully regarded as the site of the inscribed stone to which Bede refers, or as Horsa's sepulchre. There are numerous other names, such as Horsey Hill, near Peterborough, Hingston Barrows, near Chesterford, in Essex ; Hinksey, near Oxford, anciently Hengestesige, and so on, as to which names the reader, if he be curious, may consult Dr. Isaac Taylor and Mr. Elton's scholarly pages. But these names do not prove much. They show the well-spread knowledge of the name, just as the many places all over England named after Odin and Thor attest the worship of Frisian deities, but they no more prove their existence than do Wednesbury and Thursley prove the existence of the All-father and the Thunderer. Still, it might be argued with some plausibility that, failing other names (and no one has suggested other names) for the leaders, it is in the highest degree improbable that the people would pass over the heroes who led them to victory, to give their homes merely the names of horses who indicated the course of the migration, or of horses' heads which were carried in the ships of the nameless admirals as symbols of the presence of Odin.

Dr. Guest has aptly remarked that Hengest was an Anglo-Saxon name, just as Wolf and Fox are English ones, and that the association of two brothers in command was characteristic of the times and of the people, as was also the alliteration and the play of meaning which connect together the names of Hengist and Horsa. Such alliterative names are very common in Frisian legends. Thus, we hear in King Bröns' suite of Tix and Thör—Tix was the king's secretary, and Thör, with the godlike name, was the king's fool ; again, of Jess and Jasper, two brothers who crossed from the mainland to Sylt, and so on.

It is curious that in their study of English history historians should not have gone more directly to the land where English history began. In the island of Sylt is the traditional harbour of old Friesland. It is no harbour now, but a glittering expanse of white sand, sloping to the blue waters of what to us is the North Sea, and to Sylters

the West Sea, from the top of the great Dünes. Nor is local tradition silent as to the chief event of Frisian annals. It was thence, say the Sylt chroniclers, that Hengist and Horsa sailed to the conquest of England. Had these names not represented persons I think we would have found that local tradition gave the leaders *some* other names. It does not do so. If "Hengist and Horsa" are not good enough for us in England, they are good enough for the people who live in this nursery of the English race, and who are far too isolated to have been influenced by other traditions than those handed from sire to son. The harbour is at present known as the Riesgap or Riesenloch.

A stronger objection to Hengist's personal conquest of Kent is found by Mr. Elton in the numerous and divergent exploits with which he is credited. "The crafty and valiant prince, an Odysseus of the Northern seas, has left a legend on every coast between Jutland and the Cornish promontory. All the old stories are fastened on his name, of one who bought as much land as an ox-hide would cover, and thereby gained a kingdom; of three hundred chieftains in Kent or Thuringia slain with knives concealed at a banquet, and of a princess exchanged for three provinces. Hengist seems to be ubiquitous, and fills all kinds of characters. In one story he serves as a legionary in the army of Valentinian the Third; in another, he comes as 'the wickedest of pagans' to ravage the coast of Gaul. In the fragmentary poem which is known as 'The Fight at Finnesburg,' Hengist leads a band of Jutish pirates to burn the palace of the Frisian king; 'the hall blazes in the moonlight, the spear clangs, and shield answers to shaft;' but in the legends of the Frieslanders themselves he is claimed as the father of their kings and as the builder of their strongholds on the Rhine." I see nothing in these legends to discredit the tale of Gildas, the Saxon Chronicle, and Bede. Like other races, the Frisians had their legends, and when the greatest of all their exploits resulted in the conquest of England it was as natural to attribute to the leaders of that expedition other exploits, as it was in Italy to be dissatisfied with Virgil's fame as a poet, and make him necromancer as well; or as it was in France and Germany to tell wondrous tales of Charlemagne and Barbarossa, and in England itself to weave the myth of perfect chivalry round the court of Arthur. I think it is rather a proof of the historical existence of Hengist than of the reverse that the story tellers of the Northern continent should fix upon the same hero for their legends as the historians of England identified as the companion of Horsa. We need not go to Friesland for legends of Hengist, for as much harm has been

done to Hengist's individuality by the glowing imagination of historians as by their depreciation. Gibbon, for example, says, "Hengist, who boldly aspired to the conquest of Britain, exhorted his countrymen to embrace the glorious opportunity; he painted in lively colours the fertility of the soil, the wealth of the cities, the pusillanimous temper of the natives, and the convenient situation of a spacious solitary island, accessible on all sides to the Saxon fleets." This is as veracious as a speech in Livy. We know nothing of what were Hengist's ambitions, or his geographical knowledge. Probably he came at first for the sake of the reward promised him by the feeble Britons, and stayed on as much from necessity as from choice. To lead the hordes of his countrymen who had flocked to his standard from all parts of the marshy Holstein lands was a task beyond his power; there was but one alternative, and that was to make sure of his footing. Compared with the islands from which he came, he may well have pictured Britain as a suitable home, but he had no need to incite men whose life was in war and plunder to further triumphs; it is more likely he had to curb and restrain their vagrant impulses. Whatever his name, the leader of the Frisian host must have been a general of consummate tact—not least in this, that he kept his people in hand until a suitable opportunity arose for the great struggle before them. No doubt his followers were so far bound together that they were entirely foreign to the British, but they were men from separate districts, little accustomed to act with each other, and much more disposed to follow their own wills than to give allegiance to a general head. After all the victory was not accomplished in a year, or a decade. It took sixty years to conquer Southern Britain alone, but Hengist laid the foundations of English power well and surely. The more one considers what this means—this resolute pushing forward from great battle to great battle—the more certain does it become that there could be little doubt as to the identity of the head of this determined host. The actual leader who first came as helpmate to the British king, and from ally became conqueror, was not likely to be forgotten or to go nameless down to history. Looked at in the light of all historical analogy, it is incredible that his identity could be confused with horses' heads or sacred horses. That he bore a "horse-name," and that his admirers claimed that he was descended from Odin, are the sole foundation for the curious myth-theory that "Hengist" represents no real man of flesh and blood; and it is perhaps worth noting in this connection that as there were *three* ships in the first Sylt flotilla that beached at Ebbsfleet, the expounders of the myth-theory are almost bound to

provide us with *three* horse-heroes, for it is improbable that only two ships carried symbols of Odin—and three is the favourite number in Northern mythology. Take the story as a whole, and I think we may safely conclude that Hengist and Horsa were as truly historical personages as King Alfred or the Venerable Bede himself.

WILLIAM GEORGE BLACK.

THE EAGLE AND THE CANARY.

ONE week-day morning, following a crowd of well-dressed people, I presently found myself in a large church or chapel, where I spent an hour very pleasantly, listening to a great man's pulpit eloquence. He preached about genius. The subject was not suggested by the text, nor did it have any close relation with the other parts of his discourse; it was simply a digression, and, to my mind, a very delightful one. He began about the restrictions to which we are all more or less subject, the aspirations that are never destined to be fulfilled, but are mocked by life's brevity. And it was at this point that—probably thinking of his own case—he branched off into the subject of genius; and proceeded to show that a man possessing that divine quality finds existence a much sadder affair than the ordinary man; the reason being that his aspirations are so much loftier than those of other minds that the difference between his ideal and reality must be correspondingly greater in his case. This was obvious—almost a truism; but the illustration by means of which he brought it home to his hearers was certainly born of a poetic imagination. The life of the ordinary person he likened to that of the canary in its cage. And here, dropping his lofty didactic manner, and—if I may coin a word—*smalling* his deep, sonorous voice to a thin reedy treble, in imitation of the tenuous fringilline pipe, he went on with lively language, rapid utterance, and suitable brisk movements and gestures, to describe the little lemon-coloured housekeeper in her gilded cage. Oh, he cried, what a bright, busy bustling life is hers, with so many things to occupy her time! how briskly she hops from perch to perch, then to the floor, and back from floor to perch again! how often she drops down to taste the seed in her box, or scatter it about her in a little shower! how curiously, and turning her bright eyes critically this way and that, she listens to every new sound and regards every object of sight! She must chirp and sing; and hop from place to place, and eat and drink, and preen her wings, and do at least a dozen different things every minute; and her time is so fully taken up that the narrow limits confining her are

almost forgotten—the wires that separate her from the great world of wind-tossed woods, and of blue fields of air, and the free, buoyant life for which her instincts and faculties fit her, and which, alas ! can never more be hers.

All this sounded very pretty, and there was a pleased smile on every face in the audience.

Then the rapid movements and gestures ceased, and the speaker was silent. A cloud came over his rough-hewn majestic visage ; he drew himself up, and swayed his body from side to side, and shook his black gown, and lifted his arms, as their plumed homologues are lifted by some great bird, and let them fall again two or three times ; and then said, in deep measured tones, which seemed to express despair, “ But did you ever see the eagle in his cage ? ”

The effect of the contrast was grand. He shook himself again, and lifted and dropped his arms again, assuming, for the nonce, the peculiar aquiline slouch ; and there before us stood the mighty bird of Jove, as we are accustomed to see it in the Zoological Gardens ; its deep-set, desolate eyes looking through and beyond us ; ruffling its dark plumage, and lifting its heavy wings as if about to scorn the earth, only to drop them again, and to utter one of those long dreary cries which seem to protest so eloquently against a barbarous destiny. Then he proceeded to tell us of the great raptore in its life of hopeless captivity, his stern, rugged countenance, deep bass voice, and grand mouth-filling polysyllables suiting his subject well, and making his description seem to our minds a sombre magnificent picture never to be forgotten—at all events by an ornithologist.

Doubtless this part of his discourse proved eminently pleasing to the majority of his hearers, who, looking downwards into the depths of their own natures, would be able to discern there a glimmer, or possibly more than a glimmer, of that divine quality he had spoken of, and which was, unhappily for them, not recognised by the world at large ; so that, for the moment, he was addressing a congregation of captive eagles, all mentally ruffling their plumage, and flapping their pinions, and uttering indignant screams of protest against the injustice of their lot.

The illustration pleased me for a different reason, namely, because I am a student of bird-life, and his contrasted picture of the two widely different kinds when deprived of liberty, struck me as being singularly true to nature, and certainly it could not have been more forcibly and picturesquely put. For it is unquestionably the fact that the misery we inflict by tyrannously using the power we possess over God's creatures, is great in proportion to the violence of the changes

of condition to which we subject our prisoners ; and while canary and eagle are both more or less aërial in their mode of life, and possessed of boundless energy, the divorce from nature is immeasurably greater in one case than in the other. The small bird, in relation to its free natural life, is less confined in its cage than the large one. Its smallness, perching structure, and restless habits, fit it for continual activity, and its flitting, active life within the bars bears some resemblance, except in the great matter of flight, to its life in a state of nature. Again, its lively, curious, and extremely impressible character, is in many ways an advantage in captivity; every new sound and sight, and every motion, however slight, in any object or body near it, affording it, so to speak, something to think about. It has the further advantage of a varied and highly musical language ; the frequent exercise of the faculty of singing, in birds with largely-developed vocal organs, no doubt reacts on the system, and contributes not a little to keep the prisoner healthy and cheerful.

On the other hand, the eagle, on account of its structure and large size, is a prisoner indeed, and must languish with all its splendid faculties and importunate impulses unexercised. You may gorge it with gobbets of flesh until its stomach cries "enough" ; but what of all the other organs fed by the stomach, and their correlated faculties? Every bone and muscle and fibre, every feather and scale, is instinct with an energy which you cannot satisfy, and which is like an eternal hunger. Chain it by the feet, or place it in a cage fifty feet wide—in either case it is just as miserable. The illimitable fields of thin cold air, where it outrides the winds and soars exulting beyond the clouds, alone can give free space for the display of its powers and scope to its boundless energies. Nor to the power of flight alone, but also to a vision formed for sweeping wide horizons, and perceiving objects at distances which to short-sighted man seem almost miraculous. Doubtless, eagles, like men, possess some adaptiveness, else they would perish in their enforced inactivity, swallowing without hunger and assimilating without pleasure the cold coarse flesh we give them. A human being can exist, and even be tolerably cheerful, with limbs paralysed and hearing gone ; and that, to my mind, would be a parallel case to that of the eagle deprived of its liberty and of the power to exercise its flight, vision, and predatory instincts.

As I sit writing these thoughts, with a cage containing four canaries on the table before me, I cannot help congratulating these little prisoners on their comparatively happy fate in having been born, or hatched, finches and not eagles. And yet, albeit I am not

responsible for the restraint which has been put upon them, and am not their owner, being only a visitor in the house, I am troubled with some uncomfortable feelings concerning their condition. Feelings which have an admixture of something like a sense of shame or guilt, as if an injustice had been done, and I had stood by consenting. I did not do it, but *we* did it. I remember Matthew Arnold's feeling lines on his dead canary—"Poor Matthias," and quote :

Yet, poor bird, thy tiny corse
 Moves me, somehow, to remorse ;
 Something haunts my conscience, brings
 Sad, compunctious visitings.
 Other favourites, dwelling here,
 Open lived with us, and near ;
 Well we knew when they were glad,
 Plain we saw if they were sad ;
 Sympathy could feel and show
 Both in weal of theirs and woe.

Birds, companions more unknown,
 Live beside us, but alone ;
 Finding not, do all they can,
 Passage from their souls to man.
 Kindness we bestow and praise,
 Laud their plumage, greet their lays ;
 Still, beneath their feathered breast
 Stirs a history unexpressed.
 Wishes there, and feelings strong,
 Incommunicably throng ;
 What they want we cannot guess.

This, as poetry, is exceedingly good ; but it does not precisely fit my case ; my "compunctious visitings" being distinctly different in origin and character from the poet's. He—Matthew Arnold—is a poet, and the author of much good verse, which I appreciate and hold dear ; and of philosophical writings, also good of their kind perhaps, but which to my objective mind can mean nothing. That is my loss. But he is not a naturalist—all men cannot be everything. And I, a naturalist, hold that the wishes thronging the restless little feathered breast are not altogether so incommunicable as the melodious mourner of "Poor Matthias" imagines. The days—ay, and years—which I have spent in the society of my feathered friends have not, I flatter myself, been so wasted that I cannot *small* my soul, just as the preacher *smalled* his voice, to bring it within reach of them, and establish some sort of passage.

And so, thinking that a little more knowledge of birds than most people possess, and consideration for them—for I will not be so

harsh as to speak of justice—and time and attention given to their wants, might remove this reproach, and silence these vague suggestions of a too fastidious conscience, I have taken the trouble to add something to the seed with which these little prisoners had been supplied. For we give sweetmeats to the child that cries for the moon—an alternative which often acts beneficially—and there is nothing more to be done. Any one of us, even a philosopher, would think it hard to be restricted to dry bread only, yet such a punishment would be small compared with that which we, in our ignorance or want of consideration, inflict on our caged animals—our pets on compulsion. Small, because an almost infinite variety of flavours drawn from the whole vegetable kingdom—a hundred flavours for everyone in the dietary which satisfies our heavier mammalian natures—is a condition of the little wild bird's existence, and essential to its well being and perfect happiness. And so, to remedy this defect I went out into the garden, and with grasses and pungent buds, and leaves of a dozen different kinds, I decorated the cage until it looked less like a prison than a bower. And now for an hour the little creatures have been busy with their varied green fare, each one tasting half a dozen different leaves every minute, hopping here and there and changing places with his fellows, glancing their bright little eyes this way and that, and all the time uttering gratulatory notes in the canary's conversational tone. And their language is not altogether untranslatable. I listen to one, a pretty pure yellow bird, but slightly tyrannical in his treatment of the others, and he says, or seems to say: "This is good, I like it, only the old leaf is tough; the buds would be better. . . . These are certainly not so good. *I tasted them out of compliment to nature, though they were scarcely palatable.* . . . No, that was not my own expression; it was said by Thoreau, perhaps the only human a little bird can quote with approval. . . . This is decidedly bitter—and yet—yes, it *does* leave a pleasant feeling on the palate. . . . Make room for me there—or I shall make you—and let me taste it again . . . Yes, I fancy I can remember eating something like this in a former state of existence, ages and ages ago." And so on, and so on, until I began to imagine that the whole thing had been put right, and that the uncomfortable feeling would return to trouble me no more. But at the rate they are devouring their green stuff there will not be a leaf, scarcely a stem left, in another hour; and then? Why, then they will have the naked wires of their cage all round them to protect them from the cat, and for hunger there will be seed in the box.

After all, then, what a little I have been able to do! But I

flatter myself that if they were mine I should do more. I never keep captive birds, but if they were given to me, and I could not refuse, I should do a great deal more for them. All my knowledge of their ways and their requirements would teach me how to make their caged existence less unlike the old natural life than it now is. To begin the ameliorating process I should place them in a large cage, large enough to allow space for flight, so that they might fly to and fro, a few feet each way, and rest their little feet from continual perching. That would enable them to exercise their most important organs, and experience once more, although in a very limited degree, the old delicious sensation of gliding at will through the void air. The wires of their new cage would be of brass or of some bright metal, and the wooden parts and perches green enamelled, or green, variegated with brown and grey, and the roof would be hung with glass lustres, to quiver and sparkle into drops of violet, red, and yellow light, gladdening these little lovers of bright colours, for so we deem them. I should also add gay flowers and berries, crocus and buttercup and dandelion, hips and haws and mountain ash and yellow and scarlet leaves—all seasonable jewellery from woods and hedges and from the orchard and garden. Then would come the heaviest part of my task, which would be to satisfy their continual craving for new tastes in food, their delight in an endless variety. I should go to the great seed merchants of London and buy samples of all the cultivated seeds of the earth, and not feed them in a trough, or manger, like heavy domestic brutes, but give it to them mixed and scattered in small quantities, to be searched for and gladly found in the sand and gravel and turf on the wide floor of the cage. And, higher up, the wires of their dwelling would be hung with an endless variety of seeded grasses, and sprays of all trees and plants, good, bad, and indifferent. For if the volatile bird dines on no more than twenty dishes every day he loves to taste of a hundred, and to have at least a thousand on the table to choose from.

Feeding the birds and keeping the cage always sweet and clean would occupy most, if not the whole, of my time. But would that be too much to give if it made me tranquil in my own mind? For it must be noted that I have done all this, mentally and on paper, for my own satisfaction rather than for that of the canaries. Birds are not worth much—to us. Are not five sparrows sold for three farthings? I have even shot birds and have felt no great compunction. True, they perished before their time, but they did not languish, and, being dead, there was an end of them; but the caged canaries, continuing with us, cannot be dismissed from the mind

with the same convenient ease. After all, I begin to think that my imaginary reforms, if carried out, would not quite content me. The "compunctious visitings" would linger still. I look out of the window and see a sparrow on a neighbouring tree, loudly chirruping. And as I listen, trying to find comfort by thinking of the perils which do environ him, his careless unconventional sparrow-music resolves itself into articulate speech, interspersed with occasional bursts of derisive laughter. He knows, this fabulous sparrow, what I have been thinking about and have written. "How would *you* like it," I hear him saying, "O wise man, that knows so much about the ways of birds, if you were shut up in a big cage—in Windsor Castle, let us say—with scores of menials to wait on you and anticipate your every want? That is, I must explain, every want compatible with—ahem!—the captive condition. Would you be happy in your confinement, practising with the dumbbells, riding up and down the floors on a bicycle, and gazing at pictures and filagree caskets and big malachite vases, and eating dinners of many, many courses? Or would you begin to wish that you might be allowed to live on sixpence a day—*and earn it*; and even envy the ragged tramp who dines on a handful of half-rotten apples and sleeps in a haystack, but is free to come and go, and range the world at will? You have been playing at Nature; but Nature mocks you, for your captives thank you not. They would rather go to her without an intermediary, and take a scantier measure of food from her hand, but flavoured as she only can flavour it. Widen your cage, naturalist; replace the little twinkling lustres with sun and moon and milky way; plant forests on the floor, and let there be hills and valleys, rivers and wide spaces; and let the blue pillars of heaven be the wires of your cage, with free entrance to wind and rain; then your little captives will be happy, even happy as I am, in spite of all the perils which do environ me—guns and cats and snares, with wet and fog and hard frosts to come."

And, seeing my error, I should open the cage and let them fly away. Even to death I should let them fly; for there would be a taste of liberty first, and life without that sweet savour, whether of aërial bird or earth-bound man, is not worth living.

W. H. HUDSON.

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE.

ONE of the most charming and subtle of Hawthorne's stories tells how a certain Italian botanist had planted a strange garden where nothing but poisonous plants grew—plants lovely and luxuriant, with a gorgeousness that seemed fierce, passionate, and even unnatural. Marvellous was their colouring, glittering with metallic lustre, and glowing with the shifting hues of sunset. There grew the aconite, the hellebore, and belladonna, mingled with the wonders of the tropics. Many were of a beauty almost diabolical, so that they seemed some monstrous offspring of the depraved fancy of man. Dull and heavy was the air that hung over the garden, the birds that passed overhead were stupefied by it. Yet in that strange garden there lived the beautiful daughter of the botanist, all unconscious of the outer world, breathing the poisoned air with impunity, culling the gem-like flowers and adorning herself with them. Sad she was at times, for at her touch all living things died ; she did but need to breathe and the summer insects fell before her, for the poison of the plants had passed into her inmost nature. She and the garden alike were matchless and fascinating, but death lay lurking in all that beauty.

This Beatrice of the garden is the incarnation of Baudelaire's muse, and in this poison-laden air alone can she live. It is the "Maladie du Siècle" that taints his poems. Many other sufferers from the same disease there have been, and the tale of them is not yet told. Georges Sand, in her preface to De Senancour's "Obermann," divides this anguish of head and heart into three main orders. There is the suffering of passion thwarted in its development, the baffled struggle of a proud man against the conventions of society, as shown in Goethe's Werther and in Byron ; and there is the melancholy produced by the consciousness of superior powers and faculties, unaccompanied by any wish to employ them actively. For action realizes the idea so imperfectly, and the philosopher of Plato who has once seen the glorious light of the sun shrinks from returning to the cave. Chateaubriand's René is the type of such minds ; and the

men of the third order are like Obermann, who acknowledges with sadness that his powers are incomplete, who knows that it is not in him to be a genius, yet dreams on. And the knowledge of such actual mediocrity, accompanied by such ideal desires, often becomes serene and resigned, a touching spectacle indeed. René says, "If I willed to do this or that, I could." But Obermann sadly exclaims, "Of what good would it be to try ; I could not." But these three do not represent all, and the lyrical cry of despair has many more notes. There is Leopardi, and Alfred de Musset, the "*vieil enfant du doute et du blasphème*," the stoicism of Matthew Arnold, and the gentle pessimism of Clough. But here is a poet who seems to have explored the lowest depths of pessimism—so low, indeed, that there is nothing left but to return. Even his French critics notice this, and point out that after such a confession there is only one alternative to suicide left—that is, to become a Christian. Here is a man who considered the modern idea of progress a fiction, who held in horror all philanthropists, utilitarians, humanitarians, utopians, indeed all those who would try to alter or arrest the inevitable decay of societies. A man deeply impressed with the original sin of mankind, and who saw the perversity, the inclination to evil in the inmost hearts of all, even the best. The youth of the world had gone by, he said, and with it the power of poets to express the simple moralities of the dawn of mankind. Now the poet, in a time of decadence, must imbue his poems with the spirit of decadence. It was the sunset of civilisation, and poetry must copy the hues of the sunset; in place of the rosy-fingered Aurora it must picture the strange hues of golden green and sapphire and crimson, the quick-melting cloud palaces dyed by the blood of the setting sun. The simple didacticism and the general themes of poetry had become gradually used and worn like coins that have lost their imprint by age. Life had become complex, full of half comprehended ideas and hardly recognised yearnings. In the place of simple classicism, the poet must endeavour to express the very feelingness and impalpability of such ideas. Gloom and remorse will form the background of his verse, and the hand of a mathematical Justice will be shown demanding the penalties of sin, and punishing inflexibly the least infraction of the rule. To express these moods, a new language, if needs be, must be created—a language in many respects like the one to be created later by Rossetti in another tongue. The style must be complex, verging on the outer limits of language, borrowing its colour from all pallets. A style that rings with a sad music, and that seems to hint of more than meets the ear. Such was the style in

analogous times of Juvenal, Apuleius, Saint Augustin, and Tertullian, that later Latin tongue which was as the final sigh of a robust man already changed and fitted for spiritual life. For mysticism and divorce from the flesh was the other pole of the language which had been used by Catullus to express a passion but skin deep. Simplicity would be sought in vain in such a poet, and as for mannerisms, the complexity and tortuousness seen in his writings would be but the truest expression of the working of his mind. And further, by Baudelaire, the artificial is valued far more than the natural, meaning by the artificial a creation entirely due to Art, and from which Nature is absolutely excluded. Everything which separated man and still more woman from the natural seemed to him a happy invention, and the paradox was upheld that classic beauty is primitive, gross, and even barbarous. Thus the natural is discarded, and the so-called real fares no better. Both the real and the natural must be idealised and isolated from the trivial reality before it can become a subject for poetry. And naturally the more he dreamt of the strange and the impossible, and the more he hated the real, so much the more did life seem stale to him, till, like Heine, he would willingly cry: "Oh that I might see the spectacle of monstrous vices, of bloody and horrible crimes! Spare me the sight of the 'virtue' which has well dined and the 'morality' which pays its bills on demand." All around he saw depravation and degradation, but this was his element. It was fascinating to be an onlooker, and gaze at the weary, satiated hordes of the seekers of pleasure. He hated evil, indeed, as an offence to the divine law of beauty, as an infraction of the mathematical law of Justice; but it was a fascinating spectacle, this weltering mass of misery and iniquity, and he was drawn towards it as a bird is drawn magnetically down to the throat of the dread yet beautiful serpent. To him, as to the witches in Macbeth, "Fair is foul, and foul is fair." Strong is his disgust, and loud his indignation, yet he is not self-complaisant like many satirists, he attacks no special person, he does not indirectly suggest that he is better than others, but lays his finger on the sore, and declares that all, himself as well as others, are suffering from the dread disease. And with this scornful indignation he unites an ever-recurring yearning for the ideal. If many pictures seem horrible, and in the taste of the false naturalistic school, they serve but to heighten the contrast with the ideal. He does not clothe vice in attractive colours, it is the pains of the opium eater and not the pleasures which he portrays. And if you complain that the fragrance of these "Flowers of Evil" he offers you is unwholesome, he does but reply that no other flowers

can be gathered from that cemetery, reeking with corruption, wherein the dead centuries lie buried.

Baudelaire was one of those who declare that in art, art alone is supreme, that art must be practised for art's sake alone. Versified sermons or pamphlets are not poems ; nor, on the other hand, is he a true artist who waits for "inspiration" or poetical delirium. The poet must thoroughly study his art and be completely versed in all its technical difficulties. All his effects must follow from his plan, nothing must be allowed to caprice or the fancy of the moment, nothing must be admitted which does not agree with the rules he has laid down for himself. He must have decided his *Ars Poetica* before he writes a line ; the will must modify every production. It is interesting to find that Baudelaire has written down his view of the principles of art and poetry, and as they are thoroughly representative of the whole school of devotees to "Art for Art's Sake," it is worth while quoting them at length, for Goethe himself could hardly have expressed the theory better : "Poetry, however much we descend into ourselves and interrogate our souls, or recall our recollections of enthusiasm, has no other end than itself—it can have no other ; and that poem alone will be great, noble, and worthy of the name of a poem which has been written for the pleasure of writing it, and with no other aim. I do not mean that poetry does not ennoble manners (I wish to be understood), that its final result is not to elevate man beyond vulgar interests. That would be clearly an absurdity. But I say that if the poet has aimed at a moral end, he has diminished his poetic power, and one may with safety wager that his work will be bad poetry, cannot be assimilated to either science or morality under penalty of utter failure. Truth is not its object, it exists for its own sake. Truths may be demonstrated in other ways and by other means. Truth has nothing to do with songs ; everything that contributes to the charm, the grace, the irresistibility of a song would remove from Truth its authority and power. The coldness, calmness, and impassibility of Demonstration repulses all the jewels and flowers of the Muse ; Demonstration lies at the opposite pole to poetry. The pure Intellect aims at Truth, Taste reveals Beauty to us and the Moral Sense teaches us Duty. It is true that Taste has intimate connections with the other two, it is separated from the Moral Sense by such a slight difference that Aristotle has not hesitated to range some of its delicate operations among the virtues themselves. Accordingly, what exasperates above all the man of taste in the spectacle of vice is its difformity, its disproportion. Vice deals a blow at the just, revolts the intellect and

conscience, but still more especially it wounds certain poetical temperaments as an outrage against harmony, as a discord ; and I do not think it would be wrong to consider every infraction against morality, against moral beauty as a kind of offence against the rhythm and prosody of the universe. How admirable is this immortal instinct of Beauty which leads us to consider the world and all its shows as a veiled type of Heaven. The unquenchable thirst for all that is beyond life, and for all that shrouds life in mystery is the most lively proof of our immortality. It is at the same time by poetry and by what poetry suggests of the beyond, by music and what music typifies, that the soul catches a glimpse of the splendours that lie beyond the tomb. And when an exquisite poem brings the tears to our eyelids, these tears are not the proof of an excess of delight, they are rather the mark of an irritated melancholy, of a nervous yearning, of a nature which is exiled to the region of the imperfect and which would like to win at once on earth itself the joys of a paradise revealed. The principle, then, of poetry is, strictly and simply, the aspiration of men towards a superior beauty, and the manifestation of this principle is given in an enthusiasm, a translation of the soul, an enthusiasm which is quite independent of passion, which is the intoxication of the heart, and of truth, which is the nourishment of the intellect. For passion is a *natural* thing, too natural even not to introduce an inharmonious discordant note into the realm of pure Beauty, too familiar and too violent not to frighten away the pure Desires, the gracious Melancholies and the noble Despairs which dwell in the supernatural regions of poetry."

So, then, poetry to Baudelaire has no other aim than itself, and its sole mission is to excite the love of the Beautiful in the mind of the reader. The disturbing element of passion, and even of truth itself, if too markedly present, is to be set aside. This is a noble scheme, almost a return to the Hellenic sentiment of sculpturesque beauty, and the Greek feeling that the moral is part of the beautiful. But it is so partial, the whole of the ideas of Duty, of Renunciation, of Self-Sacrifice so indelibly imprinted on the minds of all of us in these latter days, are omitted from the scheme. Yet Baudelaire is not really tied down by his theory, he too breaks out, though rarely, into the tones of Duty, and bids us repent and work while it is yet day, calls us to offer at least the cup of cold water and not idly dream our life away in luxuriant unproductive reveries, nor think that we have done enough if, by our love of the beautiful, we have escaped the contamination of vice. Baudelaire is no Greek, or if Greek, he derives from Euripides rather than from Sophocles. And, after all,

these Greeks whom we regard after the ideal fashion of Phidias, and Sophocles, and Pericles, and not as they really were, at any rate were but beautiful children who had not yet felt the need of the "worship of Sorrow" which is the inheritance of ripe manhood.

Baudelaire bore the most striking resemblance in life and character to Poe. He translated Poe's tales, and his translation is such a one as we should expect from a man who was almost the counterpart of the original author. Théophile Gautier, his master and friend, gives us an ideal account of him in his notice on the poet; Maxime du Camp gives us another of a different kind in his "Souvenirs." The truth lies, no doubt, between the two. Baudelaire was a dreamy, apparently idle boy, who, after a final quarrel with his step-father, sometime ambassador at Constantinople, a general, and a strict disciplinarian, was sent to travel in the West Indies and the East. His travels lasted some considerable time, and he visited, among other places, Bourbon, Mauritius, Madagascar, the Cape, and India. He was not interested in commerce, though he took part in an enterprise for the supply of cattle to the army in India, and all he brought back with him was a knowledge of English, and a love of tropical scenery and emotions. On his return to Paris his family endeavoured to gain influence for him by introducing him into fashionable circles, but Baudelaire quickly alienated any favour he might have gained by his eccentricity and his love of startling paradoxes, so that he fled to the more congenial society of literary circles, where he was welcomed and better understood. Long before publication, his poems were well known; and when the *Revue des Deux Mondes* printed some of them in its pages, universal attention was excited. Finally the "Fleurs du Mal" were published. The police were at once set to work, and the edition confiscated. Why, no one knows. The book is in no way immoral, and, as Goethe would say, when public newspapers are so immoral, how can you attack works of art meant for the few. But the public is a "great baby," and has its periodical attacks of indignation and self-righteousness, as may be seen in the treatment of Byron, and in many an episode since. We feel surprised on reading the book that it should have struck anyone as immoral, however unusual it might be, and still more surprised that the Government should have deemed it necessary to prohibit it. As Baudelaire said, this prohibition was the best of all possible advertisements. He remodelled the book, excluding some of the pieces which did not correspond to the canons he had adopted, and re-published it. Rossetti had to do the same with his poems, though we are equally surprised that he should have had to do it at all. All literature

cannot be dedicated "virginibus puerisque"; and even if these poems should fall into their hands, Baudelaire is a finger-point of warning, his bitter style and Dantesque horror at evil contain nothing of the wish for that change from "the lilies and languors of virtue" to "the roses and raptures of vice," which is to be found in the early poems of an English poet. And on his title-page he had printed the verses of D'Aubigné:—

On dit qu'il faut couler les exécrables choses
 Dans le puits de l'oubli et au sépulcre encloses,
 Et que par les esprits le mal ressuscité
 Infectera les mœurs de la postérité ;
 Mais le vice n'a point pour mère la science,
 Et la vertu n'est pas la fille d'ignorance.

And he declared that, "faithful to his dolorous programme, the author of the 'Fleurs du Mal' was compelled, like a perfect actor, to fashion his mind to all sophisms, and to all corruptions." But Euripides was held responsible for a line put in the mouth of Hippolytus, and how comes it that we do not accuse Shakespeare of being like Iago because he portrayed him so well. There are some poems in the volume descriptive of the effect of wine on different beings ; at once the book was termed a mere offspring of the wine cup, and the author stigmatised a drunkard. Baudelaire also had paraphrased and expanded De Quincey's "Opium Eater" in a book called "Les Paradis Artificiels"; and though he gave all the warnings of De Quincey, and added to them himself, at once the author is denounced as an opium eater, and his book as a product of opium. Yet Baudelaire had expressly said, among much more to the same effect, that, "He who should have recourse to a poison in order to think would soon be unable to think without poison," and that "Man is not so unprovided with honest means to gain Heaven that he is obliged to invoke the aid of drugs and witchcraft." He considered opium as but a temptation of evil, promising once more a fuller life and deeper knowledge, and the poor victims are ever deluded as the first pair were. No, "We philosophers and poets," he says in as many words, "we who have regenerated our soul by toil and contemplation, by assiduous exercise of our will, and the permanent nobleness of our purpose, we can create a garden of true beauty, fairer and purer than any dream of the duped votaries of wine and opium."

Baudelaire left Paris for Brussels, and shortly afterwards was seized by paralysis, and after lingering helplessly for some time died in his mother's arms. Of course, the paralysis was due to excess in

opium in the public opinion. But we may probably trust Gautier when he says that Baudelaire and himself had merely tried it by way of experiment. Little of his life was known, for he was very reticent, and mysterious in all his habits. Maxime du Camp accuses him of the usual faults of Bohemianism, such as being slow to pay his debts, and of having recourse to many tricks to foil his creditors. We may well believe it, but one anecdote he gives, by way of proving that his eccentricity was forced, seems rather written for effect. One day Baudelaire came to Du Camp's rooms with his close-cropped hair dyed green. Du Camp affected not to notice it. Baudelaire did all he could to direct attention to it, and finally, as his friend persisted in not noticing it, he burst out, "Don't you see anything strange about me to-day?" Du Camp answered, "Not at all; lots of people have green hair." Baudelaire left at once disgusted, and meeting some friends of Du Camp's on the way, he warned them not to call as Du Camp was horribly out of temper. And he also gives the reason for Baudelaire being sent away. His step-father was giving a dinner to some officers and magnates of Lyons. Baudelaire had made some strange remark as usual at table, his father had corrected him before the guests, and Baudelaire got up, and said solemnly, "You have just sought to humiliate me before your guests, who think themselves obliged out of politeness to laugh at your pleasantries. You forget that I bear a name to which I owe a duty of respect. You have insulted me grievously, and your conduct deserves correction. Sir, I am glad to have the honour of strangling you." With this he sprang on his father, was pulled away by the servants and the guests, locked up in his own room for fifteen days, and then sent away. The incident is probable enough, though the language may be slightly doctored. It will not be uninteresting to quote a description of the outward appearance of the poet, given by Théodore de Banville in his "*Nouveaux Camées Parisiens*." It is a very rhapsody, but we may remember that we usually only know the faces of great men when they are already old, bearing the traces of their many struggles and toils on them. It is seldom we have a picture of the genius when he is young, with all the attributes of youth. "A portrait painted by Emile Deroy, and which is one of the rare *chefs-d'œuvre* of modern painting, represents Charles Baudelaire at the age of twenty, at the time when rich, happy, beloved, already celebrated, he was busy writing his first poems, which were received with acclamation by that Paris which is the mistress of the world! Oh, rare example of a face that is truly divine, reuniting every good fortune, power, and charm in the most irresistible way.

The eyebrow is pure, long, and greatly though gently arched, covering eyelids that are oriental, warm, and full of colour. The eye is long, dark, and deep, with a matchless fire in it, caressing and imperious at once, which embraces, questions, and reflects on all that meets its gaze. The nose, gracious, ironical, well moulded, is slightly rounded and projecting at the end, making us think at once of the celebrated phrase of the poet, 'My soul hovers about perfumes, as the souls of others about music.' The mouth is arched, and already refined by the mind, but still full of youthful ruddiness, and a ripeness which makes us think of the splendour of fruit. The chin is rounded, but with a haughty relief, powerful as that of Balzac. The whole face is of a warm, brown paleness, beneath which the rosy hues of a rich, fair blood appear; a youthful beard, ideal as that of a young god, adorns it. The brow, lofty and large, and splendidly designed, is graced with black, thick, charming locks which, naturally waving and curling like those of Paganini, fall on a neck worthy of Achilles or Antonius!

With these leading characteristics of this singular man well in mind, forming as they do the dominant tones of his strange melodies, we can proceed to take a closer view of the "*Fleurs du Mal*." The book is composed of some one hundred and fifty short poems, divided under the headings of "*Spleen et Idéal*," "*Tableaux Parisiens*," "*Le Vin*," "*Fleurs du Mal*," "*Révolte*," and "*La Mort*." The author specially insists that the work should be regarded as a whole, read in the order given, and judged by the conclusion. His critics follow, and declare the poems lose greatly both in artistic and moral effect if not so read. We must take their word, though this necessary sequence does not seem so very clear. For instance, "*Spleen et Idéal*," which forms much the larger half of the volume, seems a complete work of itself, and the rest only variations and explanations of the themes contained therein. And even in "*Spleen et Idéal*," it is only the beginning and end which have a perfectly harmonious progression. The middle is occupied with the theme of love, in which we follow the poet through a gradual ascent from Aphrodite Pandemos to Aphrodite Urania, the recoil in disgust from the impure giving place to a yearning after the ideal, and when we have reached such heights we think it were well to rest awhile there. But no, the poet falls away again, and runs through the same gamut with the same result, and this for even a third time. No doubt this is true to nature, the ideal is white and blinding, the atmosphere in which it lies cannot be breathed for long by mortals, the tension is too great to be borne long, the mind in very weariness sinks half-gladly back

to lower levels. And this *Paradise Regained* followed by *Paradise Lost* once more is part of the foregone pessimism of the poet. Truly the strain would have been loftier if the three spiritual progresses from the lowest to the highest had been fused into one, and if the series had closed in a key of triumph, but this would not have agreed with the confirmed melancholy of Baudelaire. Saint Beuve seems to have felt something of this, for in a letter to the author he notices this spiritual awakening, and expresses a wish that Baudelaire would mark it more strongly and more distinctly, place it in short at the end of the poem. However that may be, "*Spleen et Idéal*" is followed by the "*Tableaux Parisiens*," local colour and concentration is added to the more vague and impersonal poems that precede, and concrete examples of the moods and warnings expressed before were best gained by a glance at Paris, the epitome of the world. A glance of course with the eyes of the poet of "*Spleen et Idéal*." The "*Fleurs du Mal*," some nine poems, might have been inserted in "*Spleen et Idéal*," but are isolated, probably as being the bitterest of all. Then "*Révolte*" and "*La Mort*" end the series.

Now let us endeavour to gain an impression of the poems, taking them as near as may be in their order. The preface at once charges the reader with hypocrisy, with having all the vices which he blames in others, and of nourishing in his heart the modern monster, *Ennui*. Hard is the poet's lot, from his birth his mother is troubled for her ill-fated son, all fear him, he is pursued by stupidity, envy, and sarcasm, his wife, like Delilah, betrays him to the Philistines, yet he pursues his way naked and disarmed, till, purified by sorrow, he reaches eternal glory, and a crown of light is set on his forehead to betoken that he has been a martyr to Truth and Beauty. Like the poet in Mrs. Browning's vision of poets, he cries :

Soyez béni, mon Dieu, qui donnez la souffrance
Comme un divin remède à nos impuretés
Et comme la meilleure et la plus pure essence
Qui prépare les forts aux saintes voluptés ! . . .

And he knows that sorrow is the one great possession that earth and hell cannot touch. Yet, like Shelley, he would fly away from these morbid miasmas of a corrupt world far beyond the sun and the starry spheres. And besides this flight into the ideal that lies in the power of the poet, nature speaks to him in a dim, vague language, and offers him countless symbols wherewith to express his moods. The thought of Greece, too, and the ideal infancy of man can afford the poet comfort. Bright-burning beacons also blaze before him, lighting for him a way amid the tangled mazes of human life—Léonardo and

Michael Angelo and Rembrandt and Delacroix. Yet all this avails not at times, the mind sinks in despondency and despair, his Muse is sick and weary, and cannot sing her lay. The monks of old adorned their cells, their living tombs, with frescoes depicting the sacred truths, Death was not frightful to them in the full tide of Faith, on Campo Santo's walls Death was glorified in simplicity. The poet's soul is like a monk's cell, but adorned, his hands rest idle, he is irresolute and cannot portray his misery. And yet the autumn of his days is at hand, time eats life away, and art is long. But many jewels lie hidden, and many a flower blushes unseen. His sorrows began before his birth, for he had not been completely steeped in the waters of Lethe, and he remembered how he dwelt in the caves of the sea which was tinged to its depths by the glow of the setting sun, lulled by the music of the surge, and languishing under the smart of a boding grief. And the sea still fascinates him, for it is fathomless and infinite like man, merciless, too, like man, loving death and destruction. So like, indeed, are man and the sea that for ages they have waged relentless war together. But man is more than merciless, he is proud, even in Hades. Don Juan's gaze is calm, he heeds not the pitiful ghosts of those whose life he has wrecked.

To the poet, goes on Baudelaire, who is "*brûlé par l'amour du Beau*," Beauty is supreme. And this Beauty is calm and impassive like fate, governing all without responsibility, dealing joy and disaster on either hand with indifference. Sculpturesque, indeed, in her calmness, inspiring in the poet a love which is as eternal and mute as matter itself. His Beauty is one which exclaims :

*Je hais le mouvement qui déplace les lignes ;
Et jamais je ne pleure et jamais je ne ris.*

It is the soul of a Lady Macbeth clothed with the body of Michael Angelo's Night. And this Beauty is so strange, that doubt arises from whence it comes. Is it of God or of the Devil? No matter, all thought is gone when this mysterious being, instinct with rhythm, perfume, and light turns her velvet eyes upon her lover, and banishes the world and its hideousness from his mind. But he has sought this Beauty in the form of some soulless woman, and so he falls, yet soon to awake to the consciousness of his bitter delusion. He has enslaved himself to one untouched by sorrow, to a proud yet weary image of sin. She lures him on to destruction by her fierce beauty, her wealth of perfumed hair, her eyes so false which glitter like metal, her gait and gesture fascinating like a serpent's, her whole being mysterious as a sphinx, and so cold—one of those women who seem to transfer the corruption of the body to the soul itself. She is a

vampire, sucking the blood from men's veins ; she, like his ideal of beauty, has no tears to shed, she too deals destruction with calmness. He utters a piercing cry of horror, his soul is like a wintry polar sea, with nothing but ice and darkness around. He knows his sin and feels remorse. Yet even he falls into her toils again, and bathes himself in voluptuousness, trying if may be to lull asleep all thought, but always to awake in agony of remorse, and with a craving for the ideal that hovers all the while in his dreams, the ideal so little satisfied by the intoxication of the senses. In the lucid hours of the clear dawn that follows the orgies of night, this ideal, piercing him through and through with her eyes of flame, addresses him :

Je suis belle, et j'ordonne
Que pour l'amour de moi vous n'aimiez que le Beau ;
Je suis l'Ange gardien, la Muse et la Madone.

He implores her prayers, and wonders if she in her purity can understand his sufferings, and his heart, though "eaten by beasts," is melted and soothed, while holy sounds and perfumes fill the air. But it is too late, too late ! The cup of life is drained, and nothing remains but gentle sadness and music and the tender care of some loving woman to console his tortured heart, and to represent to him his ideal, which has now united love and tenderness to her majesty. But he must ever sorrow for days ill spent till Death comes at length. But perhaps Death reserves some tortures for his soul beyond the grave, though he is so weary, and would fain rest. But Death comes not yet, and life is hard to bear. The heart is full of memories—outside the rain pours till its straight-falling drops seem like the bars of a prison, and horrid spiders creep round the filaments of the brain, bells clash in fury, hurling defiance against Heaven, while a funeral train of past hopes passes through his soul. He is like some young king of a country where it rains unceasingly, dying before the sight ; dead already to pleasure, bathed in vain, as Romans were, with baths of blood to renovate his feeble frame. Nature has lost its charms, the winds dismay him, the ocean he hates, for he hears in its sound the bitter laugh of a man who is conquered. Even Spring has lost its odours, and Night alone delights him, for in Night he feels that emptiness, that nakedness, the blank, black, infinite space for which he now so sorely longs. Hope no longer, baffled heart, Death will come ! But Death is no release for the wicked, the libertine in Hell will still crave after his past voluptuousness, and even if an angel were to tell him that Love is the last word of God, love of the poor and wretched, nay of the wicked themselves, still would he deny, and exclaim, "I will not love !" Sorrow and pain alone

can purify, it is by the light of sorrow that we see how life has been wasted, how the Holy has been blasphemed, and "stupid Matter" worshipped in its place. But the voluptuary and the impure can never feel this divine sorrow, the still small voice of Conscience, telling how man must toil with his reason in the fields of Art and Love, is not heard by them. Yes, toil in the fields of Art and Love, to win by the sweat of the brow some few roses, some few ears of corn, whereby to propitiate the Great Judge in that day. But, alas, too often the seemingly flowery path of pleasure has been preferred to that of duty. The power of repentance is great, but the irreparableness, the irremediability of what has been done chills the heart, the clock's stroke falls heavily and threateningly, bidding us remember that it is too late, and that Death is at hand.

Such is "Spleen et Idéal." The rest of the book but emphasizes what has been said, and we will content ourselves with the barest notice of the remaining poems. Here and there a poem of light fancy is inserted to break the gloom and give pause to the tide of despair. And here and there he gives a form to his longings to fly away from this world of evil. The "Rêve Parisien" is the best of these. It is like a picture by Martin—a long receding landscape fashioned out of metal, marble, and water, gleaming beneath a sunless and starless sky, illuminated alone by the light that shines from within the spectator. An infinite palace, cascades of crystal falling over the metal walls, no trees, but long colonnades round the silent waters, the ocean passing beneath jewel-studded arches. All full of colour, metallic blue against rose and green, and even the black of the metal polished and flashing with iridescent hues. This as a contrast to Paris, where the sun shines on good and evil alike, where the poet like the sun views all alike, sees the skeleton hidden beneath the ball dress, pictures to himself the bygone days of the aged, unloved women who creep timidly through the streets, avoiding the eyes of men. It was this poem of "Les Petites Vieilles" which so surprised Victor Hugo that he wrote, "Vous avez doté le ciel de l'Art d'on ne sait quel rayon macabre ; vous avez créé un frisson nouveau." Even in Paris the poet has hours of quiet dreaming at eventide, but hours of horror follow, and terrible poems result, "Le Vin de l'Assassin," "Une Martyre," and "Un Voyage à Cythère." These give the "new shudder" to perfection. The poet defies heaven, denies Christ with Peter, nay even indites a mock litany to Satan. Then in horror he welcomes death, death that comes in so many forms, like sleep to the wearied toiler, as a consolation to the poor. Sweet is death, too, to the artist who has never been able to

express his ideal, and who hopes that death at least will expand the slumbering flowers of his brain. The poet also is eager for death, he has surveyed the world and hates it, death is the start on a new voyage, a voyage towards the Unknown. Be the destination heaven or hell, yet at least there will be something *new* for the jaded child of the world to experience.

Such is the sad end of the book, in keeping with its title indeed but at variance with the promises of hope and salvation held out in the poems of "Flambeaux Vivants," "Hymne," and "L'Aube Spirituelle." But pessimism is Baudelaire's artistic creed, and pessimist he remains to the end.

GARNET SMITH.

MOLIÈRE'S COMEDY, "LE MISANTHROPE."

EARLY in his career as a dramatist Molière wrote a comedy called "Dom Garcie de Navarre, ou le Prince Jaloux." The play was damned, and Molière was annoyed, for he had built hopes upon its success. Voltaire says: "Molière performed the part of Dom Garcie, and he then learnt that he had no talent for serious plays as an actor. The piece itself and Molière's acting were very badly received. The play, which was taken from the Spanish, has never been performed since its failure. The rising reputation of Molière suffered a great deal from this misfortune, and for some time his enemies were triumphant. 'Dom Garcie' was not printed until after its author's death." The play is now little read, but in the character of Dom Garcie we see an early sketch of Alceste in the "Misanthrope." "Le Prince Jaloux" was added as a second title to "Dom Garcie de Navarre," and there is evidence to show that Molière at one time intended to qualify his "Misanthrope" with a second title, "L'Atrabilaire Amoureux," but he abandoned the idea. Alceste often repeats the same sentiments, the same words as were spoken by Dom Garcie, and it is clear enough that, as his former play had been rejected, Molière was purposely reintroducing a character that had long occupied his thoughts. There is, however, this difference, that Dom Garcie was haunted by a stupid and unintelligible jealousy, and had no reason to be dissatisfied with the loyalty of his mistress, whereas Alceste was made the victim of the caprices of a coquette. I should like to say a few words on some of the personages in the "Misanthrope," and especially Alceste, who seems to me to stand more firmly on his feet, and on a higher pedestal than any other character in French dramatic literature.

Alceste is the misanthrope. It may be doubted whether the word accurately describes his condition, yet it would be difficult to find a more fitting epithet. Like other men his character cannot be defined by a single qualification. He is noble-minded, stubbornly

honest, proud, brave, affectionate, and he loves to command. He is actuated in all things by high principle, yet in his daily conduct he is continually at fault. There is no one so likely to put himself out of court among his fellows as the man who is always abusing somebody ; his friends will not listen to him, and those who are not his friends jeer at him. Alceste is uncompromising in his opinions, and he contradicts every word said by everybody else ; but he is so purely honest that we give him our sympathy, though we cannot but regret his intolerance.

There are those who have felt "*Vanity Fair*" too painful to be read with pleasure, and there are readers—or spectators in the theatre—who have felt the "*Misanthrope*" to be heavy and morose. Molière often reminds us of Thackeray. It was painful to both that we should seek to make our profit out of one another, and that selfishness and self-love should have such a large place in our daily actions. Therefore it was that each took up his pen to chastise that which to him was offensive. There is nothing known of Molière's life that leads us to suppose that he made himself absurd by condemning the usages of society, but when he saw men who had power and influence going everywhere with a lie on their tongues he was pained by the deceit practised and the harm wilfully and wickedly done. He was not Quixotic, but he possessed a sense of honour which made him revolt at the dishonest practices of the doctors, the priests, and the lawyers. He did not wish, any more than Thackeray, to constitute himself policeman over the naughty people in the world. Such work is done by meaner minds, in which there is usually a desire for notoriety or strong wish for revenge. Nor did Molière, we may be quite sure, draw Alceste merely that we might laugh at him. The misanthrope's excesses are plain enough, and they will often provoke a smile, but as we learn his character we become less disposed to chuckle over them. Thackeray may have been laughing in his sleeve when, in his chapter on "*How to Live Well on Nothing a-Year*," he makes Becky Sharp say to her husband, "*Gambling, dear, is good to help your income, but not as an income itself ;*" but he was, I imagine, very far from laughing as he described Henry Esmond's love for Beatrix Castlewood. There have been few men with a greater capacity for loving than Esmond or than Alceste, and they are both made a puppet to be tossed about by the butterfly ambition of women who could not love constantly for a single hour.

There is a singular but an idle curiosity in trying to inquire how far Molière was describing in Alceste and Célimène his own

domestic troubles. What Molière wrote may now be read by all the world, but what happened in his own home can only be guessed at. The chief authority for many of the conjectures that have been made is a libel, the authorship of which has not yet been revealed. There is, however, reason to believe that his married life was not a happy one, that he did not find in his wife all the home comforts that he had expected. We need not now stop to enquire how far the young wife was wrong, but we believe that her husband continued always to be very fond of her, and it is said that he often reproached himself for speaking to her harshly. For a time they were separated, but through the mediation of friends came together a year or two before the poet's death. It was unconsciously, I believe, far more than with predetermined purpose that Molière drew those scenes which have been thought by some to show a likeness to the quarrels between himself and his wife. And I can understand that as he was writing his play in which he was to act the part of Alceste and his wife that of Célimène, he should more than once have said to himself, "That is like Armande"—such was his wife's name—and in the next breath, "Well, if the cap fits her she must wear it." But this supposition does not imply that a personal resemblance was intended. Molière must have copied from somebody—or from some image of several people assimilated and fixed in his mind, for the power of invention has not been wholly creative in the brain of any man that ever lived.

Molière wished to give a comedy different from the plays with which he used to amuse the King, and different also from those with which he used to please the crowd. He did not think poorly of the King, nor of his audience in the pit ; but his desire was to produce a comedy not inferior to "Tartuffe," which had been once performed in public, and which was interdicted immediately afterwards. More than once Louis XIV. protected Molière from his enemies, and the poet always recognised with gratefulness the helping hand that was held out to him. The King's instinct in literary matters was better than that of his dependents, and he must often have been amused at the way in which the comic dramatist knew so well how to make fun of their pretensions. For dramatic purposes Molière's skill in the use of words was perfect. He could handle his pen as a practised fencer handles his foil, making it serve him exactly as he wished. He was, too, a man who observed much, and he felt himself to be possessed of insight into character. He wished, therefore, to write a comedy of higher pretensions than those which delighted the public who came to his theatre to spend an evening in laughter.

The outward action in the "*Misanthrope*" is slight. We find in it few of the strategical incidents upon the success or failure of which the fate of a play usually depends. In this respect it somewhat resembles one of the author's former comedies, "*La Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes*," a playful little piece, in one act and in prose, in which he has shown himself able to amuse us by narrating the conversation of half a dozen people in a drawing-room on the subject of the play it pretends to criticise. The conduct or action of both comedies consists in our becoming acquainted with the mental doubts and the resolves of the people concerned. As we read, each play appears to be full of life and interest. On the stage, however, they lose something of the flavour that had charmed us as we sat in our chair with the book in our hand. In our remarks we must necessarily tell something of the story in the "*Misanthrope*," but it will be done only with the view of elucidating the characters. Most of us have read the play, but one's memory on points of detail may not always be so clear as to recollect the incidents as they arise.

The corruption and the dishonesty of men has made Alceste misanthropical. He has made himself very unhappy by his exaggerated notions of honesty. He is mentally ill; like Hamlet, his brain is suffering from unusual over-excitement. His *amour-propre* has become excessive, and at times pushes him to great egotism. His is the most prominent, though not the most central character in the play. As the hostess in a drawing-room usually gives the tone to her guests, so in this comedy Célimène, the coquette, is the moving power, the pivot round whom everything turns. It is she who is the cause of Alceste's wretchedness and ill-humour. All his thoughts are bent upon her, and her treatment of him has blackened his mind. She is a pretty young widow of twenty years old, and is as cunning as if she were sixty. The next two principal characters are Philinte, a gay man of the world who wishes to be everybody's friend, and Eliante, Célimène's cousin, a most estimable young lady, and in every way a model of good conduct; but, as we are scarcely made to know her, she does not thoroughly command our love. We have also Arsinoé, an ill-natured prude, Oronte, a poor rhymester, and two fops, each with a handle to his name. In this as in other comedies Molière has introduced characters of opposite natures by way of contrast: Alceste and Philinte are as unlike each other as Tom Jones and Blifil. The misanthrope is brought face to face with the affable man of the world, and he begins by condemning Philinte for embracing rapturously and vowing warm friendship to a man whose name even he does not know. But this was the fashion of the time;

Philinte was only doing what others did. Yet it maddens Alceste. He cries—

Je refuse d'un cœur la vaste complaisance
Qui ne fait de mérite aucune différence ;
Je veux qu'on me distingue ; et pour le trancher net,
L'ami du genre humain n'est point du tout mon fait.

Alceste is never cynical, nor envious, nor covetous, but his grief has made him querulous. He cannot get away from himself or his own thoughts. His passion is often misguided, but we cannot refuse our admiration at the honesty of his thoughts. When Philinte asks him if he will spare no one in his hatred he exclaims—

Non, elle est générale, et je hais tous les hommes :
Les uns, parce qu'ils sont méchants et malaisants,
Et les autres, pour être aux méchants complaisants,
Et n'avoir pas pour eux ces haines vigoureuses
Que doit donner le vice aux âmes vertueuses.

Then he lets his anger have full play, and he draws a picture of how a man, whom all the world knows to be bad, has by his dirty tricks (*de sales emplois*) pushed himself on and gained a position in society. "Call him thief, scoundrel, or by what name you will, no one will dispute it, no one will contradict you. Yet everywhere you go you see his grinning face. He makes his way, for people give him welcome. Good God ! it kills me to see such toleration of iniquity. At times my heart rises, and I wish to go where no mortal can come near me." These are very remarkable lines, in which there is much niceness of language, and which I can never read afresh without a feeling of reality expressed in the words, and of compassion for the unhappy man who has uttered them.

Philinte's reply is not less significant. He is as happy in his moderation as Alceste had been strong in his passion. And the gentle sweetness of his words affords a pleasant contrast to the turbulence of spirit of the misanthrope. He answers—

Il faut, parmi le monde, une vertu traitable ;
A force de sagesse, on peut être blâmable :
La parfaite raison fuit toute extrémité,
Et veut que l'on soit sage avec sobriété.

Philinte is not a dishonest man, but it does not annoy him to see fraud and dishonesty in others. He cannot change the ways of the world, and he purposely looks upon all men with an easy indifference, trying not to hurt them, but caring nothing for their pleasures or their pains. He knows that men have all the faults that Alceste has

been railing at, yet a rogue, an unjust or disinterested man gives him no concern or annoyance.

The dramatist has given us two types of opposite natures, so that they might both be seen together. Some will condemn the stiff-neckedness of the one, others will despise the other for his callousness. In exalting the nature of Alceste and emphasising that of Philinte Molière has given us a picture of what we can imagine such characters would be. And because the humour is drawn in broad lines it is not therefore untrue. If there was no exaggeration at all the colours would be so pale we should not see them.

The scene of the sonnet is well known, but we should note Alceste's different conditions of mind towards Oronte. He does not wish to have the sonnet read to him, but when he is forced to give his opinion on it he shows unmistakably that the lines are the veriest rubbish. The whole scene is perfectly conducted, and has a capital effect on the stage. Oronte reminds us a little of the Marquis de Mascarille, but he is a type of the *grand seigneur poète* in a very artificial age. He is one of those described in the "*Femmes Savantes*"—

De leurs vers fatigants lecteurs infatigables.

And his verses may be taken as a specimen of the stuff that was then being manufactured every day and read aloud in drawing-rooms by their authors to admiring ladies.

At the beginning of the second act Alceste meets Célimène and tells her that everything between them must be broken off, for he cannot endure the thought that she should always be so surrounded by her admirers that he can never be alone with her for five minutes. "Am I to blame," she asks, "because gentlemen pay attention to me? Can I prevent them from liking me? And when they come to see me ought I to take a stick and drive them out?" When Alceste urges that she gives her smiles to everybody she has a most ready reply:—

C'est ce qui doit rasseoir votre âme effarouchée,
Puisque ma complaisance est sur tous épanchée;
Et vous auriez plus lieu de vous en offenser,
Si vous me la voyiez sur un seul ramasser.

ALCESTE. You accuse me of jealousy; but what advantages have I over the rest of them?

CÉLIMÈNE. The happiness of knowing that you are loved.

ALCESTE. And what reason can I have to think so?

CÉLIMÈNE. I think that when I have taken the trouble to tell you so such an avowal ought to be sufficient.

ALCESTE. Who can assure me that you are not saying just as much to the others?

At this Célimène gets very angry. She shows she is offended, and then follows a passage in which Alceste shows his love in language too energetic for her delicate ear. He is not a soft lover, nor does he err from too much politeness; if these had been his faults the comedy had not been written.

In the backbiting scene which follows Eliante, Philinte, Acaste, and Clitandre are present. Célimène is not slow to take up the cue offered to her. The two marquises ask her what she thinks of her neighbours, and she roundly scolds them all, not mincing her words. Hearing all this abuse has been as gall to Alceste. He had placed himself as far from the others as possible, and he thus breaks his silence :

Allons, ferme, poussez, mes bons amis de cour.

He charges the two marquises with traducing men into whose arms they would rush with signs of affection and oaths of friendship the first time they chanced to meet. Clitandre replies, "Are you speaking to us? If you are displeased at what has been said it is upon Madame that your reproaches must fall." Alceste will defend his mistress if it be possible, and he feels himself insulted by being spoken to by an empty-headed coxcomb. "No, by Heaven ! It is to you I speak. It is because of your complacent smiles that she heaps ridicule upon others. Her satire is provoked by your base flattery. She would take less pleasure in her raillery were you not present to applaud her wit."

As Cléante is the sage in "*Tartuffe*" so is Eliante, in a gentler manner, the soft voice in the "*Misanthrope*;" and it is amusing to notice how completely Molière, instinctively and almost unconsciously, shows that all their good reasoning can be of no avail. In putting into her mouth an imitation of some twenty lines of Lucretius the dramatist has given to us the keynote of the character he wished to portray. Her speech (act ii. scene 4) begins with the lines—

L'amour, pour l'ordinaire, est peu fait à ces lois,
Et l'on voit les amants vanter toujours leur choix.

Célimène, whom we have seen take so much pleasure in abusing her friends, receives a visit from Arsinoé, who has come in friendship to remind her of her faults and to tell her that the world is saying hard things of her. Arsinoé would have us believe that she is angry with the young widow because she has robbed her of Alceste's affection. When she has finished her diatribe Célimène in her turn replies—

Il est une saison pour la galanterie ;
 Il en est une aussi propre à la pruderie.
 On peut, par politique, en prendre le parti
 Quand de nos jeunes ans l'éclat est amorti ;
 Cela sert à couvrir de fâcheuses disgrâces.
 Je ne dis pas qu'un jour je ne suive vos traces
 L'âge amènera tout ; et ce n'est pas le temps,
 Madame, comme on sait, d'être prude à vingt ans.

I shall never forget the terrible irony that Madame Arnould-Plessy put into her words on one occasion when she was acting the part of the young coquette. It seemed to me so great that I felt pity for the actress that was playing with her, and I wished that Molière himself could have heard his words spoken by such a perfect elocutionist.

Alceste has to endure a *tête-à-tête* with Arsinoé. He is no fonder of her than of Oronte, who had pestered him with his verses, but he answers her with becoming courtesy. She flatters him, and is distressed that no vacant place at Court has been given to him, a man whose merit is everywhere recognised. Finding that her fulsome praise has no effect, she tries to shake his faith in Célimène and make him believe that she is not worthy of his love. "It may be so," he says. "I cannot see her heart ; but I think your charity would have been better exercised if you had said nothing." "Very well ; if you do not wish to be disabused it is easy for me to be silent." But the poison has had effect. Alceste asks to be shown proofs of the treachery of his mistress.

The third scene of the fourth act is the grand scene in the play. Alceste and Célimène are together. As she comes on the stage we hear him groan and mutter to himself, "Oh Heaven ! can I now be master of my passion?" Célimène sees the storm coming and prepares to meet it. He holds a letter of hers in his hand, and after some fencing he accuses her with having written to Oronte.

CÉLIMÈNE. Oronte ! who told you the letter was for Oronte ?

ALCESTE. They who gave it to me. But if it were addressed to another man should I have less cause for plaint ? Would you then be less guilty ?

CÉLIMÈNE. Suppose the letter were written to a woman, what then ?

ALCESTE. Ah ! the feint is good, the excuse is admirable. I confess I did not expect to find so much wit.

Alceste offers to read her letter, to show that the words could not have been intended for a woman's eye. Célimène will not allow her letter to be read ; he may think about her as he pleases.

ALCESTE.

De grâce, montrez-moi, je serai satisfait,
 Qu'on peut pour une femme expliquer ce billet.

Then she is driven to confess.

CÉLIMÈNE.

Non, il est pour Oronte, et je veux qu'on le croie.
 Je reçois tous ses soins avec beaucoup de joie ;
 J'admire ce qu'il dit, j'estime ce qu'il est,
 Et je tombe d'accord de tout ce qu'il vous plaît.
 Faites, prenez parti, que rien ne vous arrête,
 Et ne me rompez pas davantage la tête.

Célimène's attitude here is very wonderful. She is beaten down on all sides, all means of argument are cut off from her, and she is left without a weapon to defend herself. Then, furious as a beast at bay, she turns round upon her opponent with strong disdain, which he believes to be real, and, tiger-like, she tears her adversary so as to leave him helpless. And the splendid rattle of her words gives an appearance of truth to what she says. She has disabled her lover by exciting his jealousy, and has gained her point. Alceste, who has hitherto held his ground in all disputes, is now brought upon his knees before the woman he loves. He says to himself—

Quoi ! d'un juste courroux je suis ému contre elle,
 C'est moi qui me viens plaindre, et c'est moi qu'on querelle !
 On pousse ma douleur et mes soupçons à bout,
 On me laisse tout croire, on fait gloire de tout.

He knows her falseness, but he cannot rid himself of his love, and he despises himself for his own weakness. He prays her to disarm the suspicion she has cast upon herself.

Défendez-vous au moins d'un crime qui m'accable,
 Et cessez d'affecter d'être envers moi coupable.
 Rendez-moi, s'il se peut, ce billet innocent ;
 A vous prêter les mains ma tendresse consent.
 Efforcez-vous ici de paraître fidèle,
 Et je m'efforcerai, moi, de vous croire telle.

She answers him—

Allez, vous êtes fou dans vos transports jaloux,
 Et ne méritez pas l'amour qu'on a pour vous.
 Je voudrais bien savoir qui pourrait me contraindre
 A descendre pour vous aux bassesses de feindre ;
 Et pourquoi, si mon cœur penchait d'autre côté,
 Je ne le dirais pas avec sincérité.

Je suis sotte, et veux mal à ma simplicité
 De conserver encor pour vous quelque bonté ;
 Je devrais autre part attacher mon estime,
 Et vous faire un sujet de plainte légitime.

In the first scene of the fifth act we have another interview between Alceste and Philinte. We can now only refer to it, but it

shows some of the finest points in Alceste's character. He is more bitter than ever, but even now he is not cynical. He is crying over the injustice done him by an iniquitous man who had forced a wicked lawsuit upon him and won it through perjury. Philinte, who had in vain counselled Alceste to give a present to the judge, now tells him that he may appeal. Alceste will do no such thing ; he likes his grievance too well.

Ce sont vingt mille francs qu'il m'en pourra coûter ;
Mais, pour vingt mille francs, j'aurai droit de pester
Contre l'iniquité de la nature humaine,
Et de nourrir pour elle une invincible haine.

Oronte, the sonneteer, is a suitor for the young widow's hand, and he entreats her to accept him and banish his rival. She ought now, he says, to choose which she means to favour. Alceste suddenly rises up from his seat and seconds Oronte's proposition. He too calls upon Célimène to make her choice and decide between them. The lady naturally tries to defend herself ; but her proud position of queen of her own small world is not destined to last much longer. We hear read aloud a letter she had written to Acaste abusing Clitandre, then to Clitandre abusing Acaste. All the men present come in for their share of ridicule, except Philinte. Perhaps she judged he was not worthy of it. Oronte, Acaste, and Clitandre leave her, declaring it their wish to see her no more. Arsinoé comments also on what has happened, and pretends to pity Alceste, who did not deserve such treatment. Come what may Alceste will not suffer Arsinoé to reproach Célimène. "Let me, madam, I beg of you, settle my own interests in this matter, and do not give yourself unnecessary trouble. I do not wish that you should take up my quarrel, for I am in no mood to be thankful for so much zeal. Nor is it of you that I should think if I sought to avenge myself by making another choice." Arsinoé finds that her services are no longer required, and we do not see her again.

Alceste would now speak to Célimène, but she interrupts him with a confession of her faults. Her words seem to bear an air of truth, but Alceste cannot believe her. For this woman he would make any sacrifice, but he cannot trust her word. Turning to Eliante and Philinte, he says—

Vous voyez ce que peut une indigne tendresse,
Et je vous fais tous deux témoins de ma foiblesse.
Mais, à vous dire vrai, ce n'est pas encor tout,
Et vous allez me voir la pousser jusqu'au bout,
Montrer que c'est à tort que sages on nous nomme,
Et que dans tous les cœurs il est toujours de l'homme.

This last line is very characteristic of Molière. It was on the principle of fellow-feeling, Sainte-Beuve thinks, that Don Juan threw a gold piece to the beggar, saying, "Tiens, voilà un louis d'or ; je te le donne pour l'amour de l'humanité."

Alceste's last prayer to Célimène is that she will follow him into his desert, where he has resolved to live away from mankind. She may thus repair her wrongs and he may become fond of her once more. Célimène has no thought of going with him into his desert. She scoffs at the idea as she had scoffed at his jealousy when he showed her the letter she had written to Oronte.

"La solitude effraye une âme de vingt ans," she says ; and she adds, "If the gift of my hand would content your wishes, and marriage——" Alceste suddenly stops her :

Non : Mon cœur à présent vous déteste,
Et ce refus lui seul fait plus que tout le reste.
Puisque vous n'êtes point, en des liens si doux,
Pour trouver tout en moi, comme moi tout en vous,
Allez, je vous refuse, et ce sensible outrage
De vos indignes fers pour jamais me dégage.

Despised by her friends, Célimène goes out unable to say more. She has, perhaps, deserved her fate, but then her fate is so terrible. Terror and pity make themselves felt, because the picture drawn is so absolutely true. It is one that we can all understand and believe to have happened. The misanthrope and the coquette have one fault common to them both : they are each ever thinking of themselves. And this mutual failing does not tend to appease their disputes. Alceste is very fond of Célimène ; but in their quarrels she makes the wrong appear on his side, and so gets the better of him. Alceste obstinately maintains his *amour-propre* on to the last. He could not do otherwise. His nature is not a pliable one, he is not a man easily persuaded. The more strongly he feels the more will his failings, and also his high and noble qualities, make themselves seen.

HENRY M. TROLLOPE.

SCIENCE NOTES.

LAUNDRY INFECTION.

THE scarlet fever epidemic through which we have lately passed suggests reflections on the various channels through which infection may be conveyed. I have long suspected that ordinary laundries occupy a prominent place among these. The march of highfalutinism (I claim copyright for the word) is proceeding with such violent strides that the ancient and venerable domestic institution of "washing day" at home is banished from many households where it formerly flourished, and its material is now consigned to a basket and carried somewhere, to be purified or otherwise.

Among the tens of thousands, I may say hundreds of thousands, of loving wives and mothers who thus send away the body linen and bed linen of their husbands, children, and selves, how many are there who have inspected the houses in which those clothes are washed, and the places where they are dried? How many are there that know assuredly whether during the recent epidemic any members of the family of the laundress, or the other families lodging under the same roof, have suffered?

These questions are suggested by what I saw a few weeks since in the neighbourhood of St. John's Wood. A girl painfully disfigured by unhealed pustules of small-pox or similar disease, her eyes bleared, and eyelids suppurating, was carrying a basket of linen which, from its appearance, belonged to well-to-do people.

In large laundries the danger from personal infection on the spot is not likely to arise, but there is another danger to which they must be more liable than the small places, viz. that from infected clothes sent to the laundry. Not having visited any of these establishments I do not know what precautions are used; the most obvious, simplest, and probably the most effectual, would be to pass everything through a hot chamber, the air of which should be raised well above 212° Fahr.

A convenient form for such a chamber or oven would be that of the "leer," or annealing oven, of a glasshouse, a sort of tunnel with rails carrying trays which are pushed one stage forward with each new tray that is admitted; one being taken out from the other end

to admit it, each end having, of course, suitable doors. The cost would be very small, including both fuel and labour.

"IN MY MIND'S EYE, HORATIO."

IF my old friend George Dawson were still alive, and pity 'tis he's not, he would probably claim prophetic inspiration for the above quoted passage, for it now appears that besides our two outside eyes we have another in the midst of our brain. Our ordinary eyes are much compounded, but include two fairly distinct portions. First the outer physical instrument, a living camera-obscura, that collects the rays of light and makes a picture on the retina. Behind this is the second or sensuous instrument, the nerve, whose outspread constitutes the retina, with its fibres running backwards and crossing; then proceeding, not into the optic thalamus, as the predecessors of Gall asserted, but passing it and going on, as he showed, still further backwards to some smaller rounded ganglia, bearing the disagreeable names of the *corpora quadrigemina*, or nates and testes, but more properly named the optic ganglia.

By this mysterious machinery the physical picture is converted into a sensory picture, and the wonders of vision are evolved. But this is not all. Closely connected with the *corpora quadrigemina* is a still more mysterious organ called the pineal gland. It is not a gland at all, but a ganglionic centre composed of grey and white cerebral matter.

This pineal gland has long been connected with curious, almost superstitious speculations. Descartes and his followers described it as the seat of the soul. Its isolation, central position in the brain, and smallness, appear to have suggested snug quarters.

The modern revelation is quite as marvellous as any of the ancient speculations concerning it. Gall describes four nervous threads "produced in the pineal gland" suggestively near to the optic ganglia, with which Wiedersheim has subsequently shown them to be actually connected.

Comparative anatomy now steps in to tell us that this pine-shaped body (*pineal ganglion* it may be properly called) is the ganglion of a rudimentary eye which in some lizards and fishes (the latter of New Zealand and our familiar blindworm are the most decided examples) is evolving an eyeball with rudimentary lens, pigment, optic rods, &c. &c., and these are thrusting upwards to become a "parietal eye," *i.e.* a third eye pushed through the crown of the head or parietal bones, as the ordinary eyes are pushed through the forehead or frontal bones.

Hamlet's exclamation suggests a speculation. Is this cerebral eye actually without function as it exists in ourselves and other mammalia? Remembering that the conversion of the physical undulations of matter or physical light into sensory action or mental light is done by ganglionic and nervous apparatus like that of the pineal ganglion and its special nerves, may not this mysterious ganglion be "the mind's eye," the seat of visual conceptions as distinct from visual perceptions?

In our dreams we see as clearly and as distinctly as when awake, but this can hardly be affirmed of the other sensations. When we dream of pain it is due to actual existing pain, and judging from my own experience I am doubtful whether we hear anything in dreams beyond what is suggested by outside sounds; sensations of sound actually conveyed to the brain from without. The external organs of vision are closed in sleep, those of the other senses remain open, and yet dream-vision is decidedly the most acute of the dream-senses.

Blind people, even those that are born blind, persist in saying that they see, and describe what they see. Here I ask another question. Is the pineal ganglion more developed in blind people and blind animals, especially those born blind, than in others of the same species?

THE MIGRATION OF PRE-GLACIAL MAN.

THIS is the subject of a very interesting paper read by Dr. H. Hicks at the last meeting of the British Association. He has been working in the Cae Gwynn Cave, North Wales, and there finds implements which must have been introduced before the glacial deposits blocked up and covered over the caverns.

From whence came the men who inhabited this country (temporarily, as it appears) in pre-glacial times? If from the east or the south they should have arrived at the time when numerous species of deer and other animals suitable for the food of man were roaming in the south and east of England, but this was not the case; the human remains are only found associated with animals of northern origin such as the mammoth rhinoceros and reindeer.

The subject is altogether a puzzling one. The finding of human remains so far back as pre-glacial times gives the human race an immense antiquity, and it indicates not merely that men existed then, but that they must have existed ages and ages before; must have gone northwards and then have been driven southwards after that by the advancing ice. It also suggests curious speculations concerning the pre-glacial climate of the polar regions.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

FASHION AND DESTRUCTION.

IN presence of the movements set on foot in this country for the purpose of suppressing wanton and ruthless destruction of animal life, and especially of bird life, it is deplorable to see how unteachable is that sex on which man, in spite of all discouragements, persists in bestowing the name gentle. At a time when a few English ladies, to their praise be it mentioned, are issuing a sumptuary decree that the carcasses and plumage of birds shall not be worn in hats or as trimming for garments, it has been charged against some poor daughter of Eve in America that, stimulated by the possession of exceptional wealth, she has resolved to be the owner of the costliest mantle in the world. This, it is said, is to be wholly made of the breasts of birds of paradise. To provide a trophy more worthy, one would think, of some dusky squaw than of a gently nurtured lady, five hundred birds of paradise will be required. Not under an effete civilisation such as that of the Roman Empire, nor under the influence of aristocratic teaching, but in a young and vigorous democracy, a woman to whom chance or luck has given a large amount of the wealth which rightly used is one of the most precious and potent of possessions, is said to have been able to find no better occupation for it than adorning herself with the spoils of hundreds of the most lovely and most harmless creatures Heaven has created. A display of heartlessness and vanity such as this carries the memory back to the days of Charles IX. in France, when, after the slaughter of St. Bartholomew, the ladies of the court tripped forth, lifted their dainty skirts, and with their toes tried to turn over the bodies of their partners in the last night's dance. Since this was first mentioned a denial has been put forward. This, in the interest of humanity, I hope is formal and complete.

MR. RUSKIN ON FEMININE ADORNMENT.

IT must not be supposed, because America is the scene of this instance of alleged vanity, that England is incapable of supplying equally gruesome instances. No human quality is much more cruel than

vanity, and few temptations are more powerful than is the possession of wealth. In unoccupied society ostentation of the kind described is little likely to meet with rebuke, and so long as masculine admiration can be secured the voice of counsel or protest will not make itself heard. I should like, however, to bring to the knowledge of ladies who may be moved to emulation the words of Mr. Ruskin written concerning forms of ostentation far more common than that special form of which I treat. The lines, with one or two unimportant omissions, are from "The Political Economy of Art" (p. 72, ed. 1857), and might be written *à propos* to this latest and most fantastic form of feminine whim:—"It would be strange if . . . for a moment the spirits of Truth and of Terror which walk invisibly among the masques of the earth, would lift the dimness from our erring thoughts and show us how . . . they who wear it (that magnificence) have literally entered into partnership with Death, and dressed themselves in his spoils. Yes, if the veil could be lifted, not only from your thoughts, but from your human sight, you would see—the angels do see—on those gay white dresses of yours strange dark spots and crimson patterns that you know not of—spots of the inextinguishable red that all the sea cannot wash away; yes, and among the pleasant flowers that crown your fair heads and glow on your wreathed hair, you would see that one weed was always twisted, which no one thought of—the grass that grows on graves."

HERODOTUS AND SIR JOHN MAUNDEVILLE.

A NEW reprint of "Maundeville's Voyage and Travayle,"¹ from East's reproduction of the scarce and undated edition of Pynson, brings to my mind an anecdote of a learned and passably aggressive, not to say pugnacious, lay Fellow, lately deceased, of Merton College, Oxford. Dining at the High Table, in a company consisting largely of clergymen, he heard the authority of Herodotus impugned. In his mildest and silkiest voice he undertook the defence of the great traveller. "When Herodotus," said he, "gives the results of his own observations, no more trustworthy authority is to be desired. The misfortune is that he believed the priests, and, like men of similar credulity in all ages, came to grief. Whenever you meet with a 'thumping lie' in Herodotus you may be sure it was told him by the priests." Without defending the rudeness of the attack, I leave the reader to imagine the effect of a bomb of this character launched in such an assemblage. There is in this defence a certain amount of truth which applies also to Sir John Maunde-

¹ Pickering & Chatto.

ville's relations. With the unlettered public of to-day that knows his name Maundeville enjoys a reputation not unlike that of Munchausen. In the middle ages, however, his works were accepted with complete confidence. Whether his work was written in Latin, French, or English is not yet known. It is, at least, certain that though he claimed to be an Englishman born in Saint Albans, numerous editions in Latin, French, Italian, German, and Dutch had appeared in Lyons, Milan, Strasburg, Antwerp, and elsewhere, before Wynkyn de Worde, in 1499, published the first English version. Of MSS., meanwhile, a host are in existence; most European capitals can boast of the possession of some. In the bibliographical list appended by Mr. Ashton to the latest reprint no fewer than twenty-two are shown to be in the British Museum.

THE CREDIBILITY OF MAUNDEVILLE.

THE piety of Maundeville's work was, no doubt, one of its principal recommendations to the unsophisticated readers of Mediæval times. Maundeville, who is supposed to have spent thirty-four years in the East before he published his record, is said to have received for it the Papal approval. Here, then, men might learn of the site of the Terrestrial Paradise; of the Cave in which Adam and Eve took refuge after their banishment from bliss, and of many highly edifying places and miracles connected with the religion in which they were nurtured. For those, meanwhile, who delighted in adventure, were there not stories such as Othello told Desdemona, of

The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders;

of lands where men had "heads like hounds;" of the country of the pigmies, where the inhabitants are but three spans long; of the kingdom of the Amazons, and of innumerable similar marvels? By a natural revolution these things, which in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, won almost implicit credence, have now secured for the author the reputation of a "measureless liar." Before accepting this verdict, however, one should see how shrewd and exact are his descriptions of things that came under his immediate cognizance. No longer are the Indians crushed to death in the progress of Juggernaut, but in Maundeville's days such sights were witnessed, and his pictures of the pigeons bearing messages, and very many other similar matters, show how close was his observation. The rude woodcuts which gave life to his narrative are, in the reprint, reproduced in facsimile. From whatever point of view, indeed, it is regarded, the new edition is an eminently desirable possession.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE
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THE SECRET UNION.

By JUSTIN FRESHE.

V.

A WEEK passed away, throughout which I was in a continual fidget. I did not know what to look for ; could not tell why I was ill at ease. Yet I was so.

I spent some time every day in the company of Sarcovitch. Since the meeting at Nijhoff's we had become more than ever attached to one another. "A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind." Perhaps, though, the quotation can hardly be taken to apply to us alike, for my sensations were certainly not his. So far as I could see, he was content to remain a member of the Union, whilst I—I longed fervently to see my relations with it severed. It was not at his connection with the secret society that my friend was troubled, but at the leaders, the prime movers in the great machinery of revolution, between whom and himself there seemed to be continual enmity and jealousy. Nor could I wonder at the display of the latter passion on the part of Nijhoff when it was Sarcovitch he was jealous of, for the noble-hearted Russian was too true to himself, while acknowledging his oath of allegiance to the cause, to quietly knuckle under to a man in every way his inferior—a man for whom, apart from his exalted position as chief centre of the Brotherhood, he could hold no esteem—without in some way pretty clearly indicating his opinion of that individual.

Intimation had been made to us of a further meeting to be held. It was to take place on board a river steamer, which had been expressly chartered for the occasion. Two meetings were seldom held in one place ; there was a continual change made in this respect.

Sarcovitch spoke of one held in the parlour car of a train, especially engaged for the purpose by Aardvaark.

We were to go on board at eight in the morning, and the proceedings were expected to close about midday, by which time we would be back in the city.

On the landing-stage I passed Aardvaark, the second centre, of whom somehow I had possessed a great dread ever since he had witnessed my hesitation and embarrassment at 11 P—— Square.

He grinned and gave me a mocking bow, of which I took no notice whatever, passing hastily down the gangway to the deck.

There I found a few of the members already gathered ; but preferring my own meditation to their not very enlivening conversation, I made directly for the stern, where I could silently watch the crowd of vessels passing up and down the crowded stream, and where I could give full swing to my by no means pleasant fancies.

There I stayed ; no one disturbed me. Repeatedly I turned round to note the new arrivals on board, and on more than one occasion on looking quickly up I caught the gaze of several members bent earnestly upon me, from which I inferred, with growing disquiet, that I had been the subject of their talk. But whilst they went no further—whilst I was unmolested—I felt comparatively secure. I was busily engaged weighing the pros and cons, as also the ways and means of my severance from the dismal circle within which I had permitted myself to be drawn. I had now, I told myself, learned more than would satisfy the most exacting searcher after fact. But still I could think of no way by which I might now withdraw without incriminating my friend, not to have considered whom would, I felt, have been dishonourable in the extreme. Ah ! how I groped—and groped in vain—to find a passage from the labyrinthine maze.

Sarcovitch, awaiting his fellow-members, as I had done, now came up to me. To my surprise he displayed a considerable amount of agitation, the reason for which I could not even guess at. His injured arm hung stiff by his side, the wound having so far healed by now as to permit of the splints and sling being dispensed with.

“There is something in the air,” he said, leaning back wearily against the gunwale, and turned away from the others.

“Something in the air ?” I queried, not understanding.

“Yes ; I mean they have arranged for the disposal of one or other, or both of us. They are not acting fairly. They are jealous or suspicious of you or me, but have not the courage to impeach us.”

His words were tingling in my ears. Suspicious of him or me ! Had I, after all, brought this upon him ?

"In what way are they not acting fairly?" I asked in a kind of frenzy, and making a strong effort to overcome my excitement.

"In this way. As I passed down the vessel's deck a minute ago I heard your name mentioned, and in another it was also mentioned, but this time coupled with my own. That and the sneering malignant glances of some cast at me as I passed, and the commiserating looks of others, indicate that something will transpire before we return up the river that will not be pleasant for you or me."

This, then, was how the land lay. My faculties were dazed at the prospect. Just as I had been cogitating upon the method of my escape I was brought more prominently than ever before the Union, the very name of which was abhorrent to me. Well, I reflected, let it be so. The risk I run, I suppose, will be no greater; the penalty of non-attendance—with or without the so-called "mission"—is equally the same. Why ought I to heed the decisions of this body? I was not really one of them, and how could they compel me to act as one? Ah! that was it. If they could not compel me to act the part belonging to the *rôle* which I had been foolish enough to adopt—that of passing for another individual—they might at least employ the night assassin or otherwise compass my extermination.

"They are going down," said Sarcovitch, at this point, looking towards the other extremity of the steamer. We had cast off from the wharf, and were running rapidly down the river.

We joined the company, and followed them down into the saloon. Nijhoff took his seat. I passed round the table, upon which lay, in front of a chair, a sealed packet. I was passing on when the subscription arrested my attention:

"Sealed orders for

"Monsieur Dumartré,

"—— Hôtel."

What did that mean? I staggered as though I had heard no word of warning from Sarcovitch. The sitters on my left as on my right were watching me closely. I must not show my feelings.

"Monsieur Dumartré," said the president, a lurking pleasure in the coldly spoken words, "will sit opposite that packet."

I sank down in the chair. Sarcovitch, who had followed me, sat at my side. My mind was in a state of chaos. I stared at the table, completely bereft of thinking power for some moments, till recalled to myself by a light touch on my knee. It was Sarcovitch. He whispered.

"Pull yourself together," he cautioned, "or they will call you *poltron*!"

The words acted upon me as it was intended they should. I lifted my head, and ran my eyes steadily along the line of faces, all of which were turned aside as I looked. A sheet of silvered glass sloped in line from ceiling to wall opposite me. In it I looked. My face was colourless, save for a dark shadow beneath each eye.

The president rose to his feet. The movement caused every face to turn to him.

"We have several matters of pressing interest and importance with which to occupy our time ; but," he said, speaking impressively, "all the others are of course of minor importance to that relating to our young and patriotic friend from France" (a wave of the hand to where I sat, callous to the irony and sarcasm of him who supposed himself the ruler of my destiny), "who, his name having been drawn in the usual course, will shortly leave our midst in furtherance of the Union's undertakings. That he will carry out our commands to the letter, and work alike to his own credit and the glory of our body, I have no reason to doubt. The sealed packet committed to him shall remain unopened till he has arrived at his destination. His duties are carefully detailed in the packet, where he will also find instructions as to sending us reports of his operations. A fortnight's time is allowed him to settle his affairs here previous to leaving for the Continent. I will conclude this part of my remarks by wishing him all success in his mission, and everyone here will join in that wish."

He sat down. Some reply was no doubt expected of me ; but I was incapable then of framing one. I had heard every word spoken, and could almost repeat the speech word for word, so well had I listened, but, strangely enough, I had, while at the same time drinking in what was being said, grown apathetic to a degree to all that occurred around me, and so sat still unmoved, betraying no emotion.

The discussions then entered upon were in relation to absent members and their movements, reports from several of them being read over by second-centre Aardvaark in a dull monotone ; but as I was too much engrossed with my own speculations—and these were none of the brightest—to take particular note of what passed, and as, moreover, to enlarge on such details would be secondary to my story, I refrain from making further reference to them.

Sarcovitch sat by my side in gloomy silence ; a scornful curl about his lips, and brows depressed. To an observer he, too, could not seem to take any interest in what went on ; he seemed wrapped up in his own black imagination.

The proceedings were finished. The flight of time had been all unobserved by me, so sunk in despondent reflection.

Nijhoff and his crew, preceded by the unbearable Aardvaark filed from the cabin on to the deck, leaving Sarcovitch and me alone together.

When the last had gone, and the door swung to, Sarcovitch looked up at me, but said nothing. There was something of pity, something of regret, in his expression.

I rose, and went the length of the cabin to collect myself. Then turning, I went up to where he sat and spoke.

"You do not congratulate me, Sarcovitch," with an attempt at irony that failed dismally.

"Do you want to be congratulated?" he asked.

"Oh!" I retorted bitterly, "I have no doubt it is the correct thing amongst you."

"Then," quietly, "I congratulate you, Dumartré."

"What are you thinking about?" I then inquired.

"About myself"—with a sigh.

"Ah!" I was disappointed.

"And about you," he continued. "I was wondering, with selfish jealousy, how I should pass my days till you came back. I shall miss you greatly; we have seen so much of one another, been so much together, since you came to London."

"And I," was my rejoinder, "I shall miss you equally much—if I go!" I laid stress on the last three words, but he did not appear to notice it.

I was secretly disappointed that he did not speak of my mission. After all, I considered, what use was there for his talking of it? Of course he took it for granted I should go. He did not dream that I would decline the duty—as I could not but do.

VI.

That night, the one following the trip on the Thames, I did not sleep. I tossed about in a fever of tumultuous thought, yet incapable of coherent or connected thinking. At a very early hour I rose, and going out, made an effort under the bright morning sky to think out once again my best course under the peculiar circumstances in which I now found myself. And, after long, and, as can well be imagined, deep immersion in meditation, oblivious for the nonce of all else, I finally determined upon my conduct. I would act upon my original prompting. Confess everything to Sarcovitch. He might turn from

and spurn me, and the idea caused me keenest agony, the more so as his contempt was indeed well merited, for it was only by deceit that I had wormed myself into his esteem. Or, he might assist me; and with him to aid me I should feel safer by far. Yet, how I despised myself for the part I had played!

It was, undoubtedly, my right, and, indeed, *only* course now, to admit all. To do so I must go to him.

It was eleven o'clock when I reached the Russian's hotel.

"Yes. Monsieur Sarcovitch was in his room. Would the gentleman go up? Pardon, but Monsieur was not looking well. Would Monsieur have a small brandy?"

I declined, and ascended the carpeted staircase.

I tapped nervously at his door, then turned the handle and entered. He was seated at a writing table, littered with books and papers. He had not heard my rap, and now at sound of my step in the room turned in astonishment towards me.

When his face met mine a look of startled alarm came into it, and grasping the arms of his chair, half-turned round, he ejaculated:

"My God! Dumartré, how white you are. What is wrong? Are you ill?"

"No," I replied, my weary eyes falling before his penetrating scrutiny. "But I have startled you. You did not hear me rap."

He rose from his seat, and placing his hands kindly upon both my shoulders, while he forced me gently into a chair, he said:

"There is something serious the matter. You are here too early otherwise. You have come to tell me? Something I judge in connection with the Union."

Seeing me irresolute, and mistaking the cause, he hastily poured out a glass of brandy.

"Here, take this, Dumartré. It will rally you."

I gulped it down, and felt the better for it.

"I'm waiting," he said, pulling his chair to mine and seating himself.

I was beating about for some phrase with which to open my confession. I had during the early hours of the morning, passing hurriedly in my excitement to and fro in unfrequented streets, thought out the method of approach to be adopted when I should see Sarcovitch, but now that I was actually in his presence the words I had chosen for my purpose had gone out of my head: I could not recall them. I had weighed my intended utterances in relation to the effect they would have upon my auditor, striving to frame what I had to tell so as to leave behind the most favourable view of my

despicable conduct. I must now launch out without consideration, tell all as it came to my tongue.

"Sarcovitch," I began timidly, "I have come to make a grave confession. One that may result in the severance of our friendship."

"God forbid," said Sarcovitch, with equal gravity; "proceed, however."

"First," I continued, "give me your word you will hear me to the end without interruption. Then, when I have done, you may say what you think of my conduct."

"I give it. I shall not interrupt you."

I dropped my head on my open palm, and paused a second only before resuming my painful narrative.

"I have said I have a grave confession to make, and that I strongly fear it may be the means of disuniting us who have been, if you will allow me to say so, very great—ay, very dear—friends since we met together."

He nodded and looked again at me in wonderment, as if doubting my sanity. I avoided his eye.

"When I made your acquaintance, Sarcovitch, I recognised in you a man after my own heart. Your character developed before my eyes and attracted me to you. Flattery is apart from what I have to say, but let me tell you I looked up to you as a man of soul, a light amongst your fellows, and made to seem far nobler since I met the leaders and your brother-members of the Union."

I halted to look up at him. He was gazing fixedly now at the carpet, a troubled light in his eyes and drawn lines about his sensitive mouth.

"Sarcovitch, when you first saw me at the café doubtless you put me down as an honourable man, one who would give his confidence in exchange for trust and friendship reposed in him by another. I think you did, or you would not have been so often with me. But I was not."

His arm stiffened out and fell straight from the shoulder over the arm of the chair, and the lines about his mouth were more marked.

"I came to you with the determination to know something of this secret brotherhood, and played upon your credulity with that object."

He sprang to his feet and glared in passion at me, then hurriedly paced the carpeted room, pain and passion in combination working on his features.

"Heaven knows the pain," I went on, "that the foolish task, undertaken without due consideration, without any consideration of consequences, has caused me; but once set out on the task, how

could I retreat? I seemed hemmed in. To confess to you that I was a mean interloper, seemed like losing you as a friend to gain you as an enemy. Perhaps it may be so now; but circumstances compel me now, more so than ever before, to tell you of my duplicity and deceit. Now you know the extent of my wrongdoing. I am no member of the Secret Union. Till I met you I was unaware of its existence even."

"My God!" The words seemed torn in anguish from his drawn lips. They sent a shiver through my body. They struck, as it were, my death-knell. Sarcovitch had dropped upon a chair away from me and lay forward on a table, his hands before his eyes as if to blot out a horrid phantom.

"Yes, I knew naught of the Secret Union when I met you. But from the first I regretted—ah! how deeply you may not think—my fatal error. To me, it appeared before we met a schoolboy freak to unearth such a brotherhood. At present I feel it as the error of a lifetime. Shall I ever shake myself free of it?"

I spoke half to myself. My thoughts took shape in words. I wanted no answer. The question, as I put it, seemed not to be a question; but Sarcovitch, raising his head from the table and looking over sadly and pityingly towards me, answered it.

"Never!"

My feelings were sunk in bitterest despondency, so that the word was not so terrible in its meaning to me as it might have been.

"I thought as much," I went on slowly. "There might have been a chance before; but now it is too late. However"—I spoke with callousness born of the depression that, for the time being, appeared to make up the sum of my life—"however, we will leave that. What"—I stopped in hesitation, the first I had experienced since launching out my acknowledgment of fault—"what, Sarcovitch, have you to say of my conduct?"

"I hardly know." His voice was full of despair. Anger, such as I had looked for on admission of my treachery, was altogether absent from his tones, subdued and heartfelt.

"You were my friend," he said. "You have told it. We were dear friends. You have treated me ill, and not as a friend. You do not know the extent of your misfortune. You have laid bare your—what do you designate it?—your error, and I, by my oath to the brotherhood, am compelled to sacrifice one whom I was glad to call a friend—for I *must* make known your conduct to the Union. It is my duty; and there is no alternative, unless, indeed," he added hastily, "I seek my death to shield you, which, after all, would be no

safeguard to you who have brought upon yourself the penalty of death. I might risk my life and break my oath, by remaining silent, but that could not save you from your doom. Unless you continue your imposture and—but, no. What am I telling you? That would be of no avail. Discovery would be inevitable, for you are not initiated.”

He ceased, then rose and resumed his excited walk.

“Oh, why, Dumartré, did you enter upon this dangerous enterprise? Did you think to baffle a society of men whose common nature it is to be intolerant of the slightest interference outside of their own ranks, at whose bidding there are assassins ever ready to carry out their behests, and, if need be, die on the scaffold without exposing the society’s existence by a word, for the good of the cause? Ha!” he halted and laughed bitterly. “Why do I trouble myself with your misfortunes? Why do I seek for a loophole by which you may possibly escape the death that is sure to be meted out to you? Ah! why indeed? You were my friend. Would it not be better that I stab you to death now with this *poignard*”—he flung a tiny metal case upon the table—“than to expose you to the suffering to come, the knowledge that you are being hunted down, tracked by the emissaries of the Union, a knowledge in itself a death? But I am talking riddles. I am excited. Common sense is what is wanted, and coolness, not foolish fears.”

The silence of gloom settled on us two. The despair that before had possessed me was now to some extent dissipated by the thoughts called up by my friend’s agony. My *friend’s* agony. Was it not clear? He still was my friend. He had proved himself so. I felt he had, and my heart warmed to him. Death, it is a common saying, has a sting. Yet, though death loomed before me now—even Sarcovitch did not pretend to hide the inevitable from me—it had no sting. My disquieting fears were allayed in part, if not wholly, by the knowledge that the man I dreaded to make an enemy was still my friend. His conduct was noble, unselfish. He gave no more than a passing thought to the treachery that I had admitted; his whole desire was to save me, if it were possible to save me, from a fate of my own choosing. But I must not allow him to involve himself in the dire consequences of my silly actions.

“Sarcovitch,” I said, “because I have confessed to you my perfidious conduct, do not think that I have come to beg you to save me from the consequences of that conduct. I owe it to you, who, as my friend, ought to have possessed all my confidence, to confess as I have done; but I cannot allow you to tempt fate in the same

way by interesting yourself in my escape from any penalty that may attach to my treachery ; and, mind you, I look upon my concealment from you of the true state of matters as a greater crime than that of striving to gain access to the working of the secret brotherhood, whose vengeance I have brought upon myself. Sarcovitch," I rose as I spoke, holding out my hand to him, "will you shake hands with me? That is all I ask. I will go away to some far distant clime, and elude the Union's searching after me."

He rose calmly, a certain sad firmness in face as in voice, and gazing compassionately on me, said :

"Sit down ; we must not be hasty."

I obeyed him. I had no desire to go from him ; but I was determined he should do nothing in my interest that could possibly act to his own disadvantage.

"We must view the affair calmly in all its aspects," he continued. "In the first place, when are you to set out on your mission?"

"You heard," I answered ; "a fortnight was given me ; a day of that has gone."

"Much may be done in that time. You, of course, shall have an interview with both Nijhoff and Aardvaark before going?"

"I do not know. They will intimate as much if it be desirable or necessary."

"It is usual," proceeded the Russian ; "you will probably hear from them. The next meeting of the Union will be held, I suppose, on the day you leave, or near thereto. I have been wondering"—he stopped for an instant. "Tell me, how did you come to hear of the Union?"

I had forgotten all about the note that had been the means of bringing my present trouble upon me ; nor had I mentioned it, as I fully meant to do when I placed it in my pocket-book. I now produced it without remark and handed it to Sarcovitch.

He read it, then asked—

"Of whom did you receive this?"

"It was delivered to me at the —— Hôtel shortly after my arrival here from Paris. It is just such a note as would excite the wonderment of one ignorant of the Union, and so it has proved the precursor of my present predicament."

Sarcovitch was thinking deeply.

"So. But if *you* are not the Monsieur Dumartré for whom the note was intended, then there is another of the same name here in London."

"Necessarily," I acquiesced.

"And he is of the Secret Union?"

"Most probably," I agreed.

"Having failed to attend our meetings, he has drawn upon himself the death penalty, from the execution of which you, however, have shielded him."

I had not looked at it in that way. So much exercised with my unhappy position, I had come to quite forget the existence of the other Dumartré till now Sarcovitch recalled him to me.

"It is very strange," continued Sarcovitch, musingly. "It cannot have come to his ears that you were posing as the French member, and that explanation being untenable, one other remains."

"And that is?" I questioned.

"That he is in London, hoping to cut himself free of the society whose doctrines and principles are doubtless more pronounced than he cares for, but, having subscribed to them, two courses only are open to him to pursue—either act up to the tenets subscribed to, or leave them alone absolutely, in the latter case risking the penalty attaching to the offence."

"You think that he is in London, then?"

"It is, of course, impossible to say definitely; but I consider it very probable."

"Then," I added, "you are of opinion there is another who is also anxious to shake himself free of the brotherhood?"

"That is my conclusion. And I am sorry for him. His life cannot be an easy one. He is in perpetual dread of his fellows' vengeance. No doubt he is surprised at his escape so far, but is altogether unsuspicious of the real cause."

Again he fell into abstraction, and several moments elapsed before he spoke.

"Dumartré," he spoke decidedly, "we two must ferret out this Monsieur Dumartré. Who knows what it may not lead up to?"

"I see little use for it," I replied. "Supposing you find him. What then? He is subject to the death penalty by non-attendance. I, by prying into the Union's affairs, have earned a like reward."

"You speak the truth," retorted Sarcovitch; "but if only for our own satisfaction, I should like to discover this Frenchman, who, I have little doubt, is still in London."

"But," I ventured, "how about your oath as regards me?"

He was silent a moment only.

"I adhere to my oath if I report you to next meeting. By then much may transpire. Indeed," he continued, hopefully I thought, "that is my reason for deciding to search out the other Dumartré."

VII.

There is no need to dilate at any length upon our search of the following two days. A list of hotels, good, bad, and indifferent, was procured, and, separating, we went from one to the other without success.

Of course we had to adopt a plan of procedure, and this was to call at the hotel, see the manager or other responsible party, of whom to inquire whether any Frenchmen were staying there, or had lately stayed there, and obtain names. But, foreseeing that my namesake would probably adopt a pseudonym for the time being, we endeavoured as far as possible to have an interview with each individual we unearthed, and of whom we might entertain suspicions. For this cause we simply presented a card, which Sarcovitch had concocted, and which read :

<p style="text-align: center;">UNION SEC—.</p> <p style="text-align: center;">M. DUMAR—.</p>
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This meant nothing to the uninformed ; but by studying the features of the parties to whom the card was handed we hoped to hit upon the right man, as, we very naturally concluded, his feelings would be certain to betray him.

We were at no time very sanguine of our plan succeeding in pointing out the person of whom we were in search ; but, as time went on, and the end of the second day came without any favourable result, what little hope we had come to attach to the *manœuvre* was fast ebbing away.

The third day also closed, and I had finished my list of hostelries. In dejection I made for Sarcovitch's room. He had not come in. I sat down to await his arrival.

I had not long been there when the door was burst open, and Sarcovitch, bearing traces of no little excitement in his features, stood before me. My heart palpitated at the sight of his half-concealed agitation. What meaning had it ?

"I have found him." He dropped with a sigh of satisfaction into a chair, and rubbed away the sweat drops gathered on his brow.

"Where ?" I could hardly ask the question, the information so stirred me.

"In a quiet little hotel not included in the list I made out. *Mais !* I will tell you. I was deciding to cease the search for the

day, when I came across the place, more a respectable *pension bourgeoise* than a hotel. I entered, and found the proprietrix, of whom I made the tiresome inquiry. Yes, yes, she told me, there was a French gentleman there. He seemed to have no friends and she feared he was very ill. Would I see him? *Certainement*. I was shown into a room, a bedroom, and the *garçon* who took me up spoke to a man who was in bed. Then the waiter left us alone. I approached the bed. The man, for whom I could not help feeling a certain pity—he looked so wasted and miserable—peered at me furtively. I said not a word, merely handing him the card. He glanced at it, ejaculated beseechingly, ‘*Mon Dieu ! Miséricorde !*’ and swooned. Silently, alone, I restored him to consciousness, then came for you. We must go there together at once.”

I rose, without a word, ready to accompany him. He stopped me, however.

“See!” He produced a wig, mustachios, and a pair of thin *lunettes*. “Do not ask me why, just now ; but wear these for your own safety. I begin to see my way more clearly now, since I have found the real member.”

With a strange feeling of unhesitating reliance on the Russian’s acute perception, I did as he bade me, attiring myself in the wig and mustachios, and putting on the spectacles, which, from being of plain glass, did not obscure my vision.

“Lay aside that short coat,” he continued, “and instead wear a black *surtout*. Here is one ; a felt hat also will do better than a silk one.”

Saying nothing, I again followed his instructions, and when finished, I looked in the dressing-glass with the result that I did not recognise myself, so great and effectual was the transformation that had taken place.

“That will do very nicely. You will not be known. Let us go now.”

Hailing a “hansom,” we were driven to the hiding-place of the other Monsieur Dumartré. On the way thither Sarcovitch suggested the advisability of my assuming the name of Marteau, to which I agreed. He made no explanation for the change, nor did I inquire it. Somehow, I had adopted his guidance, and it seemed injudicious to question his intentions, which I knew were only for my own good.

Entering the small hostel we were immediately taken to a room on the first floor, into which, without announcement, we entered.

A sickly, cadaverous man, whose bones were clearly outlined

beneath the few bed-clothes, scanned my face as I approached with a wistful earnestness that was touching. Though covered by but a few bed-clothes, as I have said, his face appeared like moist clay, from which perspiration exuded at every pore, to be from time to time rubbed aside from his wrinkled brow by a thin, bloodless, wasted hand. The light of abject dread shone in his sunken eyes, set in inflamed sockets. A strong odour of medicines hung about the apartment, the blinds of which were partly drawn. Though now, in his weak state, betraying dread of his future, I could fancy from his facial formation that, in the health and vigour of his manhood, he had been a man of energy and strong feelings.

"I have come again," said Sarcovitch, and the man nodded wearily, the while keeping his eye fearfully fixed upon my face.

"The other Monsieur," he breathed rather than spoke. "Who is the other Monsieur?"

"He is with me," replied Sarcovitch; "and knows of you."

"*Eh, Messieurs,*" the man continued, raising himself with more energy than I thought he could possess, and speaking now in no pleading tones. "I have been expecting you. You have been longer in coming than I thought, *mais enfin*, you are here. You have me in your power. You have traced me that you might have revenge for the breaking of my oath; the Union sends you. *N'est-ce pas vrai?*"

"Yes, you are right," replied Sarcovitch, evasively. "We have traced you; but we do not come for vengeance; that has still to be meted out to you."

"Still!" repeated the man. "Still! Has not the sentence then been passed upon me?"

"No," returned Sarcovitch; "our president, Nijhoff——"

"Yes, I know," was the eager interruption. "Go on."

"Has made no reference as yet at any of our meetings to your absence."

"What is the meaning of that? Perhaps they wish first to ascertain my whereabouts. *N'est-ce pas?* They will know now. But," sinking back on the pillows to his original position, "*n'importe*; I cannot live long now."

"Why have you not, as our bond requires," asked Sarcovitch, in a hard voice, "reported your presence here, and attended our meetings?"

"Let me tell you. It cannot make much difference. As a member of the Parisian section I hated all connected with our work. It grew unbearable to me. There was neither justice nor sense in

the actions of our head centres, and it simply maddened me to think that I was in any way bound up with an institution whose principles were as unscrupulous as they were cowardly. If we have grievances, can we remove them by stealth—by plotting and powder—sooner than we can by open-air enunciation of our legitimate demands? If those demands are just, will not the majority of the people side with us? I say it will. My object in changing to London was well defined. I argued thus : it is a large place ; one man is lost there ; hence, let me go to London, ostensibly to transfer to the British centre of the Union, really to hide myself away and be lost to the sight of my fellows. The penalty, I weighed : and I dared it, even with the knowledge that I had not many years to live. Disease has been gaining rapidly upon me ; and I feel now, and perhaps it has struck you, too, that my days are numbered. I have not eluded your vigilance. Yet I was never without expectations that you would succeed in ferreting me out. *Tôt ou tard* you must find me, and you have. *Très bien !* ”

“ Have you had a doctor ? ” inquired Sarcovitch, whose voice showed that he shared the emotion stirred up in me by the man’s words.

The wasted hand pointed to the bottles on the side table.

“ *Oui*, I had a doctor in Paris, not here.”

“ Not here ? ” I echoed.

“ No. It was of no use. The doctor in Paris told me my ailment—what I knew it to be—consumption. Further, he told me not to expect to live. *Mais*, to my surprise I became *de jour en jour* better, and thinking, then, that the doctor was rather too certain of the nearness of my decease, I came to fancy I might yet have some years to live. But it was merely a glimpse of sunshine before the storm. The relapse took place as soon as I came to London, and the decline has been a rapid one. I am sinking fast. I know it.”

He could not be wrong. The racking, hollow cough, the sunken jaws, and the spot of carmine in either cheek, too plainly confirmed what he said. He could not live long. The fact seemed to please him.

Sarcovitch and I consulted aside in lowered tones. The Russian, in whose eyes there burned an unusual light, or else it was my fancy, proposed to have the ailing man removed to another hotel. I demurred, in no little degree astonished at the proposal, but Sarcovitch firmly pressed the point, though failing to give me any reason for such a change, and I acquiesced. His purpose, however, was veiled to me. I did not understand him, and he vouchsafed me no indi-

cation of his intentions beyond the removal of his Brother of the Union.

Sarcovitch then led me to an ante-room, where he made me take off my disguise, and attire myself instead in my former habiliments which we had brought with us in a small bag. Taking the disguise with me in this bag, he bade me return to my own hotel, settle up my bill, and arrange to have my things transferred under some other hospitable roof.

All this was astounding indeed to me, altogether ignorant of my friend's intentions. Though perhaps the person most concerned by it, I was not permitted to know the why and the wherefore of the change of my abode as of my attire.

"Be satisfied, Dumartré." He met my expostulation with, "I do all this for your own good. It will all be clear as noonday to you, and very soon, or I am much mistaken."

I had to be content, and following his instructions, I squared my account with the Hôtel —, and shifted my belongings to the Hôtel —, before proceeding to which, however, I once more donned the disguise of wig, spectacles, mustachios, and *surtout*. This at the special request of the Russian.

Then, when I had completed my exchange of quarters as of dress I returned to him at the quiet little west-end hotel. I found Sarcovitch seated in earnest conversation with the new-found "brother," between whom and himself a strong attachment had already to all appearance sprung up. There was no longer the appealing look on the withered and suffering-drawn features.

"I have arranged everything, Marteau," said the Russian, with a slight emphasis on the name. "Our friend will change to the Hôtel —, where we will have a doctor for him. Help me to dress him, and then we shall have a cab."

VIII.

We drove leisurely to the Hôtel —, a quiet and first-class establishment, upon which my friend had fixed; and, though the distance was not considerable, our *protégé* was very much fatigued after the journey, the attendant excitement telling on the wasted frame.

With some assistance he was able to walk up to the first floor, where a *suite* of rooms were secured for him. He was registered as Monsieur Dumartré, of Paris, in the hotel books.

Sarcovitch then obtained the services of an attendant, who was to devote himself solely to the care of the patient; and, this done, the professional assistance of a well-known physician was, as a matter of course, called in, though in both my and Sarcovitch's opinion, as well as in that of the patient himself, little was to be hoped for; and we were not mistaken.

When the doctor had completed his examination, which was made alone with the patient, and had joined us outside the bedroom, we inquired his opinion of the case.

"Very low, very low, gentlemen," was the report; "your friend, I regret to say, is in the very last stage of consumption. There is absolutely no hope. I can only make an effort to ease his last moments—but nothing more."

"How long may he live?" inquired Sarcovitch, in whose face I again saw the tense lines of pain and anxiety.

"I cannot judge to a day," was the cautious rejoinder of the doctor, "but—listen to that cough!—but a week at the outside will see the end of your friend."

"So soon?" I asked, in astonishment.

"Ay; if not even sooner. Just now your friend looks comparatively strong, and as if he might live a considerable time; but I well know what such appearances indicate. It is merely the final effort to throw off the gathering shadow of death. His, too, is not the constitution to make a lengthy struggle. His end, I think—I might almost promise—will be a quiet one, without suffering."

The learned physician was not mistaken in the opinion he held as to the length of time our friend had to spend on earth. His energy—what little he had—soon left him; every atom of power seemed, indeed, to desert him, and he lay on his bed in the quiet hotel fearlessly waiting his end, a physical wreck. He knew now that we were not acting by the Union's orders, and while he made known his gratefulness to us for what we had done to smooth the closing of his life, he exulted in the knowledge that he eluded the vengeance of his brotherhood. Sarcovitch and I were seldom away from him, and many were the expressions of gratitude heaped upon us by the dying man.

So absorbed were we in our present occupation that it was seldom mention was made by me or Sarcovitch of the Secret Union. From our conversation the subject seemed to be tacitly understood as tabooed, though as regards myself, that institution held in my thoughts the completest sway. Time was passing, and the hour approached

when, in the assembly of its members, I should be declared a defaulter, and have measured out to me the penalty of my default. I pictured often in my mind's eye with a strange fascination the assemblage of the members—the heavy-browed Nijhoff, the coarse and snarling second centre Aardvaark, the stolid countenances of the rank and file, and, last of all, my friend Sarcovitch, gloomy and dignified, flashing defiance from his eye at his president.

But though we—Sarcovitch and I—were thus silent upon my position in reference to the Secret Union, I could perceive that the Russian gave much thought, as well as I, to the approaching day when my perfidy would be proclaimed.

The end had come. Monsieur Dumartré of Paris, my namesake, the man by assuming whose position I had incurred the penalty of death, expired at an early hour in the morning.

The night before he acknowledged to us that he felt his end rapidly approaching, and, though almost too feeble for the task, thereupon wrote, in a very shaky hand, several brief letters to relations in France and America—relations, he assured us, to whom he had been lost for many years.

"And now," he said, sinking back on his pillows with a sigh of relief, "I have still a request to make. It is that you will tell your president and your fellows of the Secret Union that I have been happier since I deserted them than ever I was as one of their number; that I hoped from my heart none of their projects would succeed—as it would be to no one's good that they should succeed."

At a late hour we left the hotel, shaking hands with the emaciated creature who lay fitfully panting amongst cushions and pillows; and in the morning, when we returned, it was to discover that he had passed away.

He had expired, we were informed by the attendant, at four o'clock in the morning, after a sharp but short struggle.

I was seated in my room at the hotel to which by the Russian's advice I had removed.

Dumartré was buried. Sarcovitch had attended to everything, and he and I alone followed the body to the grave.

With the demise of my namesake, my own perilous position was forced upon my attention with tenfold force, and I seemed to have nothing left to do but to give myself up to despair—despair that was eating away my manhood.

Sarcovitch was ushered in. Downhearted as I was, I did not fail to observe a wonderful change in him now. A half smile was upon his open features, that seemed clear of all the evidences of anxious doubts they had previously indicated.

"To-morrow is the day of meeting of the Secret Union," he said quietly.

"I know that only too well," I returned sorrowfully, yet wondering at the tone of his voice, so altered from that to which I had lately been used.

"I shall then have a statement to make," he continued, pulling a yellow paper from his pocket.

"Denouncing me as an *espion*—a spy," I said.

"No, not quite so fast, my dear Dumartré," he remarked, in a voice that made me look up at him in surprise. "That is all changed."

"Changed?" I echoed wonderingly. "How do you mean?"

"Did you not see—did you not understand what has happened? We found the real member. Dumartré is dead, therefore *Marteau* is saved."

Like a sudden break in a stormy sky, displaying the clear light beyond, his meaning burst upon my dazed brain, that reeled at the shock. I saw everything. And to this end he had been hoping from the first. Oh! wonderful friendship that can sink all thoughts of merited revenge, and give instead a token of the love and good fellowship existent before the exposure of my treachery. In the flood of joy at my marvellous deliverance I gripped his hand and pressed it in my own.

"Sarcovitch, you are indeed a friend, one I am unworthy of possessing. How can I ever repay you?"

"By leaving London at the earliest moment. Retain your disguise and go away to a distant clime for some years at least. Alter your external appearance as much as you can, and I have no doubt you will escape all evil from your unfortunate connection with the Union, of which speak not a word, I caution you, in the future. This paper"—he held up the yellow sheet—"is the death registration, and I have a doctor's certificate in addition. These together will cause you to be considered by my fellow-members as dead and buried; and for the rest, I promise to remain silent."

For acknowledgment of my indebtedness to him I could only repeat the hand pressure. My heart was too full to let me speak then.

He remained with me for long, and it was he alone who bade

me *au revoir* early on the succeeding morning when I left London for a lengthy stay in Palestine and the Holy Land.

All that I have told occurred many years ago. I have altered names so that the principals of the Secret Union may not be recognised.

Occasionally I hear from my friend Sarcovitch, and though he forbids all reference on my part to the Society and its work, I know he is still connected with it, and, I often think, would fain desert a waning cause could he do so without disgracing himself in the estimation of his fellow-members, men, however, unless much changed from those I had known, with whom he could have little in common, and whose opinion was hardly worthy of consideration.

GEORGE ELIOT AND JANE WELSH CARLYLE.

IN a careful study of the letters of these two rarely gifted women, the attention is forcibly drawn to the serious amount of physical and mental suffering endured by each.

Accounts of distress so acute as to cause a thrill of pity in readers of even average sensibility, stud the pages of these letters and memoirs. The ordinary, commonplace modicum of peace and comfort seems to have been almost a fiction with both these noble intellectual natures, or at best, but to have formed an exceptional oasis, conspicuous by its rarity, in the arid waste of prolonged "malaise," oftentimes verging on graver indisposition.

It is significant when the brave, high-spirited Jane Welsh Carlyle adds this postscript to a letter addressed to her husband: "Thank God for some four hours of sleep last night!" Four hours! hardly an extension of blessed oblivion noteworthy for its length, or a cause of thanksgiving in the case of many of us; an allowance of sleep, leaving, alas! a margin of five or six other hours, to be spent, presumably, in weary tossings or restless pain.

There is a memorable letter from Mrs. Carlyle to George Eliot, thanking the author for the gift of "Scenes of Clerical Life," judging the writer to be a man, and beginning "My dear sir." The letter is published in Mr. Cross's work, and is dated January 21, 1858. It contains the following: "I cannot divine what inspired the good thought to send me your book. . . . But neither, I am sure, could you divine the circumstances under which I should read the book, and the particular benefit it should confer on me. I read it—at least the first volume—during one of the most (physically) wretched nights of my life, sitting up in bed, unable to get a wink of sleep. . . . You will believe that the book needed to be something more than a 'new novel' for me; that I could, at my years, and after so much reading, read it in positive torment, and be beguiled by it of the

This was, indeed, a fine tribute to the genius of George Eliot, since Mrs. Carlyle was one of the most critical of readers, possessed of a keen intellectual harshness unlikely to yield to the charm of ordinary fiction. We have one letter of Mrs. Carlyle's, dated in January 1858, in which she writes to her husband, then at the Grange, "I have an aching head come to fraternise with my aching side, and between the two, am very much detached—can't easily sit still to write." . . .

The last words speak volumes. Nervous restlessness, pain, and insomnia are sufficiently formidable foes, but they wax terrible when complicated with the after-effects of so-called remedies. That Mrs. Carlyle was compelled to resort to the occasional use of morphia as a mitigation of her acuter sufferings, and that she used this medicine by medical advice, is amply proved in her letters. Thus she was acquainted with that morbid restlessness which is found to be less tolerable than actual pain, and it seems probable that the expressions quoted above escaped her under the stress of some such aggravated discomfort. Nervous sufferers handicapped by the reaction of narcotics, and specially after their long-continued use, have been known to describe the mere power to sit still on a chair for half an hour, without effort, as the most exquisite of physical sensations. The ever-recurring burden of the letters and journals seems to be a longing, sometimes almost frantic in its urgency, for rest, oblivion, peace, sometimes almost for annihilation.

In a letter dated June 1858 Mrs. Carlyle says, "What I feel to need at present is, above all things human and divine, rest from mental worry." And, again, "A killing thought this to have put in one's heart, gnawing there day and night, that one ought to be dead, since one can no longer make the same exertions as formerly."

It is needless to point out that such expressions as these could scarcely have been called forth by mere physical pain, uncomplicated with disastrous conditions of another kind, more especially from a brave and fearless spirit like that of Jane Welsh Carlyle. Brain and nerves must alike have been exhausted to the lowest ebb, when such a devoted wife could write in this strain to a husband who, albeit not cast in the tenderest mould, did undoubtedly love and value her in his very heart of hearts. A hyper-sensitive state of the nervous system, induced by original temperament and increased by fatally injurious isolation, was in the main answerable for a large proportion of the intense sadness in these incomparable letters. Want of sleep became habitual, and there seemed no possibility of any real recovery of nerve-tone, even prior to the residence in Chelsea.

Mrs. Carlyle was not a woman to lean heavily on another woman with her unshared burden, or to demand continual reinforcements of sympathy to help her on her weary journey. Seldom, indeed, does she betray any self-pity, even in these letters of closest intimacy. There is a certain grim pleasantry in her manner of handling the subject of her manifold pains and keen discomforts. The sense of humour bursts out here and there in the recital of sufferings before which one instinctively quails in imagination. August 1850 seems to mark a time of real wretchedness. On the 22nd of that month Mrs. Carlyle writes to her husband: "If I had been an able-bodied woman instead of a thoroughly broken-down one, I should surely have had sense and reticence enough not to fret you in your seclusion with details of my household worry. But that dreadful Elizabeth 'murdered sleep,' I lost my 'happetite,' and became so weak and excited that I was really no more responsible for what I wrote than a person in a brain fever. For the last three nights I have been getting into sleep without morphia, which had become worse than useless."

Here, again, is evidence of the struggle for sleep, and the failure of morphia to produce even a forced repose. Little wonder that the brave soul of Jane Welsh Carlyle almost fainted under her heavy burden. No constitution, mental or physical, could bear up under the accumulated strain—the highly-strung nerves, jarred by neuralgia and uncongenial influences, alike demanding repose and rendering futile every effort to secure it. Thus the fine balance of the spirit was shaken and disturbed, the proportions of events perverted, homely everyday annoyances became almost unbearable, and cast shadows monstrous and far-reaching in their blackness. When analysed, so far as is possible to us, what were the tangible causes for discomfort in this tortured life? Inefficient servants, a too frequent need of house-cleaning, an anxious economy, practised during many years, the unsocial habits of a husband whose genius was her pride and delight, years of enforced seclusion from society—these represent the chief sources known to us as facts in the life of Jane Welsh Carlyle. But with all these to contend against, many women would have found much sweetness in life, and been able to take brighter views of its possibilities.

We hold that insomnia was the cause which made the burden unendurable, and wrung from the depths of weariness and pain many of the poignant expressions we quote. Help might perhaps have been found in some external channel of interest or occupation, something more congenial than the reiterated crusade against

noises and unsanitary domestic conditions, or the shortcomings of servant girls.

Had Mrs. Carlyle taken pen in hand and created a universe tempered to her peculiar needs, had she even indulged in publishing discursive diatribes on the whole state of woman, things might have gone more easily with her. It is possible!

But we turn to that other brilliant woman, so pre-eminent in power and genius—to George Eliot, who spent so many years in the intellectual companionship of a man with whom we presume her whole nature to have been in full sympathy—a man who instead of appropriating to himself the literary arena, and occupying it in hermit-like solitude, gave to her development and labours the warmest interest and appreciation, and gloried in the supremacy of her towering genius.

George Eliot passed much of her life in an atmosphere singularly favourable to the growth of her marvellous powers. The sun of human tenderness shone warm on her hours of labour and of leisure, whilst in her necessarily restricted circle she possessed the strongest incentives to lofty endeavour and accomplishment. Yet we find the tone of many of her letters little less depressed than those of Jane Welsh Carlyle, and though it nowhere appears that the authoress of "Romola" vexed her soul with mere mortal cooks and housemaids, she certainly found an ample equivalent in those tormenting doubts of her own powers, and the whole phalanx of introspective miseries of which lesser minds can more easily steer clear. George Eliot's health, moreover, can at no time have been robust, and there were times of active suffering with her which deepened the sombre tints with which she was wont to invest many of her lovely landscapes.

But the true source of much of George Eliot's suffering lay deep in mind and spirit.

With her, "to do without opium" did not mean the bearing of neuralgic pain without the aid of morphia; it meant the outlook over the awful possibilities of life without the solace of a belief in the mercy and providence of God, without the sustaining hope of a future state of being with its manifold compensations and fruitions.

Thus, one deep source of George Eliot's sorrow lay beyond the reach of healing, at the very root of things, and one cannot thoughtfully read her works without recognising the subtle want underlying much of her eloquent reasoning about human life and destiny. The passage referred to here has, we believe, led to some

misunderstanding on the part of readers, but the context leaves no doubt as to its actual significance. It runs thus: "I have faith in the working out of higher possibilities than the Catholic, or any other Church has presented, and those who have strength to wait and endure, are *bound to accept no formula* which their whole souls—their intellect as well as their emotions—do not embrace with entire reverence. The highest calling and election is *to do without opium*, and live through all our pain with conscious clear-eyed endurance." The letter is addressed to Madame Bodichon, and is dated December 1860.

Plainly then, no existing creed or formula satisfied the soul and intellect of George Eliot, and as the inevitable result, despite her philosophy, she was left to battle on, unsupported in that direction, whence doubtless the strong tinge of pessimism perceptible in some of her noblest literary work. Who can study "Middlemarch," or "Daniel Deronda," or the "Mill on the Floss," without a haunting sense of the incompleteness and hopelessness of large tracts of human experience, a deadening depression from which no emerging seems feasible, and a doubt as to all human effort for good receiving any true acknowledgment or reward? And this tendency must have reacted on her own spirit, which suffered without the power to accept the so-called "opium." We cannot, it is true, cite Jane Welsh Carlyle as an instance of simple, unquestioning piety. She indulged in some very pointed raillery on the ordinary religious phraseology of certain classes of very good people, as on the occasion when, unable to fulfil a dinner engagement, she solemnly began a note to John Forster, "*God's will be done!* dear Mr. Forster;" adding, "*If one said otherwise, it would do itself all the same.*" This is hardly expressive of a devout soul, and many bright and sparkling passages in a similar spirit crop up here and there in these inimitable letters; but we maintain that in Mrs. Carlyle there lived a real faith in God's power and mercy, and that in the darkest moments of her life she turned with childlike directness to the consolation of religion.

Writing in her journal in March 1856, during a depression aggravated by an east wind, Mrs. Carlyle says: "To-day it has blown knives and files, a cold, rasping, savage day, excruciating for sick nerves. Dear Geraldine (Miss Jewsbury), as if she would contend with the very elements on my behalf, brought me a bunch of violets. . . . Talking with her all I have done or could do! 'Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am weak. O Lord, heal me, for my bones are vexed. . . . Return, O Lord, deliver

my soul ; O save me for Thy mercy's sake ! " This cry of anguish bears plainly the impress " De profundis," for the tragedy of Mrs. Carlyle's life deepened at this time, and seemed to exclude all light. In that last period of acute physical suffering in 1864 we find the words, " No one can help me ! only God ! " What a pure, unselfish devotion breathes through many of Mrs. Carlyle's bitter lamentations ! In all her pain, the sharpest sting was ever felt to lie in that " vaixing " of Mr. Carlyle which she so often and so tenderly deplored. " God knows," she writes to him in 1850, " how gladly I would be sweet-tempered and cheerful-hearted, and all that sort of thing, for *your single sake* ! " And again, in 1864, she says, " Oh ! if God would only lift my trouble off me so far that I could bear it all in silence, and not add to the troubles of others ! "

That she *did* bear in silence more than many of us can even imagine cannot be doubted by any faithful reader of these records of a woman's inner life—records too sacred, some of them, for careless perusal. But through all the suffering there was still the element of belief in the care and power of God, and the earnest desire to help, and not to sadden, Mr. Carlyle. A passage in a letter dated September 1864, addressed to her husband by Mrs. Carlyle, runs thus : ' Oh ! this relapse is a severe disappointment to me, and, God knows, not altogether a selfish disappointment. I had looked forward to going back to you so much improved as to be, if not of any use and comfort to you, at least no trouble to you, and no burden on your spirits. And now, God knows how it will be ! Sometimes I feel a deadly assurance that I am progressing towards just such another winter as the last—only what little courage and hope supported me in the beginning worn out now, and ground into dust, under long, fiery suffering. "

We are glad to know that a period of much peacefulness and mitigation of pain succeeded this crisis of agony, which seems to have extended from September 1863 almost down to October 1864, when, after a visit of some length in Scotland, Mrs. Carlyle returned to her home in Chelsea very much restored, her death occurring eighteen months later, in April 1866.

Writing at the time of his lonely retrospection, Carlyle says, referring to this interval : " Strange and precious to look back upon those last eighteen months, as of a second youth (almost a second childhood, with the wisdom and graces of old age), which by Heaven's great mercy was conceded to her and to me. "

With the slackening of the tension of her long agony came the " loosening of the golden cord," and in the tender halo of this

renewed life and peace the figure of Jane Welsh Carlyle passes from our sight.

In a comparison of the two lives as revealed by the two women, we feel that George Eliot emphatically wore her rue "with a difference." Even her magnificently fulfilled literary vocation did not emancipate her from the occasional inroads of dragging depression, and a dissatisfaction which bore something of despair in its nature.

In a letter to Miss Sara Hennell, dated November 13, 1860, George Eliot writes: "It was not headache that I was suffering from when Mr. Bray called, but extreme languor and unbroken fatigue from morning to night—a state which is always accompanied in me, psychically, by utter self-distrust and despair of ever being equal to the demands of life." This is the key-note—*self-distrust*. It is a saying that true greatness is ever humble, diffident, unapt worthily to estimate its own powers or achievements, but "self-distrust" accords imperfectly with the ideal of the noble and brilliant personality of George Eliot.

In July 1861 the following entry occurs in the journal: "I am much afflicted with hopelessness and melancholy just now, and yet I feel the value of my blessings." And again, on August 1 of the same year she writes, and it is the sole entry for that day: "Struggling constantly with depression." And in October of the same year we find the following: "Utterly desponding about my book." And two days later: "Still with an incapable head, trying to write, trying to construct, and unable."

It is not clear to us why "Romola," the work on which George Eliot was at this time engaged, should have been felt as so heavy and depressing a task by the writer. But it is evident that this was the case. In Mr. John Morley's admirable review of "George Eliot's Life,"¹ he quotes the words of Mr. Cross referring to this subject: "I remember my wife telling me at Witley how cruelly she had suffered at Dorking from working with a leaden weight at this time. The writing of 'Romola' ploughed into her more than any of her other books. . . . In her own words, 'I began it a young woman, I finished it an old woman.'" Mr. Morley quotes another passage in which George Eliot calls upon herself to make "greater efforts against indolence, and the despondency that comes from too egoistic a dread of failure." Harsh words these, and born of a keen, unpitying self-study. We would not "hear an enemy say so"; and

¹ The review alluded to appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* soon after the publication of Mr. Cross's book.

in view of this searching dissatisfaction, we must ever bear in mind how the lofty standard of George Eliot's ideal did indeed "lose itself in the sky," that she had, in all sincerity, "hitched her waggon to a star," and could not compromise matters. We are led to mark the absence of the so-called "unconsciousness of genius," and to admit the existence of the painfully studied "pose" and strenuous effort which are held as inconsistent with the highest artistic production, and as detracting from our enjoyment of the same. In the journal of January 1862 we read: "Have been reading some entries in my note-books of past times, in which I recorded my *malaise* and despair. But it is impossible that I have ever been in so unpromising and despairing a state as I now feel." And again, at the close of the same year: "I am extremely spiritless, dead and hopeless about my writing. . . . I am inwardly irritable, and unvisited by good thoughts."

George Eliot finished "*Romola*" on June 9, 1863, and writes to Miss Sara Hennell on the following day: "How impossible it is for strong, healthy people to understand the way in which bodily *malaise* and suffering eats at the root of one's life. The philosophy that is true—the religion that is strength to the healthy—is constant emptiness to me, when the head is distracted and every sensation is oppressive!" Again, in July 1864 she writes: "Horrible scepticism about all things paralysing my mind! Shall I ever be good for anything? ever do anything again?"

The drama, "*The Spanish Gipsy*," seems to have been begun under these discouraging auspices, and not, at first, to have prospered.

An entry in the journal of February 21, 1864, runs thus: "Ill and very miserable. George has taken my Drama away from me."

It was not, apparently, until August 1866, that George Eliot again took up "*The Spanish Gipsy*," and the interim is marked by many tokens of the dark cloud.

In February 1865 she writes to Mr. Congreve: "I was ill last week, and had mental troubles besides—happily such as are unconnected with any one's experience except my own." This seems to bear upon that subtle cause of bitter uneasiness which at one time undoubtedly underlay the surface of George Eliot's life; we see that she, too, had her unshared burden, and that in her womanly unselfishness she was thankful that the pain touched her alone, and did not involve other lives. But the pain was there, and that isolation which is inseparable from some phases of human experience hung about her innermost thought-life.

Not alone in her writings has George Eliot spoken to us of the sublime power of self-sacrifice inherent in certain natures. Her own story brings more clearly before us the sum of a noble devotion ! But whilst heroically able to take a step which in one of her character implied a conscious and deliberate self-abnegation, she was keenly sensitive to its remoter consequences, and in its reaction on her own life suffered with an emphasis proportioned to the mighty generosity of her nature.

Thus came seasons of discouragement and dark hours akin to those which shadowed that other life which we have been considering, that of Jane Welsh Carlyle. The widely differing circumstances of the two lives led to results less diverse in their manifestation. Neither of these could be called a happy woman. Each possessed a great and powerful intellect, and though Mrs. Carlyle has left to the world no work of fiction or philosophy to place alongside of the glorious volumes from George Eliot's pen, we doubt not that, under other circumstances, she would have been an authoress. As it was, instead of the throes of intellectual creation and brain-labour, Mrs. Carlyle waged a bitter and constant war with inharmonious surroundings and almost intolerable physical disabilities, but her letters are a perfect study of spontaneous eloquence, force, vivid imagery, and powerful thought, with a keen insight that would have stood her in good stead in the field of literature. But it was not given to her to weave into thrilling fiction the experiences of her life. Had she been otherwise placed, in a congenial companionship, even with a man several degrees less intellectual than Thomas Carlyle or George Henry Lewes—a man with whom the deeper sympathies of woman's heart had met a full response—we cannot doubt that the world would have known Jane Welsh Carlyle as a writer. But such a career was utterly closed to her, and all connected with it seemed interwoven with the loneliness, the bitterness, and the disappointment of her own life. When we think of the eager, bright-eyed, tender creature, fenced round from the world's cold by softest nurture and love, gay, arch, sparkling and confident—when we bring that image face to face with the wasted, almost despairing, stern woman who had nothing left of her shining youth but the "bit smile," we are led to lament so inadequate a result to the world as this deeply touching record of long drawn-out suffering and patience. It seems as though she must have been "furnished for ages to come, when a kindlier wind should blow." It has been said "Happy is the nation that has no history." More truly, we think, may the remark be applied to woman, for, as the

German proverb has it, "Where the light is brightest, the shadow is deepest," and, whilst all right-minded people must rejoice in the wider fields of usefulness and culture now open to woman, and her evident ability to avail herself thereof, we still feel that the sphere peculiarly her own, the sanctuary of her home, filled and enfolded by loving blessedness, must to a large extent bound the possibilities of her perfect happiness.

We can never know what these two women would have been, had Motherhood been added to their respective crowns of glory—crowns not unmixed with thorns in either case. It must remain a mystery what would have resulted from the tender natural tie—what calling forth of hidden beauty and blossoming might have followed the touch of baby hands and lips caressing and winding round the very hearts of mothers. "Dream-children," indeed, these !

And into the region of dreams, or dreams made realities, the two noble-hearted women have passed, to whom so much was given, and from whom so much was withheld.

ANNIE E. IRELAND

DOMESDAY BOOK.

IN the room of the curator of the Record Office there repose beneath iron-bound glass cases two massive volumes, often talked about, seldom seen, and the contents of which are known only to the curious. Of the thousands walking down Fleet Street, who cares one jot that within a few yards of their peregrinations is the original copy of one of the oldest books in the world, a gem such as the archives of no other country can boast, the far-famed Domesday Book? Within the last few months this priceless record, whose pages are in a state of better preservation than many a parchment of this century, has emerged out of its retirement and been called upon to celebrate its commemoration and make its bow before the scholar, the antiquary, and those who always take an interest in the excitement of the moment. Quite an array of literature has presented itself upon the subject. Old chroniclers who were said to have lied like alpenstocks have had their veracity restored them; new facts have been brought forward, old facts have been summarily dismissed; suggestions have been as freely advanced as contradicted; whilst hobbies have been so rashly exercised that they have scarcely a leg to stand on. If in the multitude of counsellors there is wisdom, the student of Domesday ought now to be the most sapient of mortals. As one not wholly ignorant of my theme, let me cull from this literature that has recently sprung up a few facts which cannot be denied, and a few statements which, in the absence of others less worthy of credit, need not be completely ignored.

At the present day Domesday Book—as the Survey *par excellence* of the country at the time of William the Conqueror is called—is carefully housed, as we have said, within the gloomy but fireproof precincts of the Public Record Office, nor can the most sensitive and irritable antiquary find any fault with the manner in which the work is now guarded and preserved. Massive covers protect its pages, glass cases exclude the dust, and on the occasions when it is exhibited to the stranger no one save the official in charge is permitted to touch or turn over its sacred leaves. Before its transfer to the Record Office

it was kept by the side of the Tally Court in the Receipt of the Exchequer under three locks and keys, and placed in the custody of the Auditor, the Chamberlains, and the deputy Chamberlains of the Exchequer. In 1696 it was deposited with the other documents in the Chapter House at Westminster, where it remained until the erection of the Record Office, when it migrated to Fetter Lane as its permanent home.

And now to describe the physical aspect of this famous Survey. Domesday Book consists of two volumes, the one large and the other smaller; still, the more diminutive of the two is, in size and appearance, as like its fellow as a little elephant is to its bigger brother. The first volume, which is the greater of the two, contains 382 leaves of parchment, with five old flyleaves at the commencement and four at the end of the book. The leaves measure close upon 15 inches by 10 inches, and are for the most part arranged in quaternions of four double or eight leaves, though this arrangement is not invariably adopted throughout the book. Occasionally bits of parchment have been added to complete an entry which it was impossible to insert in the place allowed for it. The pages of the manuscript are divided into two columns, whilst perpendicular lines have been ruled to mark the margins and central space between the columns. The parchment is in excellent preservation, dirty and worn, it is true, by constant reference, but still smooth, flexible without being thin, and entirely free from the ravages of worms. The handwriting is clear and distinct, each letter sharp and carefully formed, and were it not for the numerous and cramped abbreviations the book could be easily read by the uninitiated. At the head of each page the name of the county under survey is penned in red ink, whilst a stroke of the same coloured ink is used to distinguish capital letters in the text. It will also be noticed that a red line runs through the names of places, as if they had been cancelled; instead of cancelling it is, however, but an early form of italicising entries.

The second volume, which contains full reports of the three counties, Essex, Norfolk, and Suffolk, consists of 450 pages, of a somewhat lesser size than its larger companion. In this work the vellum is coarser, the handwriting larger and less uniform in character, and the use of red ink but sparingly availed of; also the double column has been abandoned for the single. In the colophon to this volume the date of the completion of the Survey is thus given: "*Anno millesimo octogesimo sexto ab Incarnatione Domini vicesimo vero regni Willelmi facta est ista descriptio non solum per hos tres comitatus sed etiam per alios*"—In the one thousand and eighty-sixth year from the

Incarnation of our Lord, but the twentieth of the reign of King William, this description was made not only throughout these three counties, but also throughout the others. The following curious entry among the Exchequer documents of Edward III. (1340) relates to the binding of this tome : "To William, the bookbinder, of London, for binding and newly repairing the Book of Domesday, in which is contained the counties of Essex, Norfolk, and Suffolk, and for his stipend, costs and labour, received the money the fifth day of December by his own hands—three shillings and fourpence." This second volume, together with the Exon Domesday, which contains the fuller reports of the western counties, Wiltshire, Dorset, Somerset, Devonshire, and Cornwall, and the *Inquisitio Eliensis*, a survey of the lands of the abbey of Ely, seems to be the original record of the Survey itself, which appears in the first volume of the Exchequer Domesday in an abridged form. It was a strange oversight upon the part of Sir Henry Ellis, that he omitted to include in his great work the remarkable manuscript relating to Cambridgeshire, known as the *Inquisitio Cantabrigiensis*, to which special attention was drawn by Mr. Webb, a distinguished Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries, so early as the year 1756.

In the first volume of Domesday a survey of the following counties is contained : Kent, Sussex, Surrey, Southampton, Berks, Wilts, Dorset, Somerset, Devon, Cornwall, Middlesex, Hertford, Bucks, Oxford, Gloucester, Worcester, Hereford, Cambridge, Huntingdon, Bedford, Northampton, Leicester, Warwick, Stafford, Salop, Cheshire, Derby, Notts, York, and Lincoln, together with the anomalous districts of Rutland and the land "inter Ripam et Merham." As will be seen, the northern shires are not described in the Survey. Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Durham are conspicuous by their absence. Lancashire does not appear under its proper name ; but Furness and the northern part of the county, as well as the south of Westmoreland, with a part of Cumberland, are included within the West Riding of Yorkshire. That part of Lancashire which lies between the rivers Ribble and Mersey is subjoined to Cheshire ; and part of Rutland is described in the counties of Northampton and Lincoln.

Why was this? Various erudite and far-fetched reasons have been advanced for this arrangement ; but, without enveloping ourselves in any antiquarian fog, we may easily account for the omission of the northern counties from Domesday. The merciless hand of conquest in the first place had devastated the bleak districts of Durham and Northumberland. The devastations of William the Conqueror himself in the winter of 1069-1070, the various inroads of Malcolm, and the

vengeance taken by Odo, the brother of our first William, after the murder of Bishop Walcher, must have left very little in those parts worth the inspection. Is it not thus written in William of Malmesbury : "*Occasionem dedit Regi ut provincie illius reliquias, quæ aliquantulum respiraverant, funditus exterminaret*" ? Lancashire did not then exist as a separate county. Cumberland and Westmoreland had at that date no being as English shires ; their southern portions formed part of Yorkshire, and they are so surveyed in Domesday ; whilst their northern portions did not become part of the kingdom of England until the reign of William Rufus, having been held by the Scottish kings as a fief ever since the grant by Edmund the Magnificent, on the final overthrow of the old kingdom of Strathclyde. The notion that the northern portions of Cumberland and Westmoreland were subdued in 1072 by William the First is derived from a careless blunder in the work of Matthew of Westminster, who has confounded William Rufus with the Conqueror.

The Survey was no hasty inspection, but was most carefully and minutely made. For its execution certain commissioners, called the king's justiciaries, were sent into every shire, and juries summoned in each hundred out of all orders of freemen, from barons down to the lowest farmer. These commissioners were to be informed by the inhabitants upon oath of the name of each manor, and that of its owner ; also, by whom it was held in the time of Edward the Confessor—the T.R.E. so familiar to the student of Domesday ; the number of hides, or such a space as might be ploughed with one plough ; the quantity of wood, of pasture, and of meadow land ; how many ploughs were in the demesne, and how many mills and fishponds belonged to it ; the value of the whole in the time of the Confessor, as well as when granted by the Conqueror, and at the time of the Survey ; and also whether it was capable of improvement, or of being advanced in value. These justiciaries were likewise directed to return the tenants in every degree, the quantity of lands then and formerly held by each of them, what was the number of villeins and slaves, and also the number and kinds of their cattle and live stock. These inquisitions being first methodised in the county were afterwards sent up to the Exchequer. So microscopic was the Survey that the writer of the contemporary portion of the Saxon Chronicle records : "So very narrowly he caused it to be traced out, that there was not a single hide or yard land, not an ox, cow, or hog that was not set down."

The object of the Survey was that every man should know the extent and nature of his rightful possessions, and not usurp with impunity the property of others. To the king it was most useful. Thanks to the inquisition held by his commissioners he knew exactly what

were the land revenues of the crown, the names and means of his tenants, who were capable of military service, who were powerful or who were not, and upon whom the burden of taxation could be profitably imposed. The examination of every shire is always conducted on the same system. First ranks the king as the chief landed proprietor, then the bishops and heads of religious houses, then the local gentry and then the squireens, followed by the king's serjeants, the king's thegns, and the king's almsmen. Lastly, in several shires come the "Clamores," the records of lands which were said to be held unjustly and to which other men laid claim. Then follows the Survey itself. The lands of the king or other landowner are arranged under the hundreds in which they were placed, and the necessary particulars of which the Survey was to be a record are put down under each manor or other holding.

The date when the Survey contained in Domesday was begun has always been a disputed point, and is variously stated. Some antiquaries have quoted the Red Book of the Exchequer as fixing the date at 1080; but the Red Book merely confines itself to the statement that the Survey was undertaken at a time subsequent to the total reduction of the island to the authority of the Conqueror. Matthew Paris, Robert of Gloucester, the Annals of Waverley, and the Chronicle of Bermondsey give 1083 as the date of the record; Henry of Huntingdon places it in 1084; the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle in 1085; Simeon of Durham, Florence of Worcester, Roger de Hoveden, and Hemingford in 1086; whilst the Ypodigma Neustriæ and Ralph de Diceto, the Dean of St. Paul's, state 1087 as the year. We, however, shall not be far wrong in arriving at the conclusion that it was during the years 1085-6 that Domesday was begun and ended. It is said by some recent critics that on the completion of the Survey it was preserved in the Winchester treasury—Winchester then being the capital of the West Saxon kingdom and official seat of the Court—for a century before it was housed in Westminster. The chief authority for this assertion is the chronicle of Ingulph. Shades of Sir Francis Palgrave and Æadward A. Freeman, that Ingulph should be quoted as an authority!

Various local Domesday Books exist, as those of York, Norwich, Ipswich, Chester, Evesham, and the Boldon Book of Survey of the Palatinate of the Bishops of Durham. The most notable among them is the Domesday of St. Paul's made in 1181 by Ralph de Diceto, the Dean of St. Paul's, and edited by the late Archdeacon Hale.

Within the last few years the contents of the two volumes of Domesday have been issued in parts, each part comprising a county, and printed by the process of photozincography.

THE ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.

THE name of the Admirable Crichton is in everybody's mouth. Leading articles make free with it. It is the title of one of Harrison Ainsworth's historical novels. Mr. W. S. Gilbert introduces it repeatedly into his comic operas. Those who are learned in such things will know, too, that Dr. Johnson—no indifferent biographer—wrote of Crichton in the *Adventurer*, and that Patrick Fraser Tytler, a cautious Scottish historian, devoted a moderate-sized volume to the subject some seventy years ago. Yet the conscientious biographer must not rest satisfied. A scholarly history of Crichton's world-wide reputation has yet to be written. Statements are made by Tytler which will not bear critical examination. There is evidence extant which Tytler did not study. Crichton's own writings in the Grenville Library of the British Museum neither Tytler nor any later writer has made it his business to inspect. The latter are at the heart of the mystery. Not only do they fail to supply confirmation of Crichton's traditional fame: they raise doubts as to whether the most romantic incidents in Tytler's story—incidents which, if they do not make Crichton admirable, at least make him interesting—have any foundation in fact at all. Crucial dates and exploits have to be surrendered, and the whole fabric is in confusion. In face of the crumbling ruin an ingenious mythologist might be tempted to resolve Crichton into a sun-myth or a survival of savage worship. How did the questionable information, we ask ourselves, grow into the circumstantial shape in which it carried conviction to many apparently sagacious judgments? The riddle is not to be guessed off-hand. The Muse of historical research draws her followers into tortuous roads before she delivers her message. And to learn the truth about the Admirable Crichton we must pursue her over some very rough and remote ground.

Scotchmen take a vague kind of personal pride in Crichton, and that he was a scion of an ancient Scottish family, born in Scotland in the sixteenth century, is beyond question. It is equally true that his reputation for miraculous versatility, though wholly displayed abroad,

has been mainly built up by Scottish writers. England has naturalised him ; but, excepting Dr. Johnson and Pennant, we know of no Englishman who has written seriously about his life. It is necessary to learn something of those who have disseminated the received account of his exploits before submitting his career to rigorous tests. A Venetian, in whose society Crichton spent much of his short manhood, was the first to launch his fame in print. Aldus Manutius, grandson of the founder of the Aldine press, is the author of the only strictly contemporary history of the admirable Scot's achievements. Crichton himself was clearly responsible for much of the information which Aldus published. It will be matter for discussion how far Crichton availed himself of the wonted licence of the autobiographer, and how far Aldus himself was a lover of truth, but Aldus's notices, alone among the authorities for Crichton's biography, are the outcome of personal observation. Later writers in Scotland and Germany who follow Aldus within sixty years, and tell us occasionally more than Aldus knew, are witnesses at second or third hand, and no literary court of justice would pay them much respect until they had been sharply cross-examined. Aldus wrote in Latin and Italian ; his immediate successors in Latin. It was not till he had been dead nearly seventy years that Crichton blossomed out in the English language into a popular miracle. This semblance he first assumed in the pages of a far-famed Scotchman, Sir Thomas Urquhart, of Cromarty.

Sir Thomas will live in English literature as the translator of Rabelais. Rabelais and he had much in common, and his style of thought and language is Rabelaisian, whether or no he is translating his master's book. A circuitous route led him to Crichton's biography. He was a staunch royalist, and was present at the battle of Worcester (September 3, 1651), whence he had to beat a hasty retreat. In exile he bethought him how to vindicate the good name of his outraged cause and nation. A panegyric on the distinguished Scots of his own or earlier generation suggested itself to him as a practical plan of campaign. Urquhart was not sure when Crichton lived, and was obviously ignorant of what had been written about him, but he knew by hearsay of his reputation, and seized on that as an illustration of what the Scottish genius could compass. Urquhart knew his Rabelais and was an admirer of Pantagruel and Panurge. To ascribe to a real Scotchman some of the exploits of these worthies was a task that suited his eccentric literary bent. He succeeded admirably. Panurge and Pantagruel had silenced in public disputations all the learning of the Parisian

College of Navarre. So did Crichton in Urquhart's serio-comic narrative. Panurge was master of a dozen tongues, and was free and easy in his gallantries. So was Urquhart's Crichton. By the veracious knight of Cromarty Crichton was christened the Admirable, and all succeeding generations have adopted the epithet. With what impudent facility Urquhart could invent history we know from his account of his own family pedigree, which he traced in detail from before the Flood. The hero of Mr. Rider Haggard's romance of "She" was not of more antique descent; and here, again, Urquhart was merely repeating an exploit of his hero Pantagruel. The title of the volume, which has long been a *locus classicus* among Crichton's biographers and is eccentrically prefaced by suggestions for a universal language, runs :

ΕΚΣΚΥΒΑΛΑΤΡΟΝ or the Discovery of a most exquisite Jewel more precious than Diamonds enclosed in Gold, the like whereof was never seen in any age. Found in the kennel of Worcester Streets the Day after the Fight and six before the autumnal Æquinox; Anno 1651. Serving in this place to frontal a Vindication of the Honour of Scotland. From that infamy whereunto the rigid Presbyterian party of that nation out of their covetousness and ambition most dissembledly hath involved it.

This compound of gravity and obscenity—"a greater curiosity than Crichton was," in the words of Horace Walpole—has been adopted seriously in whole or part by all who have since written about Crichton.

Early in the eighteenth century Crichton appeared in both his Aldine and Urquhartian glory in Dr. Mackenzie's popular collection of Scottish biographies. To prove Crichton's claim to his Rabelaisian reputation references were made in footnotes to ancient folios, but these proved mere delusions, not always of a very innocent order. Scotchmen came quickly to regard Crichton as a national hero, and Mackenzie's Memoir sold largely as a threepenny chapbook, issued in Aberdeen about 1760. It was dramatised at Edinburgh in 1802. Dr. Johnson wrote out Mackenzie's notice from hearsay for the *Adventurer*, and Pennant printed it as his own in his "Tour in Scotland." Towards the end of last century Dr. Kippis sought, in a diffuse essay in the "Biographia Britannica," to strip the story of its extravagances; and he was followed in 1810 by the Rev. John Black, of Colyton, the biographer of Tasso, who brought more thoroughgoing scepticism to bear upon it. In 1819 Tytler strove to erect a bulwark against this destructive criticism in the guise of a strictly historical essay, and, in spite of some shrewd comments appended by Harrison Ainsworth to his well-known novel, Tytler's version still holds the field.

Crichton's early life presents no difficulties and few attractions. His father, Robert Crichton of Eliock, Dumfriesshire, was a serious lawyer, who from 1562 to 1581 shared with another the office of lord advocate, and in 1581 became a senator of the College of Justice. Aldus, repeating what the Admirable Crichton told him, insisted that the father was a very great man in Scotland, the most eager of all the champions of the orthodox Catholic faith and of Mary Queen of Scots. We learn, too, from the same source, that he commanded at Langside—that miserable engagement which finally drove Mary from Scotland. But all this is mere fiction. The Admirable Scot obviously thought it wiser to represent his father as a man of war than as the man of law, in which guise history alone recognises him, and, whatever his devotion to Mary Queen of Scots, we know that he served under James VI. Thrice he led a wife to the altar, and his first child by his first wife (Elizabeth, daughter of Sir James Stewart of Beath) was James Crichton surnamed the Admirable. Crichton let Aldus know that he was descended, on his mother's side, from Scottish kings, "the oldest Christian kings of Europe, who never submitted to Rome." Accommodating genealogists have supported the pretension in a remote degree, but Dempster, a generous Scottish biographer of the seventeenth century, who did not usually allow any scrupulous love of truth to temper his glorification of his countrymen, characterised the whole assertion of royal descent as a monstrous lie. A second son of the lord advocate, by Elizabeth Stewart, named Robert, was of very turbulent temperament, and must have interfered with the tranquillity of his elder brother's childhood.

James Crichton was born at Eliock on August 20, 1560. These dates rest on Aldus's testimony. In 1570 he entered (according to the registers) St. Salvator's College at St. Andrews, when he was only ten. This was not an unusual age at which to inaugurate a university career in those days, and no conclusion as to Crichton's precocity is to be deduced from it. A distinguished contemporary, Queen Elizabeth's Earl of Essex, was little more than nine and a half when he went into residence at Trinity College, Cambridge. Whatever profession Crichton's father designed for him, it was clear that he wished him in private life to rank as a Scottish laird. A kinsman of Advocate Crichton was bishop of Dunkeld. He had given up all hope of retaining his see amid the changes with which the Presbyterians menaced the episcopal establishment, and while anticipating a forcible divorce between his see and its landed estates, bethought him of no better plan of meeting his difficulties than of handing over the episcopal property of Cluny, in Perth-

shire, to his cousin the lawyer. In 1562 the deed of alienation was signed. Four years later the advocate obtained a surer hold on the estate by extorting from the bishop a charter entailing it on his son James. This document, still extant at Cluny, now the property of the Earl of Airlie, is the earliest written testimony to Crichton's existence. Subsequently the bishop regretted his generosity, and sought to reclaim his gift. But his kinsman stood firm and asserted his rights. In 1576, however, a compromise was agreed on, with James's assent. Certain privileges were yielded to the donor's successor in the bishopric of Dunkeld, and the charter embodying the grant bears the signature of the Admirable Crichton. The boy of sixteen wrote a large round hand when he signed himself here "Mr. James Creichtone," and traced the only words which are still accessible in his handwriting. Like the document of 1566, this, too, is still at Cluny.¹

Crichton proceeded B.A. on March 20, 1574, and M.A. in 1575. He told Aldus that his tutors, the most distinguished men of the day, were Buchanan, Hepburn, Robertson, and Rutherford. Little is known of the three last. But Buchanan's name is great enough in itself to confer some distinction on his pupil. There are, indeed, so many points of resemblance between the careers of Crichton and Buchanan as to suggest the theory that the former devoted himself to imitating the latter's exploits. Buchanan, for two-thirds of his long life of seventy-six years, was wandering about Europe, holding professorships at the chief universities of France and Portugal. His Latin verses and Latin tragedies were the theme of eulogies by all the best-known continental scholars; they impressed the elder Scaliger, and Milton admired them. "Hujus sæculi poetarum facile princeps" was the title conferred on Buchanan by foreigners, and he is similarly described in the register of St. Andrews, when he became principal of St. Leonard's. His political career and his tuition of James VI., with whom Crichton claimed to have studied under him, are important features in the history of sixteenth-century Scotland. His literary accomplishments, which drew upon him the admiring gaze of all Europe, are alone important here, and they may well have fired the ambition of a precocious pupil. When all is told, it will be seen that Crichton is not positively known to have rivalled Buchanan's achievements.²

It is after Crichton completed his education that the biographer's

¹ The late James Stuart first examined the Crichton papers at Cluny in 1855, and described them in the *Proceedings of the Antiquaries of Scotland* (1855), vol. ii.

² See Dr. Aeneas Mackay's admirable article on George Buchanan in *Dictionary of National Biography*.

difficulties begin. That he left Scotland when nearly seventeen, and never returned, is provable. He told Aldus that a family quarrel over politics drove him from home. His ardour for the Catholic religion, he said, offended his father, who yielded conscientious scruples to maintain his hold on the loaves and fishes. Many Scottish fugitives told the same tale of their parents and themselves. Crichton's father has not left us his version of the case. It was the fashion of the age for a young man to spend his youth abroad, and Crichton may have merely been following the ordinary custom when he left home. That he should first visit Paris would be in accordance with the general practice. Buchanan took the same route. Scotland and France were intimately connected by political ties, and very many Scottish youths either entered the French universities, or were allowed opportunities of seeing service in the French army. Crichton's modern biographers insist that he attempted both careers. Aldus merely tells us that he was for two years a French soldier, and John Johnstone, Crichton's Scottish panegyrist of 1603, wrote vaguely, "*Gallia pectus excolit*," which may best be interpreted as "France schools his spirit." More we do not positively know. But the slenderness of the trustworthy evidence invited invention, and Sir Thomas Urquhart filled the gap with the following story:

No sooner had Crichton arrived in Paris than he affixed placards in all conspicuous places, challenging the learned to dispute with him publicly at the end of six weeks in the College of Navarre. He offered for discussion "any science, liberal art, discipline or faculty, practical or theoretic, not excluding the theological and jurisprudential habits." The answers were to be rendered in any one of the twelve languages in either verse or prose, at the will of the disputant. While awaiting the appointed day, the admirable Scot proved his prowess in hawking, hunting, and all other athletic sports, besides charming ladies' ears with his proficiency as a singer and lutenist. In the public discussion, Crichton, amid the applause of a crowded audience of students and professors, vanquished all his challengers. Next day, "to refresh his brains," he tried his skill in a tournament at the Louvre, and came off victorious.

These incidents have been recklessly amplified in Ainsworth's romance, but all rests on Urquhart's shadowy testimony.

The general resemblance between Crichton's public disputation and the conference of Panurge and Thaumast, which Rabelais also placed in the College of Navarre, did not rouse the suspicions of Urquhart's successors. Mackenzie not only repeated Urquhart, but asserted that he had the story of the disputation on

the evidence of an eye-witness. An eminent French lawyer, one Stephen Pasquier, according to Mackenzie, was in Paris at the time, and was collecting examples of precocity exhibited at Paris for his book "*Recherches de la France.*" Alas, that no penal code has ever constituted biographical misrepresentations capital offences ! What are Pasquier's words on which Mackenzie bases so much ? They are to the following effect :

There came to the College of Navarre a young man of twenty years of age who was perfectly well-seen in all the sciences, as the most learned masters of the university acknowledged. In vocal and instrumental music none could equal him. In all military feats he was most expert, and could play with the sword so dexterously with both his hands, that no man could fight him. When he saw his enemy and antagonist, he would throw himself upon him at one jump of twenty or twenty-four feet distance. He was a Master of Arts, and disputed with us in the schools of the college in medicine, the civil and common law and theology ; and although we were above fifty in number, besides above 3,000 that were present, so pointedly and learnedly he answered all the questions which were proposed to him, that none but they who were present can believe it. He spake Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and other languages most politely. He was likewise a most excellent horseman ; and truly, if a man should live 100 years without eating, drinking, or sleeping, he could not attain to this man's knowledge, which struck us with a panic fear ; for he knew more than human nature can well bear, for in learning none could compete with him. He was thought to be Antichrist.

Pasquier gives the versatile prodigy no name. So far from stating that he witnessed his performances or learned of them from one who did, he tells us that he transcribed the episode from a manuscript occasionally used by him, and that he put the story before his readers in its simplicity, so that they might be the more inclined to trust it. But—and this is the point which Mackenzie coolly omitted to mention—the date of the manuscript Pasquier states to be 1445 ! Another authority, Trithemius of Spanheim, a Latin biographer who died in 1516, also tells the story of Pasquier's hero, and supplies his name—Ferdinand of Cordova—a Spaniard who died nearly a century before Crichton was born. A French poet, Chastelain, similarly rehearsed Ferdinand's exploits while Charles VII., a contemporary of our Henry V. and Henry VI., was King of France. It thus grows plain that Crichton's Parisian achievements are a curiously apocryphal compound ; the ingredients are Urquhart's reminiscences of Rabelais and the adventures of a Spanish scholar at Paris who reached Paris at least one hundred and thirty-two years before Crichton. It is desirable to sweep such fables out of our path.

Like most English and Scottish youths on the grand tour, Crichton, when he left France (*i.e.* the French army), made his way to Italy. His first resting-place has been matter of controversy, but in the

presence of an address which Crichton presented to the Doge and Senate of Genoa, and published in 1579 in that city, there can be no doubt that Genoa was his earliest Italian home. It is a curious irony of fate that has concealed this address, like almost all Crichton's own handiwork, from the notice of all who have exhibited any interest in his history.¹ The pamphlet, which is in Latin, is entitled "The Speech of James Crichton, the Scotchman, delivered before the Senate on July 1 at the election of the Moderators of the Republic of Genoa."² The dedication, dated "Genoa, July 13, 1579," is addressed to the Doge, Giovanni Baptista Gentili. Many a Scottish or English sixth-form boy could write Latin prose as well as Crichton wrote here. His self-confidence in addressing a long string of commonplaces, couched in commonplace language, to a bench of reverend seniors, is alone remarkable. The youth refers to his hard work as a student, and to his courteous reception at Genoa. "What more gracious or illustrious privilege could be conceded," he justly inquires, "to a wanderer and stranger, to a Scotchman sprung from the ends of Britain, than the task of speaking, on the threshold of his arrival, of your Republic before this illustrious tribunal?" Eulogy on civic life, conventional praise of the lawgivers of antiquity, a feeble sneer at Mahomet, and a complimentary description of the free elective constitution of Genoa, fill out the dozen pages of the printed tract. Crichton hints incidentally that some envious persons did not express much satisfaction with his oration, which is the sole record of his visit to Genoa.

In 1580 he made his appearance at Venice. Literary society flourished there, and scholars of all nationalities could count on a hearty welcome. The Aldine press still maintained its reputation, and Aldus Manutius, grandson of the founder, nominally presided over its fortunes. But Aldus was better known as a leader of literary society than as a printer and publisher. He was only thirty-five years old when Crichton came to know him, and yet for a quarter of a century he had been an author. His "*Eleganze della Lingua Toscana e Latina*" was issued in 1557, when he was twelve, and when he was eighteen he edited Sallust. Amiability rarely accompanies precocity, yet Aldus's treatment of rival scholars displayed a passion for making himself agreeable which has had few parallels before or since. If the dedications to his friends which prefaced his various books and reprints are to be taken seriously—and the

¹ A unique copy is in the Grenville Library of the British Museum.

² For the full Latin titles of Crichton's works and other bibliographical details, see the article on the subject by the present writer in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, vol. xiii.

question is open to discussion—none of Aldus's friends could by any chance think so well of themselves as he thought of them. Every fly-leaf which divides one treatise from another in his great folio edition of Cicero (1579-83) is filled with high-flown panegyrics in Ciceronian Latin on this or that acquaintance, native or foreign. All, apparently, that he expected in return for his copious praises was an occasional ode in honour of himself. When his interest was once excited in any newcomer to Venice, his faith in him knew, for the time being, no bounds, and any hint that his confidence was misplaced he treated as a personal affront.

No sooner had Crichton arrived in Venice than he made a bold bid for the influential scholar's patronage. He offered him "the Poem of James Crichton, the Scotchman, addressed to Aldus Manutius on his approach to the far-famed city of Venice." Here Crichton affects in Virgilian hexameters to lament by the shores of the Adriatic his divorce from the Muses, when a Naiad rises from the sea to give him this advice :

Non te divi divisque parentibus orti
Aldi fama latet, totum diffusa per orbem . . .
Hunc pete.

The peoples of Asia, the savage Cantabrian, the dark coloured Indian, and the inhabitants of the ends of the earth, are all, according to Crichton, familiar with the learned printer's great name. Apollo, Hermes, and Pallas Minerva rank themselves below him. The fairest of the Nymphs hover about the Venetian coasts, and are ready, the writer suggests, to receive a stranger there. Finally, Crichton's joy at meeting the renowned Aldus finds expression in a brief ode. The two poems freely plagiarise Virgil and Horace, and show nothing more than passable facility—such facility as Milton certainly surpassed. But Aldus's taste in panegyric was satisfied, and he found an incongruous place for Crichton's poems in a note to his edition of Cicero. They were also published separately at the Venetian press of the brothers Guerra, and the author was admitted into the best society of Venice. Severe critics hinted, however, to Aldus's annoyance, that Crichton's latinity was harsh and inelegant.

Crichton's reputation must stand or fall by his exploits at Venice. Of them alone have we strictly contemporary accounts. The critical value attaching to these accounts will be matter for discussion, but it is necessary first to know what they reveal. In a show-case at the British Museum is exhibited a thin sheet of printed paper whose market value exceeds its weight in gold. It is a handbill, dated in

1580, and printed by the brothers Guerra, cataloguing the accomplishments of the admirable Scot, and announcing his temporary retirement from Venice in order to prepare himself for a great public disputation. Literary forgeries are not uncommon means of meeting biographical dilemmas, but there is nothing in the technical details to suggest fraud here. In English the document runs thus :

The Scotchman called James Crichton completed his twentieth year on the 19th of August last. He has a mole above his right eye. He speaks ten languages : Latin and Italian excellently ; Greek, and can make epigrams ; Chaldean, Spanish, French, Flemish, English, Scotch, and he understands German. He has command of philosophy, theology, mathematics, and astrology, and holds all calculations that have been made before to-day false ; he has frequently disputed about philosophy and theology in this city with men of worth to the amazement of all. He has a perfect knowledge of the Kabbalah, and such a memory that he does not know what it is to forget ; every speech he hears he recites word for word. He improvises Latin verses in all metres and in all subjects ; he can repeat them backwards, commencing with the last word of the verse ; he makes them impromptu and elegant. He speaks profoundly about matters of state. Of most beautiful appearance, a wonderfully finished courtier, and of most charming address. A soldier from top to toe, he has spent ten years in France in the war, bearing a very honourable charge ; he leaps and dances excellently. He fences, shoulders all sorts of arms, and has shown his skill here ; he is a horseman and matchless joustier. Of noble blood through his royal mother, a Stuart. He has disputed with Greeks on the subject of the procession of the Holy Ghost with great applause, and with abundance of authorities from Greek and Latin doctors and councils, as he does when he treats of philosophy and theology, having all Aristotle and his commentators at his fingers' ends, and reciting lines, not to say whole pages, in Greek. He knows all St. Thomas and Scotus, the Thomists and Scotists by heart, and discusses them on both sides, as he has done with success many times. He never speaks on any subject except that propounded by another. The Prince and Signory wanted to hear him, and they were amazed. His serene highness honoured him with a present. In fine, he is a prodigy of prodigies, such that some people, seeing such capacity concentrated in a single human form, and that very well proportioned and far from melancholy, make strange tales. Now he has betaken himself away to the country to work out two thousand conclusions in all arts, which he wishes to uphold in Venice, in the church of SS. John and Paul, within two months, but he cannot satisfy the wishes of the persons who desire to hear him every day and his own studies at the same time.

This is the fullest account of Crichton's accomplishments penned in his lifetime. It sounds on a first reading like the advertisement of an enterprising tradesman or theatrical manager, but its authorship is for the present of greater moment than its internal character, and that is easily traceable to the impressionable Aldus. In 1581 Aldus reissued it, with very slight alterations, as his own composition, at his own press. He entitled it, "*Relatione delle Qualità di Jacomo de Crettone fatta da Aldo Manutio,*" and dedicated it to a Venetian nobleman, the Duke di Sora. It reappeared in the same form in

1582.¹ Aldus's reputation was too high to allow him to twice put his name to another man's work, so that it is impossible to question his responsibility. The chronology is unaltered in the three issues, but it is fairly certain that Crichton's retirement to prepare for his stupendous disputation, which all announce, took place in 1580. In the same year the youth was described as "most learned and famous" above four Latin lines, conveying extravagant compliments, which he contributed to a new collection of poems by a fashionable versifier of Venice, Erasmo di Valvesone.²

Aldus's testimony was again placed before the Venetian public in a slightly different shape late in 1581. To Crichton he dedicated his edition of Cicero's "*Paradoxa*," and there he eulogised with his unwieldy rhetoric not only Crichton's personal beauty and accomplishments, but his native land, the Crichton and Stuart families, his father, and his tutors. Admiring crowds, he tells us, followed the admirable youth about Venice, like the Athenian concourse which met Plato on his return from Sicily.

In this dedicatory epistle Aldus describes in considerable detail a visit which Crichton paid to Padua in March 1581. Apparently, the Scot had suffered five months' illness before he was advised by his friends to try a change of scene. At Padua he carried letters of recommendation to Aloysius Cornelius, a well-known patron of letters. Cornelius, at Crichton's request, invited all the professors and students of the town to meet him. On their arrival the adventurous youth welcomed them with a poem in praise of Padua. He afterwards refuted, in a six hours' discussion, all the errors of Aristotle and his commentators, and concluded the day's entertainment by improvising a poem in praise of ignorance. Another day a disputation was announced at the house of the Bishop of Padua. Crichton was surpassing himself in daily conferences, but the meeting fell through, and envious persons were at hand to denounce him as a charlatan. In reply to these attacks he issued this advertisement:

In order that James Crichton, the Scotchman, may show his undying gratitude to those persons of transcendent virtue and true nobility of soul who are wont to think favourably of lovers of virtue, and in order that he may deprive profligate and abandoned men of all opportunity of boasting hereafter, he will refute the almost numberless errors of Aristotle, and of all Latin philosophers, whether on questions of metaphysics or theology, as well as the dreams of some professors of mathematics, and he will answer objections.

He freely offers opportunity of disputation in all sciences, whether taught in

¹ Copies of both reissues, which escaped Tytler's notice, are in the British Museum.

² This reference was first given by a writer in *Notes and Queries*, 5th ser. vii. 106.

public or only attempted by very learned men, and he is ready to reply either in ordinary logical syllogisms or in secret arithmetical cipher or in mathematical formulæ or in any of twenty kinds of verse, at the will of the disputants.

The conference will begin on the afternoon of the most holy day of Pentecost, in the church of SS. John and Paul.

Aldus adds that he came over from Venice to attend the debate, which lasted for three days, and ended with a complete victory for Crichton. He concludes his declamation by confessing that he is prone to over-praise, and that his warm advocacy of the Scotchman's merits has offended many, but he knows that his confidence is not misplaced. Sixty years after Aldus wrote, *Imperialis*, a German who published an extravagant notice of Crichton based on Aldus's dedicatory epistle, added the information that his father heard the Scotchman dispute at Padua, and that his opponent was Archangelus Mercenarius. Mercenarius is known to have enjoyed scholastic encounters with ambitious youths, and the statement may be true. But it should be borne in mind that *Imperialis's* father was only a lad of thirteen at that time. In June 1581 Crichton was again in Venice, and wrote odes to Lorenzo Massa, Secretary of the Venetian Republic, and to Giovanni Donati, one of Aldus's friends. Aldus printed both in the volume of his edition of Cicero, published in 1581, the one prefixed to the "*De Senectute*," and the other to the "*De Amicitia*." They are Crichton's most presentable compositions. With them the record of Crichton's visit to Venice comes to a close.

One of those envious persons who irritated Aldus by hinting doubts of Crichton's genius, has recorded the opinion that Crichton was a coxcomb, and at times shirked his pretentious challenges after the manner of a professional quack. The satirical writer is Trajano Boccalini, a Venetian, who published in 1612 his "*Ragguagli di Parnasso*," or "*Advertisements from Parnassus*." One of his chapters deals with Crichton's exploits, presumably at Venice, and it is worth reading before we test the intrinsic worth of Aldus's panegyrics. In an English version, by Henry Carey, Earl of Monmouth, published as early as 1656, Boccalini's story runs as follows :

James Creyton, a Scotchman, having incensed the Virtuosi in Parnassus by a proud defiance, was so shamed by them through a bitter jest as without ending the dispute, they forced him to forego Parnassus.

James Creyton, a Scotchman, the prodigie of Nature for Learning, came some daies ago to this court with such vainglorious pomp and self-ostentation as moved as much nauseousness in the compleatest Virtuosi of the state as wonder in the meaner sort of people who are usually ignorant, to see that a young fellow of but twenty-five years of age should pretend to be exactly knowing in all the sciences when the chiefest Virtuosi knew the continual study of eighty years is but a short time to be master of but one only science. This Creyton the next day after his

entrance into Parnassus caused a paper to be fixed upon the gates of all the colleges and upon the Pillars of the Delphic Portici, wherein in large capital letters these words were written, "*Nos Jacobus Crytonius, Scotus, cujuscumque rei propositae ex improviso respondebimus.*" We, James Creyton, a Scotchman, will answer extempore to whatsoever shall be propounded. This bold defiance which was thought by many to be very arrogant did so nettle the Vertuosi as many of them framed arguments even in the hardest sciences wherewith they thought to choke him at very first. But an acute Satyirical Poet bereft the whole college of the Literati of the pleasure of that dispute. For on the very night after posting up of this defiance he underwrit in these very papers these sharp words, "And he that will see it let him go to the sign of the Falcon and it shall be shown him." Creyton was so stung with this biting jest as he presently departed from Parnassus much ashamed and confused, having first made known unto his majesty that he thought he could no longer appear with honour amongst those Vertuosi who had done him the affront to deal with him as with a juggler or mountebank.

The canons of criticism observable in Aldus's long series of panegyrics inspire on examination very little confidence. They present with all possible exaggeration the complacent defects of his personal character. In literary circles detraction always flourishes, but the eulogies of friends often prove as unwarrantable as the sneers of enemies. Amiable men of letters often think to encourage their juniors by exaggerated praises of their performances, commonplace as they really know them to be. But in literary mutual admiration societies, a member usually endeavours to introduce trifling variations into his schemes of laudatory notation. If the esoteric worshipper discern in his friend A Shelley's only rival, he is careful to discern in his friend B a new Keats or Milton. To discern more Shelleys than one at a time would rouse suspicion and create warfare. But Aldus exhibited none of this prudence. He was the helpless victim of his passion for flattering and being flattered. Although Crichton was to-day his miracle of nature and divine idol, he had no sense of humour to restrain him from apostrophising another friend to-morrow in the same set terms. Judged individually, and on their own merits, Aldus's panegyrics are pitched in so high a key as to challenge scepticism, but when it becomes apparent that each of them did duty more than once—that all their extravagances were associated indifferently, now with friend A's name and now with friend B's—their claim to rank as *pièces justificatives* is seriously impaired.

At the time that Crichton was at Venice, Aldus was entertaining another promising youth, Stanislaus Niegoseuski, a Pole. In 1584, he dedicated his edition of Cicero's "*De Oratore*" to a well-known Polish soldier and politician, named Zamoyski, whom he had met in Italy, and he endeavours to excite Zamoyski's interest by

describing his young compatriot's achievements. High genius is now in Aldus's lines as exclusive a product of Poland as it had been of Scotland in 1581 when he wrote of Crichton. Few can speak extempore, yet Niegoseuski can speak with equal readiness in verse and prose on any topic. He has challenged all the professors to dispute with him publicly on the whole range of scholastic philosophy and mathematics, and has confuted them in improvised verse. In another dedication, Aldus insists that Niegoseuski's unexampled animation and facility proclaim him a born poet. In 1586 Niegoseuski went to Rome and carried with him letters of recommendation from Aldus to many Cardinals. These letters are published in Aldus's correspondence. Cardinal Farnese is informed that the young Pole is "a prodigy of nature," and "a miracle of a poet." To Cardinal Caraffa, Aldus confides "that he is endowed with qualities which are indescribable, and if describable would be incredible." Elsewhere we learn that his feats of arms as well as his literary exploits "surpass all belief." Unhappily for Aldus's character, there is no confirmation extant of his version of Niegoseuski's achievements. With singular infelicity Aldus naïvely writes in one of his testimonials: "But men sometimes take delight in telling many lies in order to increase the praises [of others]." This is not an everyday failing, but it was certainly a weakness which Aldus exemplified.

Thus Aldus is not a good witness, and an experienced cross-examining barrister would make short work of him. But let us strip his evidence of exaggeration and reduce his list of Crichton's accomplishments to its simplest terms. What does the admirable Scot's linguistic faculty amount to? That Crichton should be a practised writer of Latin and Greek verse and prose is not surprising in a pupil of Buchanan. Little, however, that is extant of his composition is pointed, or elegant, or indicative of exceptional talent. English and Scotch (by which Aldus may mean Gaelic, although he does not say so), as well as French and Italian, he had obvious opportunities of acquiring, and there is no means of gauging his intimacy with Hebrew and Chaldaic, Spanish and Flemish. Outlines of the two former he could have learned at St. Andrews; early scholars of the Renaissance, like Pico della Mirandola, mastered them and other Eastern tongues without becoming popular heroes. A smattering of Spanish and Flemish he may have well picked up in his travels. Aldus merely ventures to claim for Crichton the power of understanding German and not of speaking it. So modest a pretension appearing in so credulous a narrative may equally well be accepted or rejected. Scholastic philosophy, Cabalistic and Aristote-

lian literature, complete the Aldine version of Crichton's intellectual equipment.

The scholastic disputations, on which, according to Aldus, Crichton's fame mainly depended, and in which he showed the full range of his knowledge, are not very intelligible exhibitions, but they are not peculiar to Crichton's career. They were the commonest features of university life as late as the seventeenth century. Both at Oxford and Cambridge bills were frequently placarded on the doors of churches and colleges, in the reigns of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, announcing public disputations between professors of opposite theological views at fixed times and places; and abroad foreign visitors were frequently invited to try their skill with native disputants. The Spaniard who in 1445 challenged the professors of the Parisian College of Navarre had many successors. Early in the succeeding century Pico della Mirandola, in a published programme, offered to debate nine hundred questions in subjects so diverse as dialectics, morals, physics, mathematics, theology, magic, and cabalism; and if his biographers are to be trusted, he, a youth of five-and-twenty, proved a match for all the learning of Paris. Eccentric offers like that of Crichton to discuss abstruse theology in improvised verse were also no uncommon features of these academic encounters. Aldus himself described how, in 1584, his favourite, Niegoseuski, "published at Venice a written challenge to descant upon any subject that might be propounded in extemporaneous verse." The programme is appended to Aldus's panegyric of Niegoseuski in Cicero's "De Oratore," and deserves to be placed by the side of Crichton's Paduan advertisement. The documents clearly followed a recognised formula, and in these two cases their terms are almost identical. Niegoseuski, in order to give lasting proof of his gratitude to his friends at Venice, offers to discuss positive and scholastic philosophy, all Aristotle, and mathematics, and to answer objections in hexameters or pentameters. "The conference will open," the last sentence runs, "in the Cathedral of St. John and Paul, on the afternoon of the Feast of the Purification"—in the very place, be it noted, where Crichton essayed what Aldus describes as his first great dialectical tournament.¹

¹ If Oliver Goldsmith is to be trusted, these disputations between native professors and wandering students were common features of university life in Italy and France in the last century. George Primrose, the eldest son of the Vicar of Wakefield, when relating his adventures in Goldsmith's famous romance (chap. xx.), tells how he was left to his own resources at Leghorn, and, being unable any longer to make a livelihood out of his skill in music, "acquired another talent which answered my purpose as well, and this was a skill in disputation." "In

How barren of any useful result, how inimical to the interest of real learning, and how unsatisfactory a test of a man's true knowledge and capacity, must these discussions have proved! It is impossible that fruitful questions of philosophy should be satisfactorily solved in a few hours' wrangle in the presence of a tumultuous crowd of students. The laws of the prize ring cannot be logically applied to learned controversy. When, moreover, one of the disputants was a handsome and conceited boy who was expected by his friends to display his facility in improvising verse at the same time as he refuted this or that scheme of scholasticism, men of sound judgment can rarely have been seriously impressed by the exhibition. It is quite conceivable that in the pedantic disputation a quick-witted youth might at times confound a muddleheaded senior whose intellect had grown sluggish in the gloom of libraries tenanted only by the schoolmen, but the natural effect of such delusive victories must have been to engender in the conqueror coxcombry and priggishness. We do not believe that Boccalini and his friends were justified in ranking Crichton with itinerant mountebanks, but we agree with them that academic challenges of the mediæval or renaissance pattern never gained their author admittance even to the lowest slopes of Parnassus.

Aldus has little to say of Crichton's athletic prowess, and his remarks merely remind the intelligent reader that every well-educated youth of the day was a horseman and fencer. Of his powers of improvisation Aldus speaks with greater confidence, and of his beauty and youth with obvious knowledge. Extant portraits in Scotland confirm Aldus's description of his handsome countenance. And we are not prepared to contest that Crichton exhibited unusual powers of memory. On this point alone we have contemporary corroboration.¹ A physician, Bartolommeo Burchelati, living at Treviso, near Venice, issued in 1583 "Seven Dialogues on Epitaphs" (*Epitaphiorum dialogi septem*). One of Burchelati's *dramatis personæ* excites general admiration by his ready memory, whereupon another calls to mind that he has seen Crichton, and

all the foreign universities and convents," Primrose continues, "there are upon certain days philosophical theses maintained against every adventitious disputant; for which, if the champion opposes with any dexterity, he can claim a gratuity in money, a dinner, and a bed for one night. In this manner, therefore, I fought my way towards England." The passage becomes more interesting when we bear in mind that, according to Goldsmith's biographers, George Primrose's adventures were literally reproduced from Goldsmith's own experiences.

¹ For this reference I am indebted to *Notes and Queries*, 3rd ser. viii. 85, 86.

notes that "nothing that the Scotchman reads over once, no matter what the amount of matter, nor what the number of words, letters, works, or volumes, does he forget or hesitate at all in repeating." It is curious to note that Ghilini, an Italian admirer of another precocious Scotchman, Thomas Dempster, who was a few years Crichton's junior, described Dempster's power of memory in the same words. But the fact cannot invalidate Burchelati's evidence. When, however, we have credited Crichton with this faculty, we have urged his only solid claim to rank in any respect above the herd of wandering students of his time and race.

Crichton's career increases in complexity as it nears conclusion. We have seen that at the beginning of 1581 he was in Padua, and that in June he was a second time in Venice. There is no evidence as to how he spent 1582, but in November 1583 Aldus believed him dead. The printer then inscribed his edition of Cicero's "*De Universitate*" to his memory, and his edition of Cicero's "*Aratus*" to Niegoseuski, his Polish *protégé*. In both he gives rhetorical vent to his grief, and names July 3 as the fatal date. There can be no doubt as to his meaning. In his lines to Crichton's memory he uses the phrases, "We have been deprived of thee by an untimely death;"—"Who does not mourn thee dead?"—"Would to God thou wert yet alive!"—"God grant that thy lot above may be the consummation of heavenly felicity, as on earth thou wert ever attached to all that was divine!"—"O melancholy day, the 3rd of July!" The book containing this elegy appeared in November 1583. Tytler would thus seem to have very good ground for positively asserting that Crichton died July 3, 1583.

Aldus gives no hint of the manner of Crichton's death. But other writers are less reticent. The earliest and most important witness on the subject has hitherto been overlooked. In 1601 Thomas Wright gave a strange instance of "precipitance," as he termed it, in his "*Passions of the Mind*," which was dedicated to Shakespeare's Earl of Southampton.¹ The story ran as follows:

I remember that when I was in Italy there was a Scottish gentleman of most rare and singular parts, who was a retainer to a duke of that country; he was a singular good scholar, and as good a soldier. It chanced one night the young prince, either upon some spleen or false suggestion or to try the Scot's valour, met him in a place where he was wont to haunt, resolving either to kill, wound, or beat him, and for this effect conducted with him two of the best fencers he could find; the Scot had but one friend with him; in fine, a quarrel is picked; they all drew, the Scot presently ran one of the fencers through and

¹ A reference to this book, although to a later edition than that of 1601, was first given in *Notes and Queries*.

killed him in a trice. With that he bended his face to the prince, who, fearing lest that which was befallen his fencer might happen upon himself, he exclaimed out instantly that he was the prince, and therefore willed him to look about him what he did. The Scot, perceiving well what he was, fell down upon his knees demanding pardon at his hands, gave the prince his naked rapier, who no sooner had received it but with the same sword he ran him through to death.

All here is anonymous, but it will soon appear that Crichton, although his reputation was not wide enough to have made his name familiar to the English story-teller, was in all probability the victim of this encounter. Two years later (1603) John Johnstone, an ardent panegyrist of his countrymen, wrote in Latin that Crichton had been killed at Mantua by a son of the duke in a nocturnal brawl, and that Mantua was his sepulchre. In 1609 Adam Abernethy, another of Scotland's Latin poets, repeated Johnstone's story. About 1625 David Buchanan, a Scotchman who lived chiefly in France, in a brief notice of Crichton written in Latin prose, supplied the same information and something more. The princely murderer, we are here told, was Crichton's pupil, to whom he had been recommended by Pope Clement VIII., and Crichton, at the time of his death, was thirty years old. Buchanan insists that before going to Mantua, Crichton visited Rome, and excited such general admiration that his portrait was placed in the Vatican library after the murder. These statements of Buchanan lack corroboration. Dempster, the continental professor, whose Scottish biographies omit nothing that confers honour on their subjects, wrote independently about Crichton at the same time, and knew no more than Johnstone and Abernethy. Sir Thomas Urquhart, in 1652, was the first to pen a circumstantial record of Crichton's exploits at Mantua. Urquhart's story, it is obvious, belongs for the most part to the domain of romance, but the general favour it has found with Crichton's serious biographers necessitates some critical examination. Briefly told, Urquhart's story runs thus:

On Crichton's arrival at the court of the Duke of Mantua he performed "a magnanimous act . . . to the honour not only of his own, but to the eternal renown also of the whole Isle of Britain." An Italian fencer, who had travelled through Europe challenging all nations to fight with him and always killing his men, was repeating his performances at Mantua. "Three of the most notable cutters in the world" had already accepted his challenge, and each had been rewarded by dying at the bravo's hands in the presence of the Mantuan court. "The-never-too-much-to-be-admired Crichton" could neither eat nor drink till he had given this champion a taste of his quality. A duel was quickly arranged, and the renowned duellist,

in the presence of a great crowd of spectators, soon fell dead at the Scotchman's feet. The Italian civilly confessed "his comfort in dying was that he could not die by the hand of a braver man. After the uttering of which words," the author proceeds in his most Rabelaisian vein, "he expired, with the shrill clarions of trumpets, thunder of artillery, bethwacked beating of drums, universal clapping of hands, and loud acclamations of joy for so glorious a victory; the air above them was so rarefied by the extremity of the noise and vehement sound, dispelling the thickest and most condensed parts thereof, that . . . the very sparrows and other flying fowls were said to fall to the ground for want of air enough to uphold them in their flight."

Crichton's popularity grew rapidly. When carnival arrived, he undertook to entertain the ducal court. A stage was set up in the palace and he represented "the conditions of all manner of men . . . from the overweening monarch to the peevish swain, through all the intermediate degrees of the superficial courtier, proud warrior, dissembling churchman, doting old man, cozening lawyer, lying traveller, covetous merchant, rude seaman, pedantic scholar, amorous shepherd, envious artisan, vainglorious master, and tricky servant." For five hours he entertained his patrons, improvising fitting speeches for each character, and assuming the fitting costumes. Details are given of "the jeers, squibs, flouts, bulls, quips, taunts, whims, jests, clinches, gibes, mocks, jerks, with all the several kinds of equivocations and other sophistical caprices that could properly be adapted to the person by whose representation he intended to inveigle the company into a fit of mirth." The performance over, Crichton went home with a lady of the court who had already attracted the affection of the duke's son. The authors of the "Arabian Nights" are not more explicit in their accounts of their heroes' amours than is Urquhart in his description of this visit. Suddenly masked revellers, led by the son of the Duke of Mantua, demand admission to the lady's house. A page attempts to bar their entrance, but they insist on the rights of carnival-mongers to make themselves disagreeable and will not be denied. Crichton hears the riot, faces the drunken band, and is killed by the prince, who does not recognise him, under the same circumstances as those already related by Wright of "a Scottish gentleman of most rare and singular parts." On perceiving that Crichton is his victim, the prince endeavours to kill himself, and the duke, his father, threatens to hang him. The Mantuan court is ordered to wear mourning for nine months; a public funeral is decreed; the lady is pensioned by the court; poets and painters do

what they can to immortalise the dead man, while the murderer soon dies of remorse. "The verity of this story," Urquhart concludes, "I have here related concerning this incomparable Crichton may be certified by *above two thousand men yet living* who have known him, and, truly, of his acquaintance there had been a far greater number, but that before he was thirty-two years of age he was killed as you have heard." Urquhart wrote nearly seventy years after the event, so that his reference to two thousand witnesses is a patent jest. His history clearly incorporates the rumoured details of Crichton's death, which had been accepted by Wright, Johnstone, Abernethy, Buchanan, and Dempster, but where he travels beyond their record, he is easily convicted of romancing. There is not a syllable elsewhere to confirm the bombastic story of Crichton's duel and improvised comedy. The former reads like a too ingenious gloss on Wright's mention of the fencers who were employed by the prince to assault the Scotchman. The improvised comedy is a form of entertainment indigenous to Italy, and rarely practised except by Italians. The total silence of Mantuan chroniclers respecting Crichton's death disposes of the official demonstrations with which it is associated in Urquhart's pages. Assuming that Crichton's visit to Mantua is proved, it cannot have terminated later than 1586. At that time the duke's only son was Vincenzo di Gonzaga, who, so far from dying immediately of remorse, succeeded his father in 1587, and lived till 1612.

The difficulties surrounding Crichton's death are increased by questions of chronology. Aldus, who should have known the truth, distinctly states, as we have seen, that he died on July 3, 1583, but he supplies no other details. Those who insist that Crichton was killed at Mantua do not venture to determine the date with any precision. Johnstone suggests 1581—a palpable error, and Buchanan says that Crichton was thirty when he died—a statement which would give 1590 as the year of his death. Urquhart in the gaiety of his heart advances the theory that Crichton lived through thirty-two years, which defers his end to 1592, but this date is easily proved to be out of the question.

It is perplexing, in the presence of Aldus's distinct assertion, to learn that Crichton himself declares, in no less than four volumes of his own writing, that he was alive in Milan late in 1584 and early in 1585. None of these books have been pressed before into the service of the Scot's biography; two of them have escaped the notice of the bibliographers; but genuine copies of all are in the Grenville Library at the British Museum. The visit to Milan is thus a new fact in Crichton's history.

Cardinal Borromeo, archbishop of Milan, died November 4, 1584, and no sooner was the breath out of his body than an elegy giving a very just and detailed account of his virtues was published at Milan, bearing the name of James Crichton the Scotchman on the title-page as author. Crichton claimed personal acquaintance with the dead prelate, a man of culture and the friend of Aldus, who had visited him in 1582. To Aldus, therefore, Crichton doubtless owed his introduction. The elegy was avowedly written by request of Giovanni Antonio Magio, to whom Crichton elsewhere addressed an epigram. In December 1584 Gaspar Visconti succeeded Borromeo in the archbishopric of Milan, and Crichton issued a congratulatory ode. In the concluding line Crichton describes himself as "born on the Scottish confines of the Arctic shore," so that his identity is indisputable. In the same year (1584) he also published at Milan a courtier's conventional ode on the marriage of Charles Emanuel, duke of Savoy, and in March 1585 issued the only known collected edition of his Latin poems.

The title-page of the fourth volume is worth noting, tedious as it is. It begins thus: "The Judgment of James Crichton, the Scotchman, dedicated to the most wise and noble Sforza Brivius, minister of the chief royal treasury of Milan, concerning the authority and renown of the Muses and of the specially illustrious poets, defended by the same in both prose and verse," to which, we are told, methods of studying poetry and various elegant poems are added. Two epigrams, one in Latin and the other in Greek, by the author in praise of himself follow, together with the printer's name, place, and date. The opening prose dedication to Brivius (dated from Milan, March 1, 1585) repeats Crichton's old story of his desertion of his native land in the service of the Muses. Epigrams and verses on poetry, rhetoric, misers, wicked men, careless versifiers, charity, and parasites alternate in succeeding pages with the poet's address to a fool, a discussion about justice between a poet and painter, and panegyrics on Francisco Cicereio, a professor of belles-lettres at Milan, on Sforza's two sons, Giovanni Baptista and Cæsar, and the like. Many of the pieces are careless improvisations; some of the sentiments are precociously cynical, but there is no poetry in any of the stanzas, and many collections of Latin verse written by Englishmen leave Crichton's volume very far behind. The book, however, shows that at Milan, in March 1585, Crichton was receiving from Brivius and his sons, and from one or two of the Milanese professors, similar courtesies to those which he had experienced at Venice and Padua,

Nothing further is known of Crichton's career, but we have learned enough to confute Aldus's statement that Crichton died on July 3, 1583. How Aldus came to make the mistake, and when Crichton really did die are inquiries not readily settled. A false report of Crichton's death may have reached Venice in 1583, and may account for Aldus's misapprehension. If Aldus ever learned his error he clearly did not think it worth while to correct it. His writings make no mention whatever of Crichton after the address to his memory penned in November 1583. In 1585 Aldus removed to Bologna, and to Pisa in 1586, where he became professor of belles-lettres. Change of scene and occupation may easily have thrust Crichton out of his memory. As we might expect in the case of so impressionable a gentleman, his affections were very short-lived. Had Crichton heard that his friend and patron was lamenting his supposed death at the moment that he was paying and receiving compliments at Milan, he would surely have done what he could to inform Aldus that he was still alive. Otherwise we must credit the admirable Scot with a total lack of friendly feeling, or must suppose that he had reasons for desiring to summarily close his connection with his Venetian patrons.

But while Aldus's dates are indefensible, the many early references which we have cited regarding Crichton's murder at Mantua make out a *primâ facie* case for the truth of that story. All of it may not be literal fact. Rumour is proverbially a liar, and it may be that the murderous assault was not fatal, that it was perpetrated before Crichton put in an appearance at Milan, and that it inspired Aldus's lamentations. But in that case we might expect some reference to it in the books which Crichton issued at Milan.

On the whole it seems unlikely that Crichton survived 1586—the year after he published his poems at Milan. His father died shortly before that date, and much land was entailed upon the elder son. But there is nothing to show that James Crichton ever succeeded to any part of it. We know that in 1591 the younger brother Robert was in full legal possession of all; by that date, therefore, James's death must have been proved in Scotland. In a matter where conjecture alone is possible, we incline to the belief that Crichton died either late in 1585, or early in 1586, aged twenty-five or twenty-six, and that Mantua has a better claim than any other city to be honoured as his burial-place.

Crichton must be judged by what he achieved in Genoa, Venice, Padua and Milan. All other knowledge of his exploits is denied the serious student of history. At Paris, Rome, and Mantua he distinguished himself only in fable. His place in history is not difficult to define.

Compared with other well-trained youths of his generation, his power of memory is the sole characteristic that substantially lifts him above his contemporaries. His was an age in which the ideal education aimed at physical as well as mental perfection, and as Sir Philip Sidney was nearly approached by many other Englishmen, so Crichton doubtless had his rivals in Scotland. Even his mnemonic capacity, although rarely paralleled, has been surpassed. Cardinal Mezzofanti, from his youth upwards, and Bidder, the calculating boy, from the age of six, displayed more complex powers, and their lives are more valuable in the sight of men of science because details of their peculiar aptitude are on record. That they should be forgotten by the multitude, while Crichton's name is still on every lip, is a testimony to the influence of clamour on history. Aldus shouted his praises of Crichton loudly enough to arrest general attention, and none troubled themselves to inquire whether his cause justified his noisy tones. When the sound of his voice was dying away Urquhart took up his message, and gave it new and more startling utterance. He roared out in his Rabelaisian dialect that Scotland's chief glory was none other than the Admirable Crichton. The type of man (with a difference) was still familiar to his hearers, yet lacked a distinctive appellation. To transfer the proper name to the familiar species was the natural effect of Urquhart's strenuous effort. Crichton's reputation is thus only in a slight degree historical. It is the mingled product of conventional and meaningless panegyric, of grotesque national pride, and of a picturesque habit of popular speech.

SIDNEY L. LEE.

MARRIAGE BY CAPTURE.

AMONG savage tribes some very strange rules of etiquette appear to govern the matrimonial relationship. Convention prevents a Yoruba wife from either speaking to, or even seeing her husband, if it can be avoided, and the rude Aleutian islanders have the same regulation about speaking. In parts of the Fiji Islands a husband and wife, if they wish to meet, must meet in secret; a similar secrecy is or was obligatory among the Circassians, and even among the Hottentots. But the African kingdom of Futa bears off the palm in these respects, if an old traveller is to be credited, who assures us that wives there were so bashful as never to let their husbands see them without a veil for three years after their marriage.

The same sort of feeling is manifest in other curious customs. Among the Esquimaux, even in cases where the course of true love ran its smoothest and accorded fully with parental settlements, certain old women had to be sent, to drag the bride forcibly to her husband's hut, she being obliged under the penalty of an ill name to "make as if it went against the grain and as if she were much ruffled at it." A Kamschadal girl (and the people of Kamschatka are among the rudest of the earth), however well disposed she may be to her future spouse, makes it a point of honour to pretend to refuse him, and the form of force on his side and of resistance on hers has in any case to be regularly performed. And the wild tribe, the Hos of India, regard it as the correct thing for a wife to run away from her husband and to tell her friends that she neither loves him nor will ever see him again, whilst he in his turn is expected to display great anxiety for his loss, and when he has found his wife after diligent search, to carry her home again by main force.

It is fair to infer, therefore, that what has been called the symbol or form of capture in marriage, that is, the simulated display of force on the husband's part and of resistance on the wife's, belongs in some degree to the order of ideas of decorum illustrated by the preceding facts. To put such an explanation altogether out of court, as Mr. MacLennan did at the outset of his discussion on Primitive Marriage, is to ignore the evidence of travellers and eye-witnesses in all parts

of the world, of witnesses whose testimony is saved, by the remoteness of the different localities they visited, from the suspicion of any taint of collusion, and who were in all respects competent to judge.

Then again, the feeling of dutiful affection to her parents enters into the feigned resistance of the bride more than has always been noticed. Mr. White, for instance, describing in 1844 the modern ceremony of betrothal among the Turks, says: "It is considered highly decorous and in perfect good taste for the affianced girl to weep, lament, and feign extreme repugnance to a ceremony tending to separate her from her parents." In Livonia formerly at the betrothal ceremony of the rich, propriety so strongly demanded that the bride should show some reluctance to utter the consenting "Yes," that it would often take the officiating clergyman half an hour to draw from her that important little word. In Russia, the bride in the midst of the preparations for the nuptial feast addresses words of regret and sorrow to her parents, and with real or feigned tears and lamentations, only leaves her home to go to church under the compulsion of actual force. And a traveller in China once saw a girl "with difficulty torn from the embraces of her parents," before being locked up in the sedan-chair in which she was to be transferred to her husband.

If such was the case in the middle strata of civilisation, much more would it be so in the lower strata, where a woman's liberty ends completely at her marriage, and little but toil and hardship is in store for her. And it is easy to see how the same feeling of a bride's duty towards her parents would extend to her whole family, village, or tribe, so that it would be unbecoming in her to leave it without at least some semblance of regret, which would amply justify all her people in taking her part, and in at least playing at defending her from the man who comes to fetch away the chattel he has bought. Hence we find in most cases that it is not only the wife's parents but all her people who unite in making the office of bridegroom as actually or ostensibly unpleasant as possible. There ensues a mock fight between the two sides, a fight sometimes serious enough to involve a real trial of strength and courage. Among as many as nine of the wild tribes of India marriage still retains this form of forcible abduction—among the Gonds, the Bheels, the Kattis, the Kols, the Oraons, the Khonds, the Meches, the Cacharese, and the Gipsies.

Among the Indian Garos the custom takes a curiously inverted form. Proposals for marriage coming from the female side, the duty of resistance devolves upon the husband. The bride and her friends

have to go for him, and he has to play the part of the fugitive from matrimony. When they have caught him they take him to the bride's house, in spite of the resistance of his parents, and of their counterfeited grief and lamentations. It may be thought that the Garos follow this practice out of pure contrariness and a wilful wish to deviate from the common habits of mankind. But, if so, they have not succeeded, though doubtless they are not aware that the Ahitas of the Philippine Islands have in this respect a similar title to originality of custom.

But to return to the more normal forms of marriage by capture. The so-called form is often a very stern reality, as shown by the case of the Kamschadal *prétendu*, who, after a seven years' endeavour to carry off his affianced bride from her female bodyguard, found himself still a bachelor and a cripple to boot. The struggle is seldom indeed of so serious a nature, but it is in very many cases so far from being feigned, as alleged, that it often ends for a woman in an effectual escape from a match she contemplates with disfavour. It will seem a little absurd to talk of the custom as a symbol of a pre-existing system of marriage by capture, when we see in how many of the stock instances of the symbol a successful flight or concealment on the woman's part, or a successful struggle on her part or on that of her friends, puts a recognised end to the contract that had been made for her hand, and confers on her a kind of legal release.

Thus, among the extinct Tasmanians, if a girl passed a certain number of trees without being overtaken by her husband, she was rightfully rid of him. The traveller Clarke was assured that among the Kalmucks it never happened that a girl who was mounted on horseback to fly from her *fiancé* was overtaken and caught by him unless she meant to marry him; and in Wales, also, a successful gallop on horseback often enabled a woman to escape from a husband she disliked. Earle again adds to his description of the struggle customary among the Maoris, quoted by Sir John Lubbock: "It sometimes happens that she (the bride) secures her retreat into her father's house, and the lover loses all chance of ever obtaining her;" and he connects the resistance of the women with their "decided aversion to marriage." Among the Malay Peninsular tribes, a circle is formed for the pursuit of the bride by the bridegroom, and if he fails to catch her, he loses all claim to her possession.

Often, again, the woman's fate depends, not upon flight, but upon a game of hide-and-seek. Among the Oleepas of California, unless the man finds the woman twice out of thrice, she is none of his, so that if she dislikes him, nothing is easier for her than to escape from

her fate. Among a Philippine tribe, the husband's claim is destroyed if he fails to find his bride in the woods between sunrise and sunset. A Fuegian, after he has worked for the parents of a girl and obtained the consent of her relations, must succeed in carrying her off ; but, to escape from him, she has only to hide in the woods till he is tired and gives up the search.

In all these instances the custom exists or is retained as a sort of corrective of that system of marriage by purchase which universally prevails wherever the custom of capture, in form or reality, has been noticed. In this fact we touch on the fundamental and primary explanation of the custom under discussion. The purchase of a wife of course takes many forms, but the act of purchase is there, even where the rude Fuegian helps to make a canoe or to prepare a sealskin for the parents of the girl he wishes to espouse. Where a woman is valued for the work she performs (and with savages she does the greater part of all work), compensation to her parents for the loss of her services is only reasonable, and marriage naturally takes the form of barter. Hence the practice of infant betrothal enters into habits of savages of as low type as most of the Australian tribes, and the girl's destiny is fixed for her often from birth, subject only to some such exhibitions of strength or cunning on her part as those of which illustrations have been given.

But at any rate her destiny is fixed for her, whether in infancy or at maturity. A marriage is a commercial arrangement primarily, and has been so far as the light of history goes back. As such it comes into conflict with the arrangements of nature, with the obvious consequences. The man must often use force to enjoy the benefit of his bargain, and even then the resistance of his bride may defeat the agreement between himself and her parents. A Mandingo native is allowed, by the social laws of his country, to seize on a girl as his slave who refuses to fall in with a match made for her by her parents; and among several American tribes the violent dislike of a girl to her purchaser often compels him to carry her off by force. Even then he does not always prevail ; for we are told of a Patagonian tribe, where a wife, dragged in spite of her resistance to her husband's hut, often plagues him so much that he is only too glad to get rid of her by selling her to the more favoured individual on whom she may have fixed her affections. But about all this there is no form ; it is hard and stern reality, flowing from the most natural causes.

In a condition of society where daughters are a subject of barter, and where a man's chance of a wife is consequently measured by his possessions, nothing of course would be commoner than for women

to be carried off with their own good-will, and for the man to come to subsequent terms with her parents or belongings. This is so common a custom that it probably lies at the root of the whole matter. The Meches, an Indian tribe, set great value on their daughters as sources of wealth to them in the marriage market ; and marriage with them is said always to take the form of forcible abduction, the arrangement of price between the husband and his parents-in-law being settled some days afterwards. So with the Cacharese ; the bridegroom goes with his friends to obtain forcible possession of his wife, her friends affecting surprise and engaging in a mock fight with the bridegroom's party. The husband then gives them a feast, and conciliates his father-in-law with a money present. So again with the Hos ; they at one time placed so high a price in cattle on their daughters' hands, that forcible abductions became the only possible portal to matrimony. In such cases terms of purchase had to be settled by arbitrators ; but at last it became necessary to check the evil of constant abductions by fixing, with general consent, the price in cattle that could be legally asked for a wife.

There is scarcely a part of the world in which the practice of abduction first and settlement afterwards is not or has not been prevalent. It prevails, on Mr. MacLennan's own showing, among four of the communities whom he cited as observing the symbol of marriage by capture, namely, among the Kalmucks, the Circassians, the Kirghiz, and the Nogay Tartars. It prevails in Afghanistan, Bokhara, and Sumatra, having in the latter country, as it also had in India, a legal name as well as legal recognition. It prevails in Bali Islands, between New Guinea and Java, no less than among the Mirdites in European Turkey. It prevailed 200 years ago in Poland, Lithuania, and parts of Prussia, where, even though the man's father selected his daughter-in-law, Signor Gaya thus wrote of it : "*L'on ne les épouse qu'après les avoir fait ravir par deux parens de l'époux, et l'on demande ensuite le consentement du père pour le mariage.*"

Lastly, such cases of sham abduction prevailed in Ireland quite recently, if they do not still. Inglis's account is as follows, in 1834. "The boy and the girl are agreed, but the girl's relations being dissentient, owing to her being an heiress, and entitled to a better match, it is made up between the young people that the girl shall be carried away by apparent force. The youth makes known the case to his friends, and collects a number of associates ; they come during the night to the house of the girl, force open the door, seize upon the maid, who, though nothing loth, screams and makes all the opposition in her power, place her on horseback, and after escort-

ing her a sufficient distance, deliver her over to the boy on whose account the abduction was got up," and who, it may be supposed, loses no time in settling it with her relations.

Thus the instances are fairly numerous in which the form of capture resolves itself simply into a method of bringing parents to reasonable terms in communities where the price of a wife has become extortionate. This explanation covers so many cases, that it may fairly be suspected to be the true one in other cases where it is not specifically mentioned. It disposes so satisfactorily of a large number of marriage customs, of which abduction is the principal ceremony, that the remaining number to be explained are comparatively few, whilst they are also capable of being brought within it, if they should ever chance to be more fully examined.

But it would appear, as in the cases quoted from Gaya, that the act of abduction is performed, and the father's consent asked, even when the father himself has been the principal agent in the affair. This shows how a custom that must have begun in defeat of a parent's plans came to be continued even when the parent was a consenting party, and terms of price could be settled before and not after a marriage had taken place. We may suppose a golden age when there was little difficulty at all in coming to terms; then a period when a rise in price led to frequent abductions and all sorts of stratagems. A sort of legal sanction came to be attached to successful abductions and the subsequent agreement about price. It was the only possible escape from endless feuds and wars. Then again, as times improved, and it became possible to agree beforehand on the price of a wife, it is conceivable that the act of abduction, recognised thitherto as conferring in some sense a legal title, should have still been recognised as an element essential to the validity of a marriage, and therefore that it should have survived in such grotesque ceremonies of force and resistance as have been abundantly related. Other feelings also would tend to keep such ceremonies from perishing, feelings of what was due to decorum, or of what was dutiful to parents and friends; such feelings, in short, as have been proved to be connected with the custom in several of the instances quoted in illustration.

The hypothesis therefore that there was a period in the history of humanity when all marriage was by capture is entirely unnecessary, the facts which supported that hypothesis admitting of an easier and more natural explanation.

The hypothesis in question has also the further disadvantage of supposing in the past a state of things which has no existence in

the present, and of postulating other causes than any of which we have actual experience. We are asked to believe that the custom of female infanticide was once so common, and that there was so strong a prejudice against marriages within the same tribe, that in a world where intertribal warfare was constant, the capture of a wife from another tribe was the only possible way of obtaining one ; and we are further to believe that of this condition of society such cases of mock capture as we have mentioned are both a proof and a relic.

But if female infanticide was ever so common as this theory supposes, how did one tribe that was dependent for its wives on an extra-tribal supply, find another in which women were more numerous than at home ? And if it found such a tribe, a tribe that did not destroy its female offspring, how did that tribe arrange its marriages ? Would it too have tied itself to obtain wives only by capture from other tribes, or would it not quite as probably have been content to obtain them in the more sensible way of agreement and purchase ? If so, would not marriage by purchase have been as early a system as marriage by capture ; and, if that be granted, may not the former have preceded the latter, leading to inevitable abductions and elopements, as the laws of human nature had predetermined that it should lead, and as the facts of experience prove that it always has led, from Ireland to far Cathay ?

J. A. FARRER.

*THE FUNCTION OF THE IMMATERIAL
IN NATURAL PHENOMENA.*

MATERIALISM, or that view of nature which considers all phenomena as the manifestation and development of the inherent properties of matter, and of matter alone, seems to the writer to be altogether unsatisfactory. Doubtless it has served a good end in its time by withdrawing the philosophic mind from conjectures about the possibilities of the immaterial to the observation and contemplation of the material phenomena by which they were surrounded, a most desirable change in the stage to which our knowledge had until recently reached. But now the conditions are altered. The strides that we have made, and the checks we have encountered, should enable us to judge, and not merely to guess, whether matter is or is not capable of itself, and by itself, of producing phenomena.

By the investigations I have referred to we have gained an enormous amount of knowledge of the laws by which the universe is governed, and of detailed information as to the effects of the interaction of these laws, and thus much that was chaotic to our minds has become intelligible. We have learned the law of gravitation, and by its aid have weighed the starry firmament in a balance, and have found it governed by the same laws which govern our own system. We have learned the laws of light, and they have confirmed the conclusions we drew from the law of gravitation by showing us that the substance of the stars also resembles those substances with which we are acquainted. We have learned the laws of electricity and magnetism, and have applied our knowledge with marvellous success. We have learned something of the laws of life and vital development which has thrown a wondrous light upon the past, and opened a prophetic vision of the future of our race. But what do we know of gravitation, light, heat, magnetism, electricity, chemical action, and life, or even of matter itself? The fundamental problems in every branch of science are as inscrutable as ever, and in their presence materialism is utterly and completely baffled.

When we regard the magnificent results of our investigations along material lines we are naturally inclined to hope that the barrier may be pushed further back by the same instrumentality, but when we contemplate these absolute and impenetrable checks which have withstood the assault of the whole scientific world until this day, and show no sign of giving way, we should at least be prepared to admit that there may be more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in the materialist's philosophy.

Let us consider this material philosophy more closely. What is it and what does it involve? It would have us believe that not only gross matter, in the solid, liquid, and gaseous forms with which we are so well acquainted, is matter, but that the ether of space, which is supposed to permeate ordinary matter, and to fill the realms of space, and to be the medium by which the light of suns and stars is conveyed to us, is also matter. This philosophy cannot admit of any point in space unoccupied by matter, and it is even forced to the assumption that this ether is a solid body, and totally unlike a gas or liquid.

But what do we know about ether, and what do we know about the grosser forms of matter? What are their points of resemblance, and what their differences?

Ordinary matter, whether in the solid, liquid, or gaseous state, is subject to the law of gravitation—it tends to congregate in masses—ether does not. Ordinary matter has limited extension, occupies limited space—ether apparently has infinite expansion, and can occupy the same space as masses of matter. Ordinary matter has inertia, it always presents resistance to force—ether apparently has none, and transmits force without any resistance or dissipation. Ordinary matter of every description is affected to a greater or less degree, according to its characteristic peculiarities, by heat, light, magnetism, electricity, and the chemical forces. Ether, though probably the medium of these forces, seems to be entirely unaffected by them, or, if affected, is affected in a totally different manner.

The only resemblance between ether and ordinary matter, of which the writer is aware, is that both submit to the same mechanical laws, but with this difference, that ether submits absolutely and perfectly, whilst matter, as we have seen, always introduces into mechanical problems the disturbing elements of inertia, resistance, and friction. This important qualification entirely neutralises the force of the resemblance, and as we proceed we shall find that it even adds weight in the other scale by falling in with the alternative hypothesis.

Then why call ether matter? We believe it is called matter

chiefly because materialists discovered it. They found their theory unworkable with ordinary matter ; they found proofs of the existence of something different from matter ; but so tenacious a hold had the material philosophy on their minds that they have persuaded themselves, and would persuade others, that this ether *must* be a kind of matter, and they seem quite incapable of realising the absurdity of their position. That which they find necessary to fill the gaps in their material theory and to keep it from tumbling to pieces, that which displays no material properties whatever, cannot in their opinion be anything but matter.

Let us at least keep an open mind upon this point, and consider what would be the result of regarding ether as what it appears to be, an immaterial entity having an actual physical existence, and subject to its own laws ; for it would be as futile to attempt to explain phenomena by reference to a lawless ether as by reference to the gods of Olympus or witchcraft.

We know very much more about ether than we did when every insoluble mystery was referred to its operations, and when it was very naturally a bugbear to the scientific mind. By the very investigations previously referred to, the properties of ether have to a certain extent been determined. Heat, light, chemical action, magnetism, electricity, and we believe odour, are now regarded as vibrations of ether, having their origin in certain exciting material causes ; but if we trace these exciting material causes back to their ultimate causes, we find them in gravity and electricity. The falling together of the solar system in pursuance of the law of gravity is regarded as the ultimate cause of solar heat and light, and to the combined action of gravity, and its products heat and light, and of the kindred forces, electricity and magnetism, probably all inorganic chemical action will be traced.

We therefore have gravity, electricity, matter, and ether as the ultimate factors in the problem of inorganic physics. Ether is regarded as the medium for the transmission of force, and to fulfil this function it must be sans gravity, sans friction, sans inertia ; it must extend as far as our instruments can reach, and must transmit vibrations without the slightest interruption. Had it any of those material characteristics which it lacks it could not perform its office.

We also know much of the laws of the forces operating in this medium, and we must not stretch our imagination in any direction at variance with such laws. Now let us turn our attention to ether in action. A ray of heat is ether in a particular mode of vibration. The ray falls upon matter and sets the particles of matter in motion.

This usually produces a rise of temperature, accompanied by expansion of the substance. The immaterial entity ether in vibration produces motion of matter. In order to do this it must exert a pressure, and this is, we believe, the only difficulty in the question. How can the immaterial exert a pressure? We can only reply that if our senses do not mislead us it does so, and we would in turn ask what is pressure? And, strange to say, though pressure is one of the constant conditions of nature, there is no such word in the materialist's vocabulary. It is a fact that will not come within the four corners of his philosophy, and he attempts to ignore it. A weight resting upon a table undoubtedly exerts a pressure upon it. If a finger be inserted between the weight and the table, though there be no fall, nothing but the resting weight, the owner of the finger, though he be a materialist, will soon become absolutely convinced that pressure is a stern reality; but as there is no matter in motion, no energy at work, the materialist is baffled, just as he is baffled when he attempts an exposition of the cause of gravity or of the phenomena exhibited by a permanent magnet.

We, however, have an open mind, and will admit the possibility of pressure being exerted by an immaterial entity, according to fixed laws; and we will follow out the idea, and if it should offer a satisfactory explanation of any of these fundamental problems we shall have the evidence of our understanding, in addition to that of our senses, in favour of our assumption that ether is immaterial. Let us apply this idea to the problem of gravitation. Le Sage tried to explain gravity as the result of bombarding atoms of infinitesimally refined matter, which he assumed to be travelling through space with equal force in all directions and at immense velocities. Two masses of matter at a distance from one another would shield one another on their nearer sides from the particles which would otherwise travel in the lines between the two bodies, but their further sides would be exposed to the bombardment of the atoms in that line: there would thus be a greater amount of force impinging on the outer than on the inner sides, and the two bodies would be driven rather than attracted to each other. But, unfortunately, this does not explain all the facts. Were it correct, two disks, placed so as to expose their full surfaces to each other, would attract one another with as much force as two globes of the same circumference, for they would obstruct just the same number of bombarding atoms; but, as a matter of fact, they do not.

If, however, instead of bombarding atoms you assume an immaterial ether exerting pressure in every direction, and matter capable

of presenting a limited degree of resistance to that pressure (for both of which assumptions we have, as pointed out before, the evidence of our senses, the only evidence we can have) the difficulty is overcome. Matter, by its resistance, absorbs and continues to absorb this pressure, which perhaps it converts into its extensive space occupying force, for we know that the extensive force is the concomitant of what we call the attractive force, gravity. By this constant absorption the constant supply is constantly diminished. The absorption from the nearer sides of the two bodies, both drawing from the same limited area of space, would necessarily be more exhaustive than that from the further sides, from which each one only draws its supply. This would result in a constant balance of pressure on the further sides, and, as the distance between the two bodies decreased, the balance of pressure would necessarily increase, according to the law of the inverse square of the distance.

Ether we regard, therefore, as the source of gravity, and we will subsequently state our reasons for regarding it as the source, not merely the medium of electricity and magnetism ; but in connection with the subject of gravity, we would point out how this idea completes the theory of the conservation of energy, and converts it into that of the persistence of force as postulated by Herbert Spencer.

The theory of the conservation of energy can make no account of the energy or force (as the writer would rather call it, notwithstanding the dictates of the materialists) which is constantly pouring from our sun and the other stars, and is apparently being dissipated throughout space. The consummation of the theory of the conservation of energy would appear to be a total dissipation of energy, when all the matter of the universe pursuing the law of gravitation has congregated in one great mass, and has cooled down to the zero of temperature. This consummation, besides being provokingly contrary to his theory, must be a very unhappy one from a materialist's point of view. Matter in one mass, life extinct, no more motion, all heat and light gone for ever, the zero of temperature, where all matter assumes the solid state, and no chemical action proceeds. A mere mass of dirt, and the materialist has nothing more to do with the life and force which has departed from it for ever. His soul is frozen in that frozen lump. But regarded from the opposing point of view, it is quite a different thing. The theory of the persistence of force is completed, and conforms to the great law of continuity. The immaterial is regarded as the source and origin of force and of life, and matter as a mere obstructive hindrance,

a Hill Difficulty, which is being gradually swept into one mass, when all the force and life inherent in the immaterial will return to its bourne, and have free and unfettered play in realms of space where friction and inertia are no longer known.

Let us now turn our attention to the problem of the permanent magnet as perhaps the simplest, best known, and most fundamental problem in connection with the magnetic and electric force.

An electro-magnet requires a constant current of electricity from which to draw its magnetic power. Directly the electric current ceases the magnetic attraction ceases. In this case a constant source of force is necessary. But a permanent magnet will sustain a weight against the attraction of gravitation for an indefinite period and without appreciable loss of power. How can this be accounted for? A constant exertion of force there must be, for gravity will not be overcome by nothing. From whence does the permanent magnet derive this force? We suggest the ether. Materialists suggest that it is a form or result of molecular attraction under magnetic influence, and is no more wonderful than the molecular attraction which sustains a weight hanging on a hook. They do not, however, assist us with an explanation of molecular attraction.

The following quotation from Professor Clerk Maxwell's article on Ether in the "Encyclopædia Britannica" will show the difficulty materialists meet with in connection with ether and magnetism: ¹

"We know," he says, "that the magnetic force in the region in the neighbourhood of a magnet is maintained as long as the steel maintains its magnetisation, and as we have no reason to believe that a steel magnet would lose all its magnetisation by the mere lapse of time, we conclude that the molecular vortices do not require a continual expenditure of work in order to maintain their motion, and that, therefore, this motion does not necessarily involve dissipation of energy. No theory of the constitution of the ether has yet been invented which will account for such a system of molecular vortices being maintained for an indefinite time without their energy being gradually dissipated into that irregular agitation of the medium which in ordinary media is called heat."

As to this problem of the permanent magnet, we would, with great diffidence, offer the following suggestion, viz., that the magnetic force, like gravity, is inherent in the ether; like gravity, it affects all kinds of matter in varying degrees (all matter being to some extent

¹ Though by no means a materialist in the ordinary sense of the term, Clerk Maxwell regards the ether as of material composition, and thus finds himself in the difficulty he points out.

magnetic or diamagnetic), but, unlike gravity, it has the characteristic of polarity. Imagine magnetic force at play in space as we have imagined gravitative force. Matter presents obstruction as in the case of gravity, but the force is polar, and, like light when polarised by passing through a crystal, magnetic force is polarised by contact with the magnet, the positive vibrations being diverted to one end, and the negative vibrations to the other end of the magnet. This diversion of force upsets the balance of positive and negative vibration at the poles of the magnet, and produces the phenomena of polar attraction and repulsion.

Dr. Pointing asserts that "the chief machinery of the electric current exists in the surrounding medium. It is from the medium that the energy of the current is derived, this energy coming in sideways on to the wire. The wire plays, of course, an essential part, for without the breakdown of the strain in it there would soon be no relief of pressure, the back pressure of the medium would soon be equal to the forward pressure of the source of energy ;" ¹ and we regard this as a valuable confirmation of our hypothesis.

As regards the relations between ether and vitality we would refer our readers to our paper on "The Continuity of Cellular Vitality," in the number of this Magazine for October, 1887, and would mention the peculiar action of electricity in connection with the life-sustaining properties of oxygen and ozone respectively. The spontaneous activity of life would certainly find a far more congenial origin in the restless source of force which we imagine ether to be, than in the inert and passive stuff called matter, which is entirely dependent upon ethereal impulses for the mechanical activities it displays in inorganic combinations.

The assumption that ether is the source rather than the medium only of force, that matter is essentially an obstruction to force, and that the original inorganic forces are gravity and electricity, fairly falls in with, and would seem to throw an important light upon, Stokes's curve of the elements, whereby he seeks to show that they arrange themselves in a sequence determined by their specific gravity and their electro-positive or negative characteristics.

To recapitulate. We have pointed out that materialism offers no solution of fundamental problems ; that it has to call in the aid of ether to explain as much as it has done of natural phenomena ; that the knowledge gained of the properties of matter and ether respectively would lead us to conclude, in the absence of other considerations, that ether is an immaterial entity, and enables us to judge of

¹ *Proceedings of Birmingham Philosophical Society*, vol. v. pt. ii. p. 350.

the limits of the capacity of matter and ether respectively, and to restrain our imagination within due bounds ; that the great difficulty to be overcome is that of imagining pressure exerted by an immaterial ether, and that, on the other hand, the hard fact, pressure, is inexplicable on a merely material basis.

Assuming ether to be immaterial and capable of exerting pressure on matter, we applied the theory to the problem of gravitation with a satisfactory result, and saw, at the same time, how the incomplete theory of the conservation of energy was, by its aid, converted into the complete theory of the persistence of force, conforming to the great law of continuity. Applying the theory to the problem of the permanent magnet, we suggested an apparently satisfactory solution, and pointed out the difficulties of materialists. Applying it to the problem of life, we submit that it offers more probabilities for a solution than any material theory can do. Except on the question of vitality, we have attributed to ether no powers and properties other than those which materialists have attributed to it. We have merely changed our point of view by regarding forces for which ether is considered to be the medium as inherent in it. The evidence of our senses and our instruments, which have failed to detect any material properties in ether, is thus confirmed in the only way in which it can be confirmed, and in the only way in which it needs to be confirmed.

The study of ether in its various manifestations, in its details and in its general aspects, will probably reveal much that now lies hidden. It may, perhaps, indorse the wisdom of the Seer who said, "Matter were it never so despicable is Spirit, the manifestation of Spirit : were it never so honourable can it be more? The thing visible, nay the thing imagined, the thing in any way conceived as visible, what is it but a garment, a clothing of the higher celestial Invisible, unimaginable, formless, dark with excess of bright." ¹

H. M. GOODMAN.

¹ Carlyle, *Sartor Resartus*, chapter x.

A CENTURY OF SCENE-PAINTING.

VIEWED by the light of truth, most of the high-sounding encomiums so indiscriminately lavished from time to time on Kemble, Macready, Phelps, Kean, and Fechter for their efforts towards scenic reform, cannot but prove eminently satirical reading. This would be amusing enough were it not that their tendency has been to obscure the important fact that the English scenic epoch most replete with permanent reform and transmitting the wholesomest influence, not only occurred before Kemble's day, but had for moving spirits a scenic artist first and a manager afterwards. So little ostentation was displayed by Philip de Loutherbourg in connection with the many improvements effected by him at Drury Lane, that Garrick himself (personally timorous of posing as a scenic reformer) in all probability largely under-estimated their intrinsic value. How great this was is partially shown by the circumstance that to Loutherbourg's talents as a stage mechanician, seconded of course by the labours of William Beverley, we owe in the main our present unrivalled excellence in the working of the scenes. The following rapid glance at the scenic characteristics of the eighteenth century is made with the intention of showing upon what grounds the artist's claims to be considered our greatest stage reformer are really based.

The shabby inappropriateness of the scenery at Drury Lane, about the year 1710, would have disgraced a third-rate provincial house in the old stock days. No salaried artist was attached to the theatre. When new scenery became necessary, some one was temporarily hired to paint it. Indeed, for some forty years afterwards, it was by no means the regular custom to give a new play the benefit of specially prepared costumes and accessories. When they *were* furnished, the playgoer had to reimburse the manager for his outlay by submitting to raised prices. About 1729-1735, however, a profusion of splendid and imposing scenery had been lavished upon the Italian Opera in the Haymarket by the Italians Amiconi and Zuccarelli—a circumstance not without its influence on the other theatres. Rich's

pantomimes, too, had occasioned a little more attention in the working of the scenes, because, as Machine sapiently remarks in Fielding's "Tumble-down Dick," no matter how much tolerance the audience might give to carelessness in "tragedies and comedies and such sort of things," they insisted, in humbler entertainments, upon the flats being drawn in "exact time and tune" to prevent "bungling in the tricks." Stage mechanism itself was by no means in its infancy at this period. We learn from Chetwood the prompter, that a system, long in vogue in the metropolis, of shifting every portion of the scene simultaneously by means of a barrel working underneath the stage, was borrowed by the Dublin theatres in 1741.

Although scene-painting at this period was principally practised throughout Europe by Italian artists of diversified talents—portrait and landscape painters, architects, and what not—signs were not wanting that a permanent English school was in process of foundation. If Hogarth first gave a healthy impetus to native art, it may be said with equal truth of his friend George Lambert (1710–1765), of Beefsteak Club immortality, that he was the father of British scene-painters. Lambert succeeded Devoto as principal artist to Rich, and had for assistant humorous Jack Laguerre, son of the history painter. Some of his finest Covent Garden scenery was destroyed in the conflagration of 1808. Lambert's rival at Drury Lane, in early years, was none other than Francis Hayman, the much over-rated history painter.

The dual artistic identity possessed by most scene-painters practising in England before the dawn of the present century, acted for a long time as a clog on the progress of stage mounting. Not giving their exclusive services to the theatre, they saw little reason for concerning themselves as to how the fruit of their labours in the scene-loft was exhibited to the public. True, the system of illumination in vogue was very subdued; but it gratefully emphasised the effects of shadows and retreating surfaces as rendered on the flat scene by the artist. Previous to Louthembourg's time, the lighting came entirely from above, as in nature. A scarce print of the interior of Covent Garden, in 1763, shows that the stage was illuminated with four hoops of candles surmounted by a crown hung from the borders, the pilasters on each side having twisted double branches. This system had two serious defects. It obscured the view from every part of the auditorium, and was not properly controllable. The latter difficulty was clumsily counterbalanced by bringing on and off supplementary candles and lamps according to the requirements of the scene. The candle-snuffer was eternally *en évidence*, and the

danger from fire such that every light in the house was watched by auxiliaries engaged for that purpose.

About 1760 the stage was sadly in need of reformation. Not even the vaguest approximation to archæological correctness was attempted in the scenery, while the flagrant anachronism displayed in costuming was equally reprehensible. "The scene-shifters," says a writer of the period, "often present us with dull clouds hanging in a lady's dressing-room intermingled with the disunited portions of a portico, a vaulted roof unsupported. . . . Again, it is equally ridiculous to behold the actors making their entrances through plastered walls and wainscots instead of through doors." To those among us who, having attained their grand climacteric, sigh ever and anon for the days of "entrance at the wing," it should here be pointed out that their reverence for an absurd tradition, if well-intentioned, is mistaken. Far from owing its origin primarily to "strict observance" of some well-grounded principle, this old-time vagueness of entrance and exit arose from the pitiful circumstance that the early actors were so far impeded in their movements by the unprofessional stage loungers, that a defined place of exit was out of the question. It is well for us to note here that M. Fournel, in his "*Curiosités Théâtrales*," attributes the protracted observance of the Unity of place in France to this vexatious custom, as its abuse in our own country may have acted deterrently on the advancement of scenic reform. The most Manager Rich could effect at Covent Garden was to banish these irritating ectypes of the Elizabethan stool-holders during the run of a pantomime; on other occasions, more particularly on benefit nights when the stage was "built up" for their reception, they contrived to present a most formidable appearance. Garrick, however, in 1762, was enabled to reform all this by enlarging Drury Lane to such an extent that the custom might be tabooed without seriously diminishing the receipts.

With a clear stage, we may now turn our attention to Louthembourg. He was born at Strasbourg on the 31st of October 1740, and came of an artistic stock, his father being chief painter to the Prince of Hanaudarmstadt. It was not the intention of his parents that he should follow art as a profession, but the hereditary bias came upon him so strongly while at the local college that his father pocketed his hopes and sent him to study painting under Carlo Vanloo at Paris. The wisdom of this course was speedily exemplified by the young artist's election as member of the French Academy in 1763—a very signal honour, seeing that in bestowing it the association had infringed

upon the rule that no one under thirty years of age should be received into their body. Not long after this Loutherbourog made an extensive tour through Germany, Italy, and Switzerland, painting as he travelled a large number of land- and seascapes and several battle pieces, which brought him still more prominently into notice. His striking abilities as a battle painter, combined with an appropriate military appearance, earned for him many years afterwards the amusing sobriquet of "Field-Marshal Leatherbags," to which Jack Bannister stood an unblushing sponsor. Most of Loutherbourog's innovations at Drury Lane were largely due to the powers of observation brought into play during this period of continental travel. In Italy he saw the practical outcome of the reforms attempted by the two Bibienas (great architects both), to one of whom Algarotti attributes "the introduction of accidental points, or, rather, the invention of viewing scenes by the angle," which, he adds, "produces the finest effect imaginable, but that requires the nicest judgment to bring properly into practice." Equally important for us must have been the Parisian influence on the artist. Great attention was now beginning to be paid in the French capital to the hitherto neglected rules of scenic perspective, owing to the labours of the celebrated Giovanni Servandoni, whose services had been first acquired by the Opera in 1726 and were retained there for close on twenty years. Apart from this the Chevalier was excellently well versed in the intricacies of stage mechanism, and is said, while in Paris, to have constructed a "Temple of the Sun," adorned with "eight thousand jewels set in revolving columns," the like of which, for extreme brilliancy, had never been witnessed before. Some of Loutherbourog's work at Drury Lane shows that he must have made a profound study of this kind of scenery in his early days. It is worthy of mention, however, that Servandoni had a more direct, if obviously slight, influence on the English stage. In praising a fairy palace scene in the Covent Garden pantomime of January 1774, the *London Magazine* says it was one of those which "Servandoni prepared some years since but not used." In all probability the Florentine had been induced to paint one or two scenes for the theatres when he came to London in April 1749, to superintend the construction of the great Firework Machine erected in Greenwich Park in connection with the rejoicings over the General Peace. He died at Paris in 1766.

Several authorities, who really ought to have known better, fix the date of Loutherbourog's arrival in England at 1771. As we have a sufficiency of evidence to show that the artist painted for Drury

Lane some few years before that, I may perhaps receive absolution for hazarding the conjecture that his services were first secured by Garrick during the latter's memorable sojourn on the Continent, and that Loutherbourg's journey to London was made not long after the actor-manager's return in April 1765. Any support that could be given to this vaguely-grounded hypothesis would tend to demonstrate that the introduction of footlights at Drury Lane, early in the succeeding season, was made at the direct instigation and under the general superintendence of Loutherbourg, whose knowledge of the possibilities of stage lighting was very complete. To obviate the view-obstructing attributes of the old branches, these foot-lamps were not placed in close contiguity as now, but by being considerably separated, gave an even distribution of light without incommoding the spectator. It must not be rashly inferred, because gas and limelight were as yet unknown, that playgoers in Garrick's day were entirely unacquainted with the simplest effects of light and shade. Great, however, must have been the genius that could make advancement towards that end at a time when the candle-snuffer was still reckoned among necessary evils.

During Garrick's term of office Loutherbourg's services as scenic artist were exclusively given to Drury Lane, in exchange for a salary of £500 per annum. To his credit be it said, his improvements were all effected in a steady, unostentatious manner, without unduly tampering with the legitimate. That he did not appreciably lessen the strain on the scene-shifters' whistle or abolish carpenter scenes is only to say, in other words, that the playwrights of his time were wholly unversed in such methods of dramatic construction as would permit of these radical alterations.

Loutherbourg came to London at a critical moment. Writing in 1759 Goldsmith had said, "The managers and all who espouse their side are for decoration and ornament; the critic and all who have studied French decorum are for regularity and declamation. Thus it is almost impossible to please both parties; and the poet, by attempting it, finds himself often incapable of pleasing either." With a clear stage at command and the favour of a fine scene-painter, the temptation held out to Garrick to indulge in lavish display purely for its own sake was doubtless great; but he wisely elected to treat his more solid fare with extreme sobriety in the decoration. Strict observance of this principle led occasionally to a carelessness in the mounting, which could not escape the eye of the critics. Thus the anachronism committed in arraying the characters in Home's "Fatal Discovery" (June 1769) in costumes of "purple

and gold," and in allotting the monarch of the rock a Grecian palace for habitation, came in for severe condemnation.

Full scope for the abilities of Loutherbou¹ was first given by the production early in January 1767 of an Arcadian ballad opera called "Cymon," into which the well-worn magical element of the old Davenant operas had been skilfully woven. After speaking in unqualified terms of the musical features, a contemporary notice goes on to say, "The painter deserves no less praise for his masterly execution of the scenes ; which, *together with the machinery*, exceed those in any other piece." "Cymon" proved a remarkable success, and so inaugurated a memorable series of spectacular romances at Drury Lane. Scarcely one of these passed away during the next five years without leaving its mark in the shape of some noteworthy improvement effected during its run. Innovation followed innovation until Gainsborough, cloaking his spleen against a rival landscape-painter by drawing particular attention to the musical abuses, thought proper in 1772 to remonstrate with his friend Garrick as follows :

"My dear Sir,—When the streets are paved with Brilliants and the Skies made of Rainbows I suppose you'll be content and satisfied with red, blue, and yellow. It appears to me that Fashion, let it consist of false or true taste, will have its run like a runaway horse ; for when eyes and ears are thoroughly debauched by glare and noise the return to modest truth will seem very gloomy for a time ; and I know you are cursedly puzzled how to make this retreat without putting out your lights and losing the advantages of all our new discoveries of *transparent painting*, &c., &c.—how to satisfy your tawdry friends whilst you steal back into the mild evening gleam and quiet middle term. I'll tell you, my sprightly Genius, how all this is to be done. Maintain all your light, but spare the poor abused colours till the eye rests and recovers. Keep up your music by supplying the place of noise by more sound, more harmony, and more tune, and split that cursed Fife and Drum. Whatever so great a genius as Mr. Garrick may say or do to support our false taste, he must feel the truth of what I am now saying, that neither our Plays, Painting, or Music are any longer real works of invention, but the abuse of Nature's lights and what has already been invented in former times. Adieu, my dear Friend. Any commands to Bath.—T.G." ²

¹ I only iterate here a statement made by that accurate and painstaking historian, Mr. E. L. Blanchard, in an account of the original production of the piece, as given in one of his weekly feuilletons entitled "London Amusements" (vide *Birmingham Daily Gazette*, May 9th, 1884). It is a matter for some regret that researches made by me in order to corroborate or disprove this statement (with the view of strengthening my hypothesis that Loutherbou¹ came to England some few years before the generally accepted date of 1771) have turned out futile. Such, however, is Mr. Blanchard's reputation for accuracy in all matters of theatrical history, that I can quite well afford to take the statement on trust.

² Quoted from Forster's *Life of Goldsmith*, book iv. chap. xiv. (footnote).

Considering the great rivalry existing between the theatres, it would be unreasonable to imagine that Covent Garden pursued the even tenor of its way wholly uninfluenced by this protracted spectacular outburst. Lambert had been succeeded there as chief scenic artist by Dall the Dane, who in turn gave way, about the year 1777, to Inigo Richards, of whose special fitness for the post there can be no question. In Richards' later day the head artist at either of the two great theatres was not expected to do much more than design *maquettes* of the scenery required after a study of the author's manuscript. So salutary was the change that the playwright himself was often called in during the progress of the scenes to give his opinion as to their appropriateness. Richards' leading executive artist was one Robert Carver, a fine landscape painter who had graduated at Smock Alley, Dublin. He was an old man in 1780, but for every day he was fit to handle the double tie-brush Manager Harris paid him a guinea. His pupil, Henry Hodgins, lent yeoman's service. O'Keefe, speaking of Hodgins in his Memoirs, says that "his celerity in painting was wonderful; he could, by a knack peculiarly his own, paint a whole flat scene in a day." One of Loutherboung's most formidable antagonists, however, was attached to the cause of Colman, at the Haymarket. This was Michael Angelo Rooker (1743-1801), a water-colourist of repute, who, among other notable achievements, painted a camp scene for "The Genius of Nonsense" in 1780, reputed to have been "as accurate and masterly a spectacle as ever appeared in the more extensive theatres of Covent Garden and Drury Lane."

If the Shakespearean drama first felt the benefits of archæological research during the Kemble régime, Loutherboung unmistakably paved the way towards that end by literal accuracy in smaller things. For the Drury Lane pantomime of "Pigmy Revels," produced in January 1773, he painted a great variety of metropolitan views, highly commended at the time for their general fidelity. Among the places so illustrated were the west front of St. Paul's, Covent Garden Church and Market, exterior and interior of the Mews, Windsor Castle, St. Paul's Churchyard, Blackfriars Bridge, and, most remarkable of all, the inside and outside of Old Drury itself.

On the 27th of December 1773, Garrick brought out his "Christmas Tale in Five Parts," which, from a weakness of interest, failed to elicit similar marks of approval to those which had been bestowed upon previous spectacular productions at the National theatre. In delivering a homily over its grave the industrious compiler of "The Playhouse Companion" tells us that, "after being gradually curtailed and reprobated in the newspapers," it "was at last hooted and laid

aside." Loutherbouurg had already improved the illuminating system by the introduction of a series of border-batons or head-lights, arranged after a method promulgated in Italy by one Ingegneri so early as the year 1598. In the unfortunate piece under notice he gave partisans of Drury Lane an appetising foretaste of the delights which their great-grandchildren were to experience in beholding the transitory effect of varying colours as thrown upon the transformation scene by rays of limelight directed through coloured glasses. The ingenious artist momentarily aroused the spectators to enthusiasm by causing several charming tints to steal successively over a finely painted forest scene : an effect procured by means of silks working on a pivot before strong lights in the flies.

In November 1774, Garrick brought out General Burgoyne's *pièce de circonstance*, "The Maid of the Oaks," which had been evoked by the festivities held at the Oaks, in Kent, over the Earl of Derby's marriage, some five months previously. Garrick had himself not one but several fingers in this curious theatrical pie (more "enforced collaboration !") which, from being poorly constructed and clumsily balanced in its scenic attractions, was pronounced a trifle indigestible. Says the *London Magazine* : "The attention which Mr. Garrick has shown to the decorations of this piece, is a convincing proof that he never spares either labour or expense where there is a likelihood of promoting the pleasure of the public. It is said that the scenery only, which has been painted on purpose for 'The Maid of the Oaks,' cost £1,500. This is a prodigious sum ; yet it will not appear in the least extravagant to anybody who sees it. The landscapes of Claud are scarcely equal to some of the views exhibited ; and if nothing beyond the bare merit of the paintings was held forth to attract the town, we should not be surprised at its bringing twenty crowded audiences." A quick change at the end, from a view of the grand saloon in Lord Derby's residence to "a celestial garden terminated by a prospect of the Temple of Love," with the sun shedding its brilliant refulgence over all, had, we are told, "a most splendid and astonishing effect." Loutherbouurg, indeed, was about this time excelling the best mechanical efforts of Servandoni himself. For instance, the final scene of "Harlequin's Jacket," at Drury Lane, in January 1775, presented a sort of primitive transformation—The Temple of Hymen, "illuminated with lamps of various colours, the pillars of which moving vertically, and cupids flying round the top of the domes horizontally, had a happy effect." This selfsame year Loutherbouurg contrived to give some semblance of vitality to Bickerstaff's musical romance "The Sultana," which

enjoyed a run, thanks to his labours. One might almost apply the same remark to Sir George Collier's "Selima and Azor," produced at Drury Lane early in December 1776, a "pompous nothing," which, as Baker is kind enough to inform us, "by the assistance of Loutherbourg's pencil and Mrs. Baddeley's voice, escaped the contempt to which on all other accounts it was entitled."

Garrick's retirement from the stage in no way interfered with the painter's loyal attachment to Drury Lane. His scenery for Sheridan's "Camp," in 1778, was reckoned so "uncommonly various and characteristic," that it contributed in no slight degree to the great run, lasting two seasons, enjoyed by that piece. Moreover, it was Loutherbourg's marvellous representation of the encampment at Cox-Heath that evoked the scene by Rooker, already spoken of. The powerful significance conveyed by such emulation is not to be lightly ignored. Notwithstanding the high standard of comparison afforded by the rival theatre, the newspaper and magazine notices of the scenery at Covent Garden, from 1777 to 1781, all speak, for the most part, favourably of its merits.

Such were the "drawing" powers of Loutherbourg's pencil at this period that the Drury Lane Pantomime of January 1779 was specially "nailed together" by some clumsy hack to admit of the use of the wonderful Derbyshire scenery painted by him after an extended sojourn among the Peaks. These views—more especially those of Chatsworth, Buxton, and the Castleton Hills—were all highly commended for their accuracy and beauty. In commenting upon the fact that the librettist had made that remarkable cavern known as Poole's Hole the home of the genius who protects Harlequin, the *London Magazine* adds, "The only advantage arising from this to a man of taste, is the pretence, by his ascending, of introducing such a quantity of light as to show the manner in which Mr. Loutherbourg has imitated nature in the very process of petrification."

After furnishing some pleasing scenery to Sheridan's pantomime of "Robinson Crusoe," produced at Drury Lane on the 8th of January, 1779 (it was played in four acts, with eight changes in the first act alone), Loutherbourg left the theatre on an attempt being made to reduce his salary, and busied himself in completing his unique scenic exhibition styled "Eidophusikon." This was first shown at the Patagonian Theatre in Exeter Change, but was subsequently removed to a house in Panton Square, both ventures proving unsuccessful. I make no apology for appending the following account of this curious entertainment from *The Whitehall*

Evening Post of March 1, 1781, as its very interesting features go to illustrate the ordinary scenic methods pursued by the painter :

“Mr. de Louthembourg’s superior genius in the scenic line of his profession has led him to invent in the above Spectacle several of the most beautiful representations of nature that were ever effected by mechanism and painting. His different views are all formed by detached pieces, from which he is enabled to manage his keeping light and shade, &c., with the most critical exactness. The first scene is *Greenwich Park* before dawn. It exhibits the college, the river, and a distant view of London at the dawn of day ; and as the sun rises to the horizon, the sky and the whole landscape receive the various hues of light which, in a state of nature, that luminary casts upon the world. The tints of his skies are, in general, admirably managed ; but nothing can exceed the amazing transition which the artist has contrived in changing the cool hue of verdure, which appears at dawn, to the refulgent warmth of the blushing morn. The scene of *Noon*, though equally natural, is not equally pleasing with the former, not having the same variety of lights : the painting, however, is delightful, and may be said to live upon canvas. *Sunset* has more variety in it than the former, the diminution of light being represented with all the tints and shades which in nature gradually change her complexion. The appearance of the sun, and its reflection on the water and shipping, are astonishing. But the *Moonlight* is really beyond every idea that can be formed from description, so that what is here said must fall far short of its merits. In the foreground of the scene a group of peasants appear sitting round a fire, the reflection of which produces the most beautiful contrast to the reflection of the moon, which, rising, sheds her silvered tints over the landscape. In each of these scenes ships appear sailing in different courses ; and in the first there are moving figures of horsemen, cattle, &c. There is a row-galley in the second scene, contrived to move with great ingenuity. The last scene is a *Tempest*, which is progressively brought on by a variation of sky that does infinite credit to the ingenuity of the artist. The water, however, appeared to us (perhaps from sitting too near it) not to be managed with so much skill ; the transverse direction of the pieces, from which the deception arises, was too apparent, and, that in a great measure from the waves being too abruptly angular. The wonderful sky that wound up the scene, the forked lightning pervading every part of it, together with the imitative peals of thunder, produced an effect that astonishes the imagination in a manner hardly to be conceived. There were two things that struck us as hurtful to the representation ; the full reflection of the sun is suffered to remain upon the opposite buildings long after that luminary has sunk beneath the horizon ; and the shipping frequently sailed (to use a seafaring phrase) in the wind’s eye when all their sails were filled a-back ! These errors, however, we doubt not, will be rectified in the next representation. The room, which is very commodious, is elegantly fitted up, and was filled last night with persons of rank, who appeared highly delighted with their evening’s entertainment.”

An infinitude of thought and labour had been expended on this exhibition. Great care was taken even in the imitation of natural sounds. Up to that period thunder had been simulated in the theatre after the approved manner of John Dennis—“rumbling from the mustard bowl,” as Pope puts it. Louthembourg went closer to Nature by suspending an enormous sheet of thin copper from a

chain, and causing it to be shaken from the bottom. Another contrivance of less practical utility was also borrowed by the theatre, and was brought into requisition so late as twenty years ago in an American drama, by Miss Olive Logan. This consisted of an octagonal box, furnished with a series of small shelves, containing a mixture of shot, peas, and pebbles, which, when rolled about, gave the auricular impression of the lap of the waves on a shingly shore. By a remarkable manipulation of his clouds in this entertainment Loutherbouurg clearly showed that he was capable of eclipsing the great aërial effects produced by Boquet in France some twenty years previously. It is noteworthy that the only other scenic artist who ever attained excellence in that way was Daguerre, of photographic memory.

In the mean time Loutherbouurg's easel pictures had won him considerable distinction as a landscape painter ; so much so that in 1782 he became a member of the Royal Academy. A lurking impression, for which Mr. Sala is in no slight measure responsible,¹ exists to the effect that Stanfield and Roberts were the first scene-painters who, by dint of artistic talent, endowed the craft with a professional foothold. Loutherbouurg apart, to thoroughly eradicate this idea, it only needs to point to Francesco Zuccarelli (1768), Inigo Richards (1768), Edmund Garvey (1783), and William Hodges (1787), who all received the highest academic distinction in the years mentioned, the first two being foundation members. One of the earliest Presidents of the Incorporated Society of Artists, Francis Hayman, subsequently became a member and librarian of the Royal Academy ; while among scene-painting A.R.A.s of the past may be mentioned Michael Angelo Rooker (1769) and T. N. Dall (1771). It must, of course, be frankly acknowledged that the favour extended to all these artists, as to Stanfield and Roberts, was shown in spite of, rather than from, their theatrical associations. As a matter of fact, however, it was impossible to ostracise the scenic artist from the highest artistic circles, before the rise of our own Greenwoods and Grieves, for the simple reason that up to that period scene-painting had not only numbered among its votaries some of the greatest names in art, but was moreover wholly unrecognised as a separate calling. As for the influence of the scene loft upon easel work, a modicum of truth no doubt underlies the charge levelled against Lambert, Zuccarelli, Loutherbouurg, Stanfield and others, that their pictures smacked too much of the footlights. Seldom has the counterbalancing merit been taken into account that scenic work

¹ See his sketch "Getting up a Pantomime" in *Gaslight and Daylight*.

trains the artist to paint with more decision, by endowing him with the faculty of striking lines and marking in muscles at one effort without placing much dependence on the mahlstick.

Although Loutherbouurg's influence was directly felt for some years after his election, it boots not to pursue his theatrical record much farther. For merely designing the scenery painted for O'Keefe's musical spectacle of "Omai," produced at Covent Garden in 1786, he was paid £100. Captain Cook's recent discoveries formed the theme of this piece, for which appropriate costumes had been designed by Webber, who accompanied the South Sea Expedition. For the rest it only remains to briefly recapitulate, on the unimpeachable authority of several contemporaries, the many vital scenic improvements which Loutherbouurg had effected well-nigh a decade before the dawn of the Kemble *régime*. According to O'Keefe, he had introduced "the breaking the scene into several pieces by the laws of perspective, showing miles and miles distance," as "before his time the back was one broad flat, the whole breadth and height of the stage." Loutherbouurg was the first in England to make use of set scenes with raking pieces, as he also was the first to discover that many pleasing effects could be obtained by placing gauzes between the back scene and the audience. Of his improvements in stage lighting I have already spoken at some length. His knowledge of this department enabled him, in rendering scenery transparent, to give faithful imitations of moonlight, sunlight, firelight, and even volcanoes. Loutherbouurg died at Chiswick, in 1812. He lived long enough to see the English School of scene-painters assert their pre-eminence over foreign artists and rout the mediocre *Marinaris* from the country.

Kemble's claims to be considered a scenic reformer are based on entirely different grounds from those we have just been examining. More courageous than Garrick, more resolute even than Macklin, Kemble certainly effected a wholesome revolution in stage costume. He applied the same archæological methods to the production of his scenery, having the execution of his ideas powerfully facilitated by the antiquarian knowledge of his scenic artist, William Capon. So far so good. But when he had entered upon the control of Drury Lane in 1794, the greatly increased size of the new theatre, both before and behind the footlights, had occasioned a radical change in the general fare presented, in the style of acting, and the *mise en scène*. To this circumstance, more than to any implied managerial bias, must most of the faults of the Kemble *régime* be imputed. The epoch was marked by the abuse of properties introduced primarily with the

hope of minimising the ill-effect of the vast stage. So little dependence had been placed formerly in such accessories, that the elaborate setting of the banquet scene in "Macbeth" on the opening night, March 12, 1794, astounded the audience, and was at once pronounced by critics "a thing to go and see of itself." Again, to keep the house tolerably filled night after night, a more frequent resort than hitherto had to be made to the allurements of spectacle; and Shakespeare himself was to be seen on occasion tricked out in all the tinsel trumpery of a pantomime.

Finally, when the reader feels inclined to deprecate the manner in which sound acting is choked by the accumulation of upholstery and bric-à-brac, or to censure the prevailing craze for pedantic accuracy in matters of scenic detail, let him remember that these blemishes owe their existence to the reduction to an absurdity of the principles countenanced, if not wholly advocated, by John Kemble.

W. J. LAWRENCE.

AIROPAIDIA.

ARTIFICIAL flight is by no means an idea confined to mediæval or modern times. Setting aside its consideration as a poetical and legendary attribute, there are tolerably authentic accounts, if not of the actual flight of man, of the imitation of the movements of birds in well-constructed automata.

Archytas had a wooden dove capable of flight, and Regiomontanus made a wooden eagle. These, however, are mere historical records, and there are not many definite plans left us until 1683, when Wilkens, Bishop of Chester, published his plans of an aerial chariot. From that time to the present hardly a year has passed without the appearance of some proposal, more or less visionary, to solve the problem of aerial navigation. But these proposals have only resulted in ignominious failure, sometimes fatal to the experimenter; and this is hardly a matter of wonder when we consider that for long little or nothing was known of gravitation and of the medium to be controlled. The methodical study of the laws of the natural flight of birds and insects has been neglected up to the present time. It is, then, hardly just to condemn the student of aeronautics as one needing friendly care, until a complete series of experiments, conducted according to the light of present science, shall have shown the futility of the idea of artificial flight.

Aerostation may be considered under two heads. 1. Ballooning, in which ascent is gained by means of a gas specifically lighter than air. 2. True flight, in which the acts of rising and suspension are due to expended force. There are two obvious reasons why balloons have not been successfully navigated. It is difficult to apply a directive force at the point of suspension of the balloon, while any force applied to the car merely serves to tilt the balloon. Again, a body to be propelled against a current of air, even that created by its own motion, must have a weight in proportion to its surface. This law will become apparent in endeavouring to throw a block of wood and a cube of paper to the same distance. It was for long generally supposed that birds were suspended or balanced

by a certain volume of rarefied air confined in the lungs, bones, and feathers. But this explanation will not bear the least reflection.

Mr. Charles Sinclair managed in 1872 to raise himself with great practical success some fifteen feet in the air without the assistance of a specifically lighter material. The plan of the machine consisted in fastening to the body of the aeronaut a series of parallel aero-planes, somewhat similar to a set of shelves, made of light frame-work, covered with canvas, and arranged at about two or three inches from each other. Running against the wind with these quasi-wings attached to his body Mr. Sinclair, in his first experiment, found himself elevated a few feet, when one of the planes shifted, and he was violently hurled to the ground. The machine mended, with several improvements in its construction, he again essayed to attain some slight elevation, and, with a preliminary run of a hundred feet, rose steadily in the air to a height of fifteen feet. This experiment would seem to point to some modification of a boy's kite as a means of elevation. Any one who has seen a Canadian ice-boat has observed how, at the slightest check, such as that afforded by a small block of ice, the vessel is raised by the force of the wind upon the sails, and carried over the impediment. Similarly a boy runs with his kite to raise it ; but we must seek some other means of imparting the required momentum, probably by the inclined plane, for that afforded by running.

If ever the important problem of artificial flight is to be solved, it is reasonable to conclude that the same laws and forces which produce natural flight must be discovered and applied. Imbued with this belief, Dr. Pettigrew made a series of elaborate inquiries into the structure and function of natural wings, and the peculiar properties requisite in artificial wings to produce artificial flight. Dr. Pettigrew was engaged in these researches since 1865, and carefully analysed, figured, and described, not only the movements of the wings of insects, bats, and birds, but he also examined in detail the movements of a large number of animals fitted for swimming, such as the otter, seal, sea-bear, walrus, penguin, turtle, crocodile, porpoise, fish, &c.

By comparing the flippers of the seal, sea-bear, and walrus with the fin and sail of the fish, and the wing of the penguin (a bird which is incapable of flight and can only swim and dive) with the wing of the insect, bat, and bird, he was able to show that a close analogy exists between the flippers, fins, and tails of sea mammals and fishes on the one hand, and the wings of insects, bats, and birds

on the other ; in fact, that theoretically and practically these organs, one and all, form flexible helices or screws, which, in virtue of their rapid reciprocating action, operate upon the water and air after the manner of double inclined planes.

In all ages men have envied the powers of flight possessed by birds, and from ancient to modern times inventors and schemers have busied their brains with devices intended to confer upon humanity the desirable effect of aerial locomotion. For the most part, such effects have been made by a class of projectors whose folly and infatuation have thrown ridicule upon the idea. Over and over again the most absurd contrivances have been represented as sure to achieve success. A little more money was the only thing required ; and, if a sympathising public would only find the funds, blundering enthusiasts promised, and believed, that they would fly like jackdaws from the neighbouring steeple, or soar like eagles far above the haunts of men.

The establishment of an "Aeronautical Society" in this country, in 1867, under the presidency of the Duke of Argyll, and with a council containing such men as Sir Charles Bright, William Fairbairn, and James Glaisher, has had the curious effect of raising expectations in scientific minds, that at last some form of flying apparatus may be made to succeed. Of late years, a partial study of the wings of birds and of their methods of action seems to show that flight was a physical impossibility to man. The size of the bird's wing was so large in proportion to the creature's weight, and it appeared to demand so great an amount of muscular force for its movements, that it seemed perfectly hopeless to expect that human muscles could wield an apparatus of the required dimensions, and with the velocities demanded, or that any mechanism could be constructed generating sufficient force in proportion to its weight.

There has been exaggeration in the popular estimate of the force exerted in the operation of the very complicated and abstruse question, the flight of birds. A weight of 150 pounds, suspended from a surface of the same number of square feet, will fall through the air at the rate of 1,300 feet per minute, the force expended on the air being nearly 6 horse-power. Consequently, that power would be required to keep the same weight and surface suspended at a fixed altitude. A man can perform muscular work equal to raising his own weight, say 150 pounds, twenty-two feet per minute, but at this low rate of speed he would require to sustain him on the air a surface of 120,000 square feet, making no allowance for weight beyond his body. Thus

attempts to construct bird-like wings, by which a man could raise himself perpendicularly, appear quite impracticable.

Some of the pelicans on the Nile, which weigh twenty-one pounds, and whose wings measure ten feet from end to end, during their flight make about seventy wing strokes per minute, and when they float on the air a few strokes in each minute appear sufficient to sustain them, and there is no symptom of powerful exertion. It has been noticed that flocks of spoonbills, flying at about thirty miles an hour, at less than fifteen inches above the Nile's surface, do not create a sufficient commotion in the air to ripple the surface of the water. It has also been remarked that an eagle impelled to activity by a charge of large shot rattling amongst his feathers, runs at least twenty yards before he can raise himself from the ground. Many other observations of birds are highly important, and enable us to form some conception of the way in which various kinds of wings perform their work.

A gnat expends in flying much more force, proportionally, than an eagle. In some insects the motion of the wings is so rapid as to be quite invisible. Most of them produce whilst flying a more or less acute buzzing sound, the pitch of which may be ascertained by means of any musical instrument, and this should, it seems, give us the number of beats of the wing per second. This number is 330 for the common house-fly, 290 for the bee, 140 for the wasp, 70 for the common moth, 28 for the dragon fly, and about 8 for the common butterfly. These numbers represent the double vibration, *i.e.* the rise and fall of the wing reckoned as one beat.

If a plane moves against the wind, or the wind against a plane, at the rate of 22 feet per second, 1,320 feet per minute, or 15 miles an hour, a force of one pound per square foot is obtained. When a falling body, having a weight of one pound to each foot of resisting surface, reaches that velocity, the atmospheric resistance balances its weight, and keeps it from descending faster. A man and a parachute, weighing together 143 pounds, will not fall with a greater velocity if the parachute is kept in position, and has an area of 143 square feet. A fall of eight feet brings a body to the earth with the same velocity which is not sufficient to destroy life or limb. Swallows have a wing surface of two square feet to the pound; some of the duck tribe, which fly well, little more than half a square foot, or seventy-two inches to the pound. If such birds allowed themselves to fall perpendicularly, with outstretched wings, they would reach the ground with an injurious velocity, but by descending obliquely, they alight with ease and safety. This combination of an horizontal motion with a perpendicular one is of the greatest importance.

In the case of perpendicular descent, as a parachute, the sustaining effect will be much the same whatever the figure of the outline of the superficies may be, and a circle affords, perhaps, the best resistance of any. Take, for example, a circle of twenty square feet (as possessed by the pelican), loaded with as many pounds. This, as just stated, will limit the rate of perpendicular descent to 1,320 feet per minute. But instead of a circle sixty-one inches in diameter, if the area is bounded by a parallelogram ten feet long by two feet broad, and whilst at perfect freedom to descend perpendicularly, let a force be applied exactly in a horizontal direction, so as to carry it edge-ways, with the long side foremost, at a forward speed of thirty miles an hour—just double that of its passive descent—the rate of fall, under these conditions, will be decreased most remarkably, probably to less than one-fifteenth part, eighty-eight feet per minute, or one mile per hour. This diminution of the descending velocity is occasioned by the resistance of the mass of air moved by the parachute in its horizontal course, and which necessarily becomes greater in proportion to the width of the parachute.

Among the experimental illustrations that have been suggested is the action of a thin blade, one inch wide and a foot long, fixed at right angles to a spindle on which it can be turned. If such an apparatus is immersed in a stream running in the direction of the spindle and held at rest, the force which the blade has to resist will be simply that of the water current acting on its surface, and the current will be checked to a corresponding extent. If, however, the spindle and blade are made to rotate rapidly, the retarding effect against direct motion will now be increased over *tenfold*, and is equal to that due to the *entire area of the circle of revolution*. By trying the effect of blades of various widths, it will be found that for the purpose of effecting the maximum amount of resistance the more rapidly the spindle revolves the narrower may be the blade.

It will be evident that if a column of air were rotating in the same direction, and with the same velocity as that of the vane and spindle, the movement of the vane would not be resisted by the air, and just to the extent to which the revolving vane communicates its own motion to the air the reaction of the air against the motion of the vane will be lessened. If at each movement of its progress in a horizontal direction the vane acted upon a stratum of air whose *vis inertiae* had not been disturbed, the maximum of reaction would be obtained. In a very ingenious way these facts have been applied to the action of the long wings of swallows and other birds characterised by the length of their flying apparatus, to show the great

mechanical disadvantage at which a bird or a machine must operate in order to raise a weight *perpendicularly*, as compared with raising it obliquely. It does not appear that any large bird can raise itself perpendicularly in a still atmosphere, but pigeons can accomplish it approximately to a moderate height, and the humming bird, by the extremely rapid vibration of its pinions, can sustain itself in still air in the same position, the muscular force required for this feat being much greater than for any other performance of flight. The wings uphold the weight, not by striking vertically downwards upon the air, but as inclined surfaces reciprocating horizontally like a screw, but wanting in its continuous rotation in one direction, and therefore with some loss of power from the rapid alternation of motion.

To rise from the ground a bird must spring. Now, as their strength is nearly proportionate to their size, and as the quantity of work necessary to accomplish a bound of a given height is also proportionate to the weight, it follows that all birds, whatever their size, spring nearly to the same height. But the extent of spring accomplished by the smaller species is sufficient to enable them to flap their wings without bringing them into contact with the ground. This is not the case with larger birds, such as the eagle or the albatross ; the latter is obliged to run for some distance along the ground before it can rise. When it has thus acquired a certain amount of horizontal velocity, it suddenly opens its wings as if to soar, and the extended surface tends to counterbalance the effects of gravitation. It is at this moment that it springs and rises at once to a sufficient height to flap its wings. Many large birds, such as the eagle and the condor, generally avoid settling on the ground, and remain perched on high rocks, from whence they can easily soar into space.

A bird is sustained in the air by the *weight* of that *fluid*, and the sustaining power of its wings will depend upon the quantity or weight of air that would have to be displaced by its fall. By a wide stretch of wing, and a horizontal motion, the resistance is maximised, and a long-winged bird that has raised itself in the air may avoid falling by maintaining a certain horizontal velocity, with a moderate expenditure of force.

A kite is sustained and moved obliquely by the force of the wind, and the weight of the air which its fall must displace. Thus there is some analogy between a wing and a kite, it being mechanically pretty much the same thing whether a breeze blows against a resisting surface, or a resisting surface is moved against a mass of air. Captain Dansey, who made an experiment with a kite having a surface of only fifty-five square feet, raised a weight of ninety-

two and a quarter pounds in a strong breeze, and he considers that exploring kites might be safer and more convenient than exploring balloons for purposes of war, though their employment would be dependent on the force of the wind.

A thin stratum of air is displaced beneath the wings of a bird in rapid flight, and it follows, that in order to obtain the necessary *length* of plane for supporting heavy weights, the surfaces may be superposed, or placed in parallel rows, with an interval between them. A dozen pelicans may fly one above the other without mutual impediment, as if framed together; and it is thus shown how two hundred weights may be supported in a transverse distance of only ten feet.

Many facts discovered of late years in reference to the action of screws as substitutes for paddles in steam navigation, and in relation to the flight of various-shaped projectiles, may come in aid of the aeronautist.

Since Professor Pettigrew enunciated his views (1867) as to the screw configuration and elastic properties of natural wings, and more especially since his introduction of *spiral, elastic artificial wings*, and *elastic screws*, a great revolution has taken place in the construction of flying models.

Elastic aero-planes have been advocated by Mr. Brown, elastic aerial screws by M. Armour, and elastic aero-planes, wings, and screws by M. Pénaud.

The first suggestion known regarding the history of the screw as applied to the air was given by Paueton in 1768. This author in his treatise on the *Théorie de la Vis d'Archimède*, describes a machine provided with two screws, which he calls a "ptérophores." In 1796, Sir George Cayley gave a practical illustration of the efficacy of the screw as applied to the air, by constructing a small machine, consisting of two screws made of quill feathers. Cayley's screws were peculiar, inasmuch as they were superimposed, and rotated in opposite directions. He estimated that if the area of the screws was increased to two hundred square feet, and moved by a man, they would elevate him.

Other experimenters followed Cayley at moderate intervals: Deghen in 1816, Ottoris Sarti in 1823, and Dubochet in 1834. These inventors all constructed flying models on the vertical screw principle. In 1842, Mr. Philips succeeded in elevating a steam model, by the aid of revolving fans, which flew across two fields, after having attained a great altitude; and in 1859, Mr. Bright took out a patent for a machine to be sustained by vertical screws,

the model of which is to be seen at the Patent Museum, Kensington, London. In 1863, the subject of aviation by vertical screws received a fresh impulse from the experiments of MM. Ponton d'Amécourt, De la Landelle, and Nadar, who exhibited models driven by clock-work springs, which ascended with graduated weights, a distance of from ten to twelve feet. These models were so fragile that they usually broke in coming in contact with the ground in their descent. Their flight, moreover, was unsatisfactory from the fact that it only lasted a few seconds.

Stimulated by the success of his spring models, M. Ponton d'Amécourt had a small steam model constructed. This model, which was shown at the exhibition of the Aeronautical Society of Great Britain, at the Crystal Palace, 1868, consisted of two superposed screws, propelled by an engine, the steam of which was generated (for lightness) in an aluminium boiler. This steam model proved a failure, inasmuch as it only lifted a third of its own weight.

Several other inventors succeeded in making models fly by the aid of aero-planes and screws, as, *e.g.* Mr. Stringfellow in 1847, M. du Temple in 1857, and M. Jullien in 1858.

Professor Marey endeavoured to construct an artificial insect on the plan advocated by Borelli, in 1670, who was the first to give an account of artificial wings ; but the professor signally failed.

MM. Villeneuve and Pénaud constructed their winged models on different types, the former selecting the bat, the latter the bird.

Mr. Stringfellow constructed a successful flying machine in 1868, in which aero-planes were combined with aerial screws. This model was on view at the Exhibition of the Aeronautical Society of Great Britain, held at the Crystal Palace, London, in the above-mentioned year. It was remarkably compact, elegant, and light, and obtained the £100 prize of the exhibition for its engine, which was the lightest and most powerful ever constructed.

M. de Lôme in 1872 proposed to remove seven out of the eight men employed to work the screw of his aerial ship, and substitute an engine of 8 horse-power, with one man as engineer. The ballast was then to consist of the fuel and water, while the aerostat could be impelled at the rate of 14 miles per hour, at a much larger angle with the plane of direction of the wind.

It is remarkable that previous to the invention of balloons, flying machines were pet schemes with many philosophers.

If aerial navigation is ever to assume practical importance, it must be through the agency of some mechanism more manageable

and less liable to derangement than an enormous bag filled with a material that has the greatest possible aptitude for escaping through the minutest pores.

A certain proposition in physics, known as the "Principle of Archimedes," runs to the following effect: "Every body plunged into a liquid loses a portion of its weight equal to the weight of the fluid which it displaces." Everybody has verified the principle, and knows that objects are much lighter in water than out of it, a body plunged into water being acted upon by two forces, its own weight, which tends to sink it, and resistance from below, which tends to bear it up. But this principle applies to gas as well as to liquids, to air as well as to water. When we weigh a body in the air, we do not find its absolute weight, but that weight *minus* the weight of the air which the body displaces. In order to know the exact weight of an object it would be necessary to weigh it in a vacuum. If an object thrown into the air is heavier than the air which it displaces, it descends and falls upon the earth; if it is lighter, it rises until it comes to a stratum of air of less weight or density than itself. We all know, of course, that the higher you rise from the earth the density of the air diminishes. The stratum of air that lies upon the surface of the earth is the heaviest, because it supports the pressure of all the other strata that lie above. Thus the lightest strata are the highest.

The principle of the construction of balloons is, therefore, in perfect harmony with physical laws. Balloons, are simply globes, made of a light, air-tight material, filled with hot air or hydrogen gas, which rise in the air *because they are lighter than the air they displace.*

The application of this principle appeared so simple, that at the time when the news of the invention of the balloon was spread abroad, the astronomer Lalande wrote: "At this news we all cry, This must be! Why did not we think of it before?" It had been thought of before, as I shall endeavour to show. Roger Bacon, writing in the thirteenth century, in his "Treaty of the Admirable Power of Art and Nature," puts forth the idea "that it is possible to make flying machines in which the man, being seated or suspended in the middle, might turn some winch or crank which would put in motion a suit of wings made to strike the air like those of a bird."

In the same treatise he sketches a flying machine, to which that of Blanchard, who lived in the eighteenth century, bears a certain resemblance. The monk Roger Bacon was worthy of entering the

temple of fame before his great namesake the Lord Chancellor, who in the seventeenth century inaugurated the era of experimental science.

The scientific principle on which balloons are founded was exhibited at Edinburgh in 1767 by Dr. Black, Professor of Chemistry, who announced to his audience that a vessel filled with hydrogen gas would rise naturally into the air; it was tried in 1782, by Professor Cavallo, who filled soap bubbles with hydrogen gas, and saw them rise rapidly in the air on account of their specific lightness. From the labours of Lana and Galien, with their impossible flying machines, the inventor of the balloon could derive no benefit whatever, nor is his fame to be in the least diminished because many had laboured in the same field before him. Nor can the story of the "Ovoador," or flying man, a legend very confused, and of which there are many versions, have given to Montgolfier any valuable hints. The first balloon, Montgolfier's, was simply filled with hot air; and it was because Montgolfier exclusively made use of hot air that balloons so filled were named montgolfières. Of course, we see at a glance that hot air is lighter than cold air, because it has become expanded, and occupies more space; that is to say, a volume of hot air contains actually less air than a volume of the same size of air that has not been heated. The difference between the weight of the hot air and the cold which it displaces is greater than the weight of the covering of the balloon. Therefore the balloon mounts.

And, seeing that air diminishes in density the higher we ascend, the balloon can only rise to that stratum of air of the same density as the air it contains. As the warm air cools it gently descends. Again, as the atmosphere is always moving in currents more or less strong, the balloon follows the direction of the current of the stratum of air in which it finds itself. Thus we see how simply the ascent of montgolfières and their motions are explained. It is the same with gas balloons. A balloon filled with hydrogen gas displaces an equal quantity of atmospheric air; but as the gas is much lighter than the air, it is pushed up by a force equal to the difference of the density of air and hydrogen gas. The balloon then rises in the atmosphere to where it reaches layers of air of a density exactly equal to its own, and when it gets there remains poised in its place. In order that it may descend, it is necessary to let out a portion of the hydrogen gas, and admit an equal quantity of atmospheric air, and the balloon does not come to the ground till all, or nearly all, the gas has been expelled and common air taken in.

Balloons inflated with hydrogen gas are almost the only ones in

use at the present day. Scarcely ever is a montgolfière sent up. There are aeronauts, however, who prefer a journey in a montgolfière to one in a gas balloon. The air voyager in this description of balloon had many difficulties to contend with. The quantity of combustible material which he was bound to carry with him, the very little difference there is between the density of heated and cold air, the necessity of feeding the fire and watching it without a moment's cessation as it hangs in the *réchaud* over the middle of the car, rendered this sort of air-travelling subject to many dangers and difficulties. M. Eugène Godard obviated a portion of this difficulty by fitting a chimney like that which is found of such incalculable service in the case of the Davy lamp. It is principally on account of this improvement that the montgolfière rose so highly in popular esteem.

Generally it is not pure hydrogen that is made use of in the inflation of balloons. Aeronauts content themselves with the gas which we burn in our streets and houses, and thus it suffices, in inflating the balloon, to obtain from the nearest gasworks the quantity of gas necessary, and to lead it, by means of a pipe or tube, from the gasometer to the mouth or neck of the machine.

The idea of the valve, as well as that of the sand ballast, is due to the physician Charles. They enable the aeronaut to ascend or descend with facility. When he wishes to mount he throws over his ballast ; when he wants to come down he lets the gas escape by the valve at the roof of the balloon. This valve is worked by means of a spring, having a long rope attached to it, which hangs down through the neck to the car, where the aeronaut sits. An ordinary balloon, with a lifting power sufficient to carry up three persons, with necessary ballast and material, is about 50 feet high, 35 feet in diameter, and 2,250 cubic feet in capacity. Of such a balloon the accessories—the skin, the network, the car—would weigh about 335 lbs. To find out the height at which he has arrived the aeronaut consults his barometer. We know that it is the pressure of the air up the cup of the barometer that raises the mercury in the tube. The heavier the air is the higher is the barometer. At the level of the sea the column of mercury stands at 32 inches ; at 3,250 feet, the air being at this elevation lighter, the mercury stands at 28 inches ; at 6,500 feet above sea level it stands at 25 inches ; at 10,000 feet it falls to 22 inches ; at 20,000 feet to 15 inches. These, however, are merely the theoretic results, and are subject to some slight variation, according to the locality, &c. Sometimes the aeronaut makes his descent by means of the para-

chute, a separate and distinct contrivance. If from any cause it appears impracticable to effect a descent from the balloon itself, the parachute may be of the greatest service to the voyager. At the present day it is only used to astonish the public, by showing them the spectacle of a man who from a great elevation in the air precipitates himself into space, not to escape dangers which threaten him in his balloon, but simply to exhibit his courage and skill. Nevertheless, parachutes are often of great actual use, and aeronauts frequently attach them to their balloons as a precautionary measure before setting out on an aerial excursion.

The shape of a parachute very much resembles that of the well-known and serviceable umbrella. The virtues of the parachute were first tried upon animals. Thus, Blanchard allowed his dog to fall in one from a height of 6,500 feet. A gust of wind caught the falling parachute, and swept it away up above the clouds. Afterwards the aeronaut in his balloon fell in with the dog in the parachute, both of them high up in the cloudy reaches of the sky, and the poor animal manifested by his barking his joy at seeing his master. A new current separated the aerial voyagers, but the parachute, with its canine passenger, reached the ground safely a short time after Blanchard had landed from his balloon.

Experience has proved that, in the case of a descending parachute, if the rapidity of the descent is doubled the resistance of the air is quadrupled ; if the rapidity is triple the resistance is increased ninefold : or, to speak in the language of science, the resistance of the air is increased by the square of the swiftness of the body in motion. This resistance increases in proportion as the parachute spreads, and thus the uniformity of its fall is established a minute after it has been disengaged from the balloon. We can therefore check the descent of a body by giving it a surface capable of distension by the action of the air.

Garnerin, in the year 1802, conceived the bold design of letting himself fall from a height of 1,200 feet, and he accomplished the exploit before the Parisians. When he had reached the height he had fixed beforehand, he cut the rope which connected the parachute with the balloon. At first the fall was terribly rapid, but as soon as the parachute spread out the rapidity was considerably diminished. The machine made, however, enormous oscillations. The air, gathering and compressed under it, would sometimes escape by one side, sometimes by the other, thus shaking and whirling the parachute about with a violence which, however great, had happily no unfortunate effect.

The origin of the parachute is more remote than is generally supposed, as there was a figure of one which appeared among a collection of machines at Venice in 1617.

The most extravagant balloon project was that of Robertson, who published a scheme for making a tour of the world. He called it "La Minerva: an aerial vessel destined for discoveries, and proposed to all the Academies of Europe by Robertson, physicist." (Vienna, 1804; reprinted at Paris 1820.)

Robertson's proposed machine was to be 150 feet in diameter, and would be capable of carrying 150,000 pounds. Every precaution was to be taken in order to make this great structure perfect. It was to accommodate sixty persons, to be chosen by the academies, who should stay in it for several months, should rise to all possible elevations, pass through all climates in all seasons, make scientific observations, &c. This balloon, which was to penetrate deserts inaccessible by other means of travel, and visit places which travellers had never penetrated, was to be of immense use in the science of geography; and when under the line, if the heat near the earth should be inconvenient, the aeronauts would, of course, easily rise to elevations where the temperature is equal and agreeable. When their observations, their needs, or their pleasures demanded it, they could descend to within a short distance of the earth, say ninety feet, and fix themselves in their position by means of an anchor. The immensity of the seas seemed to be the only source of insurmountable difficulties, "but," says Robertson, "over what a vast space might not one travel in six months with a balloon fully furnished with the necessaries of life and all the appliances necessary for safety? Besides, if, through the natural imperfection attaching to all the works of man, or either through accident or age, the balloon, borne above the sea, became incapable of sustaining the travellers, it is provided with a boat which can withstand the waters and guarantee the return of the voyagers."

It is probable that at the origin of navigation man, before he had invented oars and sails, made use of trunks of trees, upon which he trusted himself, leaving the rest to the winds and the currents of the water, whether these were known or unknown. There is some analogy between such rude rafts, the first discovered means of navigation on water, and balloons, the first discovered means of navigation in air. But, unquestionably, the advantage is with the latter.

No means have yet been found of directly steering balloons, but by allowing the gas to escape the aeronaut can descend at will, and

by lightening his car of part of the ballast he carries he can ascend as readily. It must also be remembered that the currents of air vary in their directions, according to their elevation, and, were the aeronaut perfectly acquainted with aerial currents, he might, by raising or lowering himself, find a wind blowing in the direction in which he wished to proceed, and the last problem of aerostation would be solved. That any such knowledge can ever be acquired it is impossible to say, but this much may with safety be advanced, that distant journeys may frequently be taken by balloons for useful purposes.

One of the most remarkable excursions of this kind was that superintended by Green, in 1836, from London to Germany. This journey, 1,200 miles in length, is the longest that has yet been accomplished. Mr. Green was the first who substituted common coal gas for hydrogen as an inflating medium, thereby effecting a great saving of cost.

A vast amount of ingenuity has been expended upon ballooning, with an almost profitless result. Mr. Green made an attempt to control and regulate the course of a balloon. He devised a form of windmill, which he placed in front of the machine, to raise it to an aerial current having the direction it was desired to take.

M. Trauson invented an *aéronef*, or air ship, consisting of two balloons attached to each other by a cable. The velocity was regulated by means of sails. In 1840 Messrs. Ramwell and Marsh conceived a complicated machine, in which twenty small balloons were attached to a light framework.

M. Eubriot invented an oblong balloon with sails attached to the car.

None of these experiments, however, achieved any practically useful result.

In 1844 M. Monge constructed at Paris a copper balloon.

In the construction of balloons experts have proposed various shapes time after time, *e.g.* that of the egg, the fish, the fan, and the kite.

In 1853 Lord Carlingford placed in the Dublin Exhibition a model of his "Archedon," or aerial chariot. It was formed of a boat with a wheel in front and two behind; at the sides were a couple of concave wings. There was also a tail.

In 1856 a model of an "Archimedian balloon" was exhibited, in which a variety of ingenious appliances were combined. The balloon itself was of cylindrical form, with hemispherical ends. There were paddles to give it a progressive motion, there was a screw to steer

it, there was a chemical engine to supply it with motive power, but the project has never been carried out.

The energetic Parisian photographer, M. Nadar, may assert his claim as the inventor of the largest aerial machine which, up to this period, has ever ascended into the upper air. The monster machine made its first ascent on October 4, 1863, the somewhat appropriate name of "Le Géant" being given to it. This balloon was remarkable as having attached to it a regular two-story house for a car. Its ascent was witnessed by nearly half a million of persons. The balloon, after passing over the eastern part of France, Belgium, and Hanover, suffered a disastrous descent in the latter country the day after it had started on its perilous journey. The expenses of the construction of the balloon amounted, directly and indirectly, to the sum of £8,300. Its two ascents in Paris, and its exhibition in London, produced only £3,300.

M. Babinet, speaking on the subject of aerial locomotion before the French Polytechnic Association, said: "I bought a plaything, very much in vogue at the time, called a Stropheor. This toy was composed of a small rotating screw-propeller, which revolved on its own support when the piece of string wound round it was pulled sharply. The screw was rather heavy, weighing nearly a quarter of a pound, and the wings were of tin, very broad and thick. This machine, however, was rather too eccentric for parlour use, for its flight was so violent that it was continually breaking the pier glass if there was one in the room; and failing this it next attacked the windows. The ascending force of this machine is so great that I have seen one of them fly over Antwerp Cathedral, which is one of the highest edifices in the world. The air from beneath the machine is exhausted by the action of the screw, which, passing under the wings, causes a vacuum, while the air above it replenishes and fills the void, and under this influence of these two causes the apparatus mounts from the earth. But the problem is not solved by means of this plaything, whose motive power is exterior to it. Messrs. Nadar, Ponton d'Amécourt, and De la Landelle, teach us better than this, although the wings of their different models are entirely unworthy of men who desire to demonstrate a truth to short-lived mortals. We have only arrived as yet at the infancy of the process, but we have made a good beginning, for, having once proved that a machine capable of raising itself in the air wholly unaided from without can be made, we have overcome with this apparently small result the whole difficulty."

It is to Mr. Glaisher and Mr. Coxwell, however, that the highest

honours of scientific aerostation belong. The ascents made by these gentlemen—Mr. Glaisher being the scientific observer, and Mr. Coxwell the practical aeronaut—have become matters of history. Not only did they, in the course of a large number of ascents undertaken under the auspices of the British Association, succeed in gathering much valuable meteorological information, but they reached a greater height than that ever gained on any previous or subsequent occasion, and penetrated into that distant region of the skies in which it has been satisfactorily proved that no life can be long sustained.

It was on September 5, 1862, that Mr. Glaisher and Mr. Coxwell made their famous ascent, in which they reached the greatest height, viz. seven miles, ever attained by any aeronaut, and were so nearly sacrificed to their unselfish daring.

In this ascent six pigeons were taken up. One was thrown out at the height of three miles, when it extended its wings and dropped like a piece of paper; the second, at four miles, flew vigorously round and round, apparently taking a dip each time; a third was thrown out between four and five miles, and it fell downwards as a stone. A fourth was thrown out at four miles; on descending it flew in a circle, and shortly alighted on the top of the balloon. The remaining two pigeons were brought down to the ground.

“The number of pulsations,” says Mr. Glaisher, “is usually increased with elevation, as also the number of inspirations; the number of my pulsations was generally 76 per minute before starting, about 90 at 10,000 feet, 100 at 20,000 feet, and 110 at higher elevations. But the increase of height was not the only element, for the number of pulsations depended also on the health of the individual. They also, of course, varied in different persons, depending much on their temperament. This was the case, too, in respect to colour; at 10,000 feet the face of some would be of a glowing purple, whilst others would scarcely be affected. At 17,000 feet my lips were blue; at 19,000 feet both my hands and lips were dark blue; at four miles high the pulsations of my heart were audible, and my breathing was very much affected; at 29,000 feet I became insensible.” According to Mr. Glaisher the perfect stillness of the region six miles from the earth is such that no sound reaches the ear.

In the propagation of sound Mr. Glaisher made many curious experiments. In one ascent he found, when at a distance of 11,800 feet above the earth, that a band was heard; at the height of 22,000 feet a clap of thunder was heard; and at a height of 10,070 feet the report of a gun was heard. On one occasion he heard the dull hum of London at a height of 9,000 feet above the city, and on another

occasion the shouting of many thousands of persons could not be heard at the height of 4,000 feet.

Scarcely had the first ascents astonished the world than the more adventurous spirits began to use the new discovery for a thousand purposes directly useful to man. The first point of view in which aerostation was regarded was in that of its practical utility. In 1794 the Committee of Public Safety employed balloons in the observation of the forces and the movements of hostile troops, and the French armies were provided with two companies of aeronauts.

In the disastrous Franco-Prussian war, 1870-71, balloons again played an important part—notably during the siege of Paris, when no less than fifty-four balloons left that city between the 20th of September, 1870, and the 28th of January, 1871, charged with letters and despatches, the letters thus transported being about 2,500,000 in number and weighing altogether about ten tons. Besides this freight about a hundred persons were conveyed from Paris by these postal balloons. Unfortunately the return of these aerial messengers could not be effected, the route followed by them being at the will of the wind. One of them, *La Ville d'Orléans*, came down in Norway; two or three, indeed, were lost, probably, in the sea.

ANDREW T. SIBBALD.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE METEORITIC GENESIS OF STARS.

A METEORITE that fell at Angra dos Reis, a town on the coast of the province of Rio, Brazil, has been recently analysed by E. Ludwig and G. Tschermak and found to be composed as follows : Silica, 42.72 ; alumina, 8.84 ; sesquioxide of iron, 2.47 ; protoxide of iron, 6.88 ; magnesia, 8.95 ; lime, 22.37 ; soda, 0.26 ; potash, 0.19. This is very different from the more common meteorites, in which iron is a chief constituent and is associated with the other members of "the magnetic triad," viz., nickel and cobalt.

Readers of "The Fuel of the Sun" will remember that I there endeavour to explain the origin of the solar prominences, to show how the metallic vapours of their ejections must be condensed into metallic hail, and, in some instances, projected beyond the reclaiming agency of solar gravitation ; that some of them, therefore, are occasionally grasped by the gravitation of the earth in the course of its journey round the sun.

I further showed that if my explanation of these phenomena is correct, all the other suns of the universe that have attendant worlds must be doing the like, and that this must also be the case with the semi-solar members of our own system, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune.

Mr. Lockyer has recently examined the spectra of many specimens of meteorites, and finds that they correspond to those of certain stars. He therefrom concludes that these meteorites are the materials from which such stars were made.

The general hypothesis that the great orbs of space were formed by the action of gravity aggregating in one mass a number of smaller bodies such as meteorites is an old one. Mr. Lockyer's contribution to it consists in his endeavour to identify particular classes of meteorites with certain stars by means of their spectral resemblances.

A very serious difficulty, an insuperable difficulty I may say, blocks this hypothesis at its outset. The various meteorites examined spectroscopically by Mr. Lockyer all fell upon our little world, and they

fall very promiscuously—one class to-day, another to-morrow, and so on. They must, therefore, have been mingled in space, and any world or sun formed by their agglomeration would fail to have the characteristic composition of either class, but must be a conglomerate of the whole. Gravitation has no chemical partialities ; it acts alike on all known substances.

Mr. Lockyer's hypothesis demands a very careful sorting of these heterogeneous materials; and we are acquainted with no natural agency that can effect such sorting, no agency that should cause meteorites of a certain composition to leave their companions of other compositions and travel millions of millions of miles to form a star of Class A, and should cause others of another composition all to travel other millions of millions of miles in another direction to form a star of Class B, and a third sort to become similarly erratic in order to form Star C, and so on.

If I am right, our earth in the course of its spiral journey through space should encounter samples of the prominence ejections from various suns, the majority, of course, from the nearest focus of bombardment, *i.e.* from its own sun. This is a ferruginous star, and the majority of the meteorites that reach our earth are ferruginous, many containing more than 90 per cent. of iron.

I claim, therefore, that Mr. Lockyer's researches upon the correspondence between the spectra of certain classes of meteorites with those of certain classes of stars are more favourable to my theory of 1869 than to his own of 1887.

THE GLACIAL ORIGIN OF LAKES.

SOME years have elapsed since Ramsay boldly stood forth as champion of the theory which ascribed the formation of lakes to the action of glaciers, an action of twofold nature : first, the erosion of lake basins by direct grinding of the rocks over which the glacier had advanced ; and second, the piling up moraine barriers across river valleys, and thus damming up the stream to form the lake.

This explanation was received with considerable scepticism, and I plead guilty of being among the unbelievers until what I have seen in Scandinavia, in Scotland, and Ireland, the latter more especially, convinced me that Ramsay is right in general. Roughly speaking, I estimate that at least 95 per cent. of the lakes of the world are due to such glacial agency.

A mere glance at a map of Europe is very suggestive. The most

remarkable group of lakes in Europe is that on the east side of the great Scandinavian range, all of them at the foot of great glaciated valleys, just where the erosive action of the ancient glaciers was most effective, and also where the valleys were most readily dammed by terminal moraines.

The north-west of Ireland, especially Connemara, where lakes are dotted like plums in a pudding (see the Ordnance Map of the district between Galway Bay, Lough Corrib, and the Killeries) is the most instructive region I have directly examined, and one to which I commend the attention of all who would study the subject.

In a recent publication by the Geographical Society of Vienna, a broad and important generalisation by Dr. Bohm is discussed. He shows that the elevation at which groups of lakes occur varies inversely with the latitude. The higher the latitude the lower the lakes. With certain modifications due to aspect, &c., these modifications correspond to those which modify the variation of the snow line; or, otherwise stated, the general or average elevation of lakes varies with the general or average elevation of the limits of perpetual snow, the lake level being considerably lower than the snow line, corresponding to what we see in the Alps, &c., where the glaciers descend far below the snow line.

He divides the lakes into two classes, those of the valleys and those of the mountains. The first are much larger than the second class, and form a horizontal zone corresponding to the limits of an earlier glacial period. The mountain lakes or "tarns," much smaller, are due to more recent glacial extension and are of ephemeral character, owing to the detritus they receive and their varying drainage. During this century about a hundred lakes have disappeared in the Tyrol.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

SHORT CUTS TO ERUDITION.

NOT wholly without grudging does a worker in the fields of literature see the manner in which labour is lightened for his successors. Where, a score years ago, a writer had by painful research to verify every allusion and test every reference, his successor, by the aid of a not very extensive library, may find in a few minutes the facts of which he is in search, and perhaps even some others, no less useful, of which previously he was ignorant. Absolutely detestable are in my estimation some of the books for the supply of sham erudition—books wherein, for instance, a man may find, under the head of any great man, all that has been said concerning him by those of his contemporaries or successors with whose works the compiler is acquainted. By the aid of such books a man, knowing neither writer, may begin his sentence with “As Coleridge brilliantly remarks of Swift,” &c. It is, however, in the nature of compilers of second-class books to give second-hand information; and one who trusts to works of this kind will sooner or later, in the choice language we have borrowed from sport, “come a cropper.” The quotations are scarcely ever taken from original works, and are not seldom garbled or wrongly given. In scarcely any instance is the source advanced so that a man can refer to it; and not seldom, on mere hearsay report, a phrase to which he has no right is assigned to a celebrity. No man with any self-respect or claim to scholarship will trust to these ready-reckoners of literature.

AN AMERICAN WORK OF REFERENCE.

IT is always pleasant, however, to welcome a work of reference of genuine importance. Such is the “*Sobriquets and Nicknames*” of Mr. Albert R. Frey.¹ To scholars Mr. Frey is known as the librarian of the Astor House Library, New York, and as the author of various bibliographical works. His new book is, however, the most important he has yet produced, and is the first of a series of books of reference by different authors, the volumes of which, judging from those already announced, are likely to prove very unequal in value. Practically, this work is a companion to the “*Initials*”

¹ London: Whittaker & Co.

and Pseudonyms" of Mr. Wm. Cushing, also an American, to which I have previously referred, and a supplement to the "Dictionary of Anonymous and Pseudonymous Literature" of Messrs. Halkett and Laing, the concluding volume of which is long in making its appearance. Like all works of its class, "Sobriquets and Nicknames" is tentative. It forms, however, a solid nucleus; and successive editions, to which students from all parts of the world will contribute, will gradually approach the temporary completeness which, in a world of constantly renewed effort, is all that is to be hoped. A few errors and mistakes are traceable in a book which in the main is admirably done. Under the head "Matilda" it is thus stated that the Matilda of "The Baviad" and of "The Mæviad" is Mrs. Hester Lynch Piozzi, who wrote for the "Florence Miscellany" under the pseudonym of Anna Matilda. This is inaccurate. Hannah Cowley, the well-known dramatist, and the writer of "Poems by Anna Matilda," London, 2 vols., 1788, is intended. Under this name she carried on in the "World" a correspondence with Robert Merry, "Della Crusca," which is the special object of Gifford's attack.

MR. IRVING ON THE BACON-SHAKESPEARE "FAD."

SERIOUS treatment of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy is out of the question, and we have to bethink ourselves that Sir Theodore Martin is after all a Scotchman, to reconcile ourselves to his judging the subject worthy of a lecture. It is of course difficult to fancy a part author of the "Bon Gaultier Ballads" hazy as to a joke. Seriousness must, however, have come with increasing years, or Sir Theodore would have seen the absurdity of dealing in earnest with such rubbish. My only vindication for meddling with the question is to point out how bright and innate is the humour which Mr. Irving shows in such performances as *Louis XI.* and *Mephistopheles*. Interviewed by an American reporter as to the Donnelly craze, Mr. Irving dealt with the subject exactly as it deserved. "My idea," said Mr. Irving, "is that no such person as Shakespeare ever existed. It was another case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Shakespeare was merely Bacon's other self; and, being conscious of the transformation, Bacon, while he was Shakespeare, tried to let the world know through the cryptogram who really was writing his plays." "But why," said the reporter, "did Shakespeare leave the curse on the man who should move his bones?" "Another device of Bacon's," said Mr. Irving. "For the reason that there were no bones there. The two men, being the same, could only die once." It is easy to fancy the enjoyment with which Mr. Irving would put forth these supremely amusing theories.

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APRIL 1888.

A LUCKY LIBATION.

BY HARDRESS LUTTRELL.

“THE telegram itself,” said Mr. Jaspar, “is what gives me real uneasiness. ‘Brought to Liverpool in error’—and he resides, I believe, at Richmond.”

The junior partner spoke in the regretful tone of a just and kindly man who feels that a painful duty is forced upon him ; but on his crafty countenance there was a passing gleam of exultation, which his colleagues would have understood to mean mischief, if only they had seen it. However, Mr. Jones and Mr. Jackson were not looking at Mr. Jaspar. For the moment they had no eyes for anything except for the compromising piece of pink paper lying on the table between them, which had thrown the firm into a state of ferment absolutely without precedent in its highly respectable annals.

“It is unbusiness-like,” said old Mr. Jones gloomily. And when Mr. Jones had said that, his hearers knew that he had uttered the strongest word of disapproval in his vocabulary.

“In all my professional experience,” said old Mr. Jackson, “I never knew such an occurrence. At the same time I hope—I *do* hope, that some sufficient explanation may be forthcoming.”

“So do I, most heartily,” answered Mr. Jaspar. “I have the greatest respect for his father, and the young man has come to us with the highest recommendations. At the same time I feel bound to say as you do, Mr. Jones, that it is most unbusiness-like ; and I cannot believe that anyone who could send such a telegram is capable of managing the affairs of this firm. If he had lost a near relative, or even been detained at home by illness, or urgent private business, it would have been bad enough ; but a young man who is ‘brought to Liverpool’ when he intends to go to Richmond is not the man for us.”

"Quite right, Mr. Jaspar," said Mr. Jones, rising to depart. "Quite right. Really it concerns you most of all. What do you say, Jackson? I think, Mr. Jaspar, that you had better inquire into the matter and decide what is to be done. What do you say, Jackson?"

Mr. Jackson looked as if he still leaned to mercy; but he had been long accustomed to agree with Mr. Jones and to be quietly coerced by Mr. Jaspar. So he suffered himself to be led off to dine with the former, leaving the latter to await the arrival of the young man who had been "brought to Liverpool in error." It was already half-past five, and Mr. Jaspar seldom stayed in the City later than five o'clock; but on this Thursday evening he seemed in no hurry to move. He did not work, but sat smiling an uncheery smile, and rehearsing half aloud his part in the coming conversation with the prodigal who had not returned. An hour passed, and Mr. Jaspar grew hungry—and happy.

"I need wait no longer," he said to himself, rubbing his hands with grim glee, "I need wait no longer; this settles the question once for all."

And as he passed out into Wood Street Mr. Jaspar bade the astonished office-keeper such a kindly "good-night" as comes from the hearts of those who are satisfied with themselves and all mankind.

Bertrand Inglis, the sender of the telegram which had caused all this commotion, was looked upon by his legal compeers as one of the luckiest young men in London; and this opinion both he and his family cordially shared. "What to do with your sons" has been a perplexing problem to parents who are not members of the plutocracy ever since Social Pressure began to be seriously felt; and at the time when young Inglis had to make his start in life Mr. David Anderson had not arisen to answer the question and point the way by which "an ordinary trained journalist" may earn from £300 to £1,000 a year." Hence it came about that Colonel Inglis thought that he had done well for his boy Bertrand, when he contrived to get him appointed Managing Clerk to such an eminent firm of solicitors as Messrs. Jones, Jackson, & Jaspar. Bertrand was himself a full-blown solicitor, and knew his business well; but young lawyers who start on their own account without capital are sometimes compelled to crawl to success through the mire of suburban intrigue or police court practice; and he had no means of purchasing a partnership for the present. He had influence, however, for he had rich relations, and his father having, on leaving the army, become agent

to one of these, a large landholder in Loamshire, was regarded by his men-of-business, Messrs. Jones, Jackson, & Jaspar, as a client worth cultivating. So it came to pass that, when five hundred and fifty candidates applied for the coveted post, Bertrand was successful. To some of his wealthier Oxford acquaintances this start in life seemed a sorry sequel to his career at the "Varsity," where he had done well in "the Schools," and better out of them. For a handsome and well-born young fellow who had got two "seconds," and been a crack hundred-yard runner, and the "number five" of his College boat, to turn into a clerk on £150 a year looked to the uninitiated like a falling in poetry. But Bertrand Inglis knew better, for he had realised his position as the son of a poor man; and when he received the welcome tidings of his success he was triumphant, and the congratulations of his friends in the City were cordial.

The decision of the firm was announced to Colonel Inglis and his son in the most gratifying terms. Yet it had not been at first unanimous. Mr. Jaspar had in fact been bitterly opposed to Bertrand's appointment; and as Mr. Jaspar, though nominally the junior partner, was really the working man of the concern, now that Mr. Jones and Mr. Jackson had grown old and indolent, he was a power. However, his objections were not of a nature to be frankly put forward, and the Inglis influence was strong; so Mr. Jaspar, like a prudent man, gave way gracefully, and wrote to request that Bertrand would attend at the office at ten o'clock on the day following his appointment to meet the assembled partners, and enter upon his responsible duties as Managing Clerk. But his wrath did not cool, and he looked forward to some happy opportunity of ridding himself of his unconscious enemy.

There was, it need hardly be said, a lady in the case—a lady in whom Mr. Jaspar had the warmest interest. He was a worshipper of wealth, and she was an heiress; he admired the aristocracy, and she was second cousin to more than one peer; he had a keen appreciation of beauty, and she was handsome. Above all she was his only child, and in his own way he cared more for her than for anybody or anything in the world; and his one ambition ever since her birth had been that she should make a brilliant marriage. Beatrice Jaspar, however, was not easy to manage, and her little love affairs up to this time, when she was about eighteen, had kept her unhappy father on tenter-hooks. Mr. Jaspar had himself made a runaway match with a lady who was much his superior by birth, and the results had not answered his expectations. He had been more in love with his wife's social position than with the lady herself, and

his ambition was sorely disappointed when Mrs. Jaspar's family resolutely ignored his existence and hers. After her death, however, some of her kindred bethought themselves that she had had a daughter, and a considerable fortune had been bequeathed to Beatrice, under such conditions as to render her all but independent of her father's control during her minority, and absolutely free from it on her coming of age. Now the girl was headstrong, and Mr. Jaspar, as he recalled the circumstances of his own marriage, and traced the likeness in disposition between his daughter and her dead mother, trembled to think what might happen if some impecunious adventurer should succeed in winning the affections of his child. As might have been expected, he became a prey to suspicions of the most groundless nature as well as some which were not without a basis ; and the sound common sense which made him a successful lawyer forsook him entirely when he had to deal with a matter which came home closely to himself.

Such was the skeleton in this keen solicitor's cupboard, and Bertrand Inglis was in Mr. Jaspar's mind far too closely connected with the subject to render his presence at Wood Street, in a position of trust, at all a desirable thing. The young man had resided with relatives at Richmond, while serving his time with a well-known firm of solicitors in Lombard Street, and the Jaspars inhabited a very fine villa at Putney. Bertrand had often danced with Beatrice at "suburban hops," and had always treated her father with consideration ; and Mr. Jaspar had even invited his client's son to dinner occasionally. But in his heart he did not care for the acquaintance. He thought that Beatrice liked Bertrand greatly, and so far he was right. Bertrand was a handsome, well-mannered youth, and waltzed well, and Beatrice had been taught to look upon his family as what her father called "swells." But whether she had any warmer feeling towards him than a damsel who dances "divinely" may reasonably entertain for her best partner, it is quite certain that Bertrand cared very little for her. Matrimonial designs he had none. His one idea was to place himself in an independent position as soon as he could by honest work ; and if he had thought of marrying, Beatrice Jaspar was not the sort of girl that he would have chosen for a wife—of course when the time came he would marry in his own set. Mr. Jaspar, however, had never thought of that. To him Beatrice was an exalted personage, because of her fortune and her maternal relations ; and a marriage with her would be just the thing for a young man in Bertrand's circumstances—poor, well born, and anxious to succeed in his profession. When once the idea had

taken possession of the lawyer's mind every unconsidered trifle seemed to confirm his suspicions, and he was far too confident of his own acuteness—which indeed was acknowledged by everyone who knew him—ever to doubt that his conclusions were correct. When, therefore, the suggestion was made that Bertrand should become Managing Clerk to Messrs. Jones, Jackson, & Jaspar, the junior partner was much moved. It was clear to him that Bertrand's design was to win the affections of his master's daughter, and worm his way into the firm. What could be more natural? It was just what Mr. Jaspar would have done himself, under such circumstances, if he could. So the lawyer waxed more and more miserable as it became clear to him that in the matter of Bertrand's appointment he would have to give way to his partners. To hint at the real cause of his opposition was impossible. He had always treated Jones and Jackson distantly when once outside the office; and they in their turn thought him pretentious and a trifle above his position. Moreover, they would without doubt have looked upon an alliance between a member of the Inglis family and a daughter of Mr. Jaspar as an immense honour to the latter, and a probable advantage to the firm. For Beatrice's "grand relations" they cared nothing at all, for Mr. Jaspar's marriage, as he bitterly reflected, had done no one except his daughter any good whatever—even in the way of reflected glory. So Mr. Jaspar's self-inflicted tortures of mind had to be borne by him in silence until an incident occurred which rendered them insupportable.

On the day when Bertrand Inglis received notice of his appointment, Mr. Jaspar went down to Putney at an earlier hour than usual, and found that his daughter and her chaperon, Mrs. Lecky—a widow with refined manners, in whom Mr. Jaspar trusted implicitly—were not at home. He hardly knew how to while away the hour which was expected to elapse before their return, and as he paused in the hall, irresolute whether to go to meet his womenkind or make his way as usual to his dressing-room, his eye fell quite by chance upon the letter-box, and it occurred to him to examine its contents. The lawyer rarely received letters at his own house; and it is probable that such a proceeding as this had not been counted on by one, at least, of the correspondents whose communication he came upon, nor by his daughter, to whom the missive was addressed. At any rate Mr. Jaspar's countenance fell many degrees as he noted the business-like handwriting on the envelope, and considering his state of mind at the moment, it is no wonder that he at once decided that its resemblance to that of Bertrand Inglis's was unmistakable. The young man

could not, he thought, have any just cause for writing to Beatrice, and in an instant he leaped to the conclusion that he had detected a clandestine correspondence. Now Mr. Jaspar was afraid of his daughter, and liked nothing so little as to risk a "scene" with her; but this was a matter so monstrous that it must be dealt with decidedly. In his anger he tore the letter open, and then in momentary panic he fled to his own room with undignified precipitation to investigate its contents. He locked the door, as if he feared that Beatrice might discover her loss on her return, and burst in upon him to upbraid him for spying upon her; and then as he glanced at the letter, he realised, with a strange mixture of fury and satisfaction, that his worst apprehensions were not groundless. It *was* a love-letter of the most tender description; and it was, he thought, one of a series, and the production of an accepted lover whose intentions were immediately matrimonial. The lawyer gasped as he read page after page of ardent twaddle, of that kind which now and then tends to relieve the monotony of the law courts when a "breach of promise" case comes on. Was there ever such effrontery and treachery as this? Here was a young man without a sixpence to his name, who dared to compromise *his* well-dowered daughter, at the very moment when he was seeking to enter his employment in a subordinate capacity. However, he had now an effectual weapon in his hands. Inglis should be confronted with the proof of his villainy, and forced to retire, as if *proprio motu*, from his candidature, on pain of exposure. But—the epistle bore no signature!

"Curse the fellow!" cried Mr. Jaspar, "he is a coward as well as a conspirator! But no matter, Beatrice will tell me who wrote the letter when she thinks I know——"

"Father," cried his daughter from outside, knocking at the door meanwhile, "father, is that you? Do let me in."

Mr. Jaspar was calm in a moment. His self-command was great, and he felt that he would need it all. He opened the door, and Beatrice threw herself into his arms with ardent filial affection.

"I did not know you had come in," she said, "until I heard you call out. What are you talking to yourself about? And why have you come up here with your hat on?"

"I don't know, my child, I don't know," cried the lawyer, snatching hastily at his hat with both hands. He was a prim and proper person, and the departure from his regular routine of which his daughter had convicted him made him feel foolish. He was afraid of her—still this thing had got to be done, and he would not flinch.

"I have received an anonymous letter," he said, "and I was wondering who the writer could be. It troubles me greatly," he added.

"An anonymous letter!" cried Beatrice. "What *can* it be about? Do show it to me."

"It concerns in the first place," said her father grimly, "the character of a person whom I have regarded as a man of honour, and whom I have admitted to my house——"

"Who is it, father?" interrupted Beatrice eagerly. She looked him in the face without a shade of embarrassment.

"A man," continued Mr. Jaspar, looking sternly at his daughter, "whom I was about to appoint to a position of great responsibility at the office; but whom I find to be a double-dyed villain, a scoundrel, a sneak, a thief. Bertrand Inglis."

"Oh, father, that *nice* Mr. Inglis! I cannot credit it. I like him *so* much. Surely you will not believe an anonymous slander against him!"

"The girl is a greater hypocrite than he is," said Mr. Jaspar to himself. "You can look me in the face, and say that," he added aloud, "knowing what you know?"

"What *I* know!" she answered, still regarding him steadily, and with growing wonder in her eyes; "I know nothing against him. What *can* you mean?"

"I mean that you are as great a hypocrite as he is, and worse——"

Mr. Jaspar paused, frightened at the expression on his daughter's countenance. "No, no, my child; I don't know what I am saying——"

"I don't think you do," retorted Beatrice fiercely.

She had all her father's violence of temper, and none of his secret cowardice, and he quailed before her, much as his office boy quailed before him on occasion. But Beatrice said no more. She was, in fact, too angry. She flung out of the room, banging the door behind her, and rushed off to pour out her grievances into Mrs. Lecky's ears. Left to himself, Mr. Jaspar saw that he had acted too hastily, and resolved that the mistake should not be repeated. He dressed deliberately, trying all the time to subdue his wrath, and resolving to call conciliatory Mrs. Lecky into council; and in this he was fortified by hearing that lady say "in an Irish whisper" to his daughter, as he entered the drawing-room:

"Remember, my dearest child, that he is your *father*, and let nothing tempt you to speak to him with disrespect."

Dinner at the Putney villa was a gloomy affair that day. The chaperon courageously carried on a conversation with Mr. Jaspar, in spite of his curt replies and evident absence of mind; but Beatrice was obstinately silent. Unfortunately Mr. Jaspar did what angry men sometimes will do after a drawn battle with their womenkind—he drank rather more wine than was his wont, and in the excited condition of his nerves this did not tend to restore balance to his judgment. Inspired with Dutch courage, and relying on Mrs. Lecky's support, he suddenly returned to the charge, and actually produced the intercepted letter——. And then a most regrettable “scene” ensued, in which Beatrice accused her father furiously of being “the real thief,” and he retorted in language which drove his daughter and her chaperon from the room. Poor Mr. Jaspar felt himself hopelessly routed when he rose next morning and recalled the events of the evening before. That Mrs. Lecky would resign her position he felt sure; and, although he considered that she should have prevented the correspondence, he was afraid “to change horses while crossing a stream,” for without her aid he felt that conflict with Beatrice would be altogether beyond his powers. Beatrice did not appear at breakfast, and Mrs. Lecky only did so after receiving a note of apology from her employer, couched in the humblest terms. When she came to him the chaperon was calm and condescending, and consented to set matters right only on the understanding that Mr. Jaspar would leave everything to her.

“You really must not see poor Beatrice,” she said; “the dear girl is greatly disturbed. And I am sure, Mr. Jaspar, that she is not to blame. She is never out of my sight, and I am convinced that *she* never wrote to that wicked young man, or gave him the slightest encouragement.”

“But he evidently has written to her before,” began Mr. Jaspar, not able to give up his pet theory all at once.

“Impossible,” said the lady calmly. “My belief is that the letter was meant for some one else, and placed in the envelope by mistake. He does not mention her name at all. It begins ‘My own Darling.’ You will see that the mistake will be explained before many hours.”

“But why should he write to her at all? That is what I want to know.”

“Surely, something was said about his coming here to lawn-tennis next Saturday?” said Mrs. Lecky calmly. “We met Mr. Inglis at Richmond two days ago, and in your own hearing she invited him. It would have been better for him to write to me; but then,” she

added, sighing, "he looks on me as the humble companion of your daughter, and you cannot expect young men to be considerate."

Mr. Jaspar was "clean-bowled." The calm conviction with which Mrs. Lecky pooh-poohed his theory was too much for him, and he gave in. It was Wednesday, and he was to dine at Highgate with Mr. Jones, and stay the night. On the Thursday Bertrand Inglis was to make his appearance at the office, and Mr. Jaspar was made to promise that the subject of the letter should, for Beatrice's sake, not be mentioned to anyone.

"When you return to-morrow evening, dear Mr. Jaspar," added Mrs. Lecky, "all will be well. Indeed, I will write to you to Wood Street, when I have sifted this unhappy affair thoroughly, and brought Beatrice to reason, so as to allay your anxiety."

With this Mr. Jaspar was forced to be content. He did not believe in the innocence of Inglis, but his hands were tied. However, he received some consolation when he reached his office on his return from Highgate, for Mrs. Lecky was as good as her word, and wrote that "all would be explained" on his arrival at home. Thus Mr. Jaspar journeyed down to Putney on the Thursday with an easy mind. Beatrice repentant and Bertrand Inglis at his mercy. What more could he have desired?

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In all London there was not a steadier young lawyer than Bertrand Inglis, and his many friends declared that no one deserved better than he the success which he had achieved in getting into such an office as that of Messrs. Jones, Jackson, & Jaspar. When the news became known, on that eventful Wednesday morning, that his appointment was secure, and that he was to call upon his employers next day, congratulations poured in upon him from every side; and these were accompanied with the ceremonies which are common to all occasions of rejoicing among young men who are learned in the law. That members of both branches of the legal profession are decorous creatures is notorious; and the sobriety of a solicitor's comportment is especially marvellous. Out of office hours, however, and particularly *after* hours, even an attorney can unbend, and Bertrand Inglis in his day of triumph did as others have done before him in the same exciting circumstances. He did not return home to dinner, and his cousins at Richmond, as hour after hour went by, began to wonder what could have kept him so late in town. Bertrand, however, was not in town at all—but speeding away northward as fast as an express train on the London and North-Western Railway could take him. Earlier in the day he had made a kind of

triumphal progress, attended by admiring friends, from one popular place of refreshment to another, and although the *personnel* of his following changed as the afternoon advanced and engagements called away the busy men about him, new companions were encountered at each new halting place, all eager to "shout" for him, as the Australians put it in their euphemistic way, and wish him "fortune." Thus the City was left behind, and in due time this popular youth found himself at the Temple, where more good wishes awaited him. So the September day wore away, and Bertrand suddenly perceived that he could not reach Richmond in time for dinner. But what did that matter for once? He usually went home by the District Railway about six o'clock. Now it was nearly seven and certain choice spirits among his comrades, who lived somewhere on the North London Line, suggested an adjournment to a popular restaurant east of Temple Bar, pointing out that, "after a chop," they might all go homeward from Broad Street as far as their ways lay together. This was done—with the result that, a little before nine o'clock, Bertrand bade farewell to the last of his well-wishers at Willesden, where he changed from a train which suited his friends, and sought one which would convey him to his own destination. Now, Willesden Junction is at all times a perplexing place, and Bertrand's perceptions at the moment were not quite so clear as usual. A busy porter, indeed, told him carelessly where to find the Richmond train, but, as it turned out, failed to make himself understood. As Bertrand rushed on to the wrong platform a train was just beginning to move, and in headlong haste he leaped into a first-class compartment in which three passengers were already seated, including a young man whom Bertrand knew by sight as a resident, like himself, at Richmond. It is not to be wondered at that Bertrand should have dropped asleep almost at once. He was not exactly intoxicated, but he had had an exciting day, and had talked and laughed a good deal while imbibing an unaccustomed quantity of indifferent alcoholic drink. Men doze off in the homeward train on far less provocation, especially if their station is a terminus and they have no fear of running too far. As the train was slackening speed Bertrand began to awake. It seemed to him that he had slept some time; but then a great deal of sleep can be compressed into a very few moments, so to say, if the sleep be not sound. He was not startled and did not rouse himself suddenly, and in the moment before full consciousness returned to him he heard voices which, somehow, were familiar to him, in earnest conversation, and presently caught his own name.

"My son," a woman's voice was saying in subdued tones, "Mr.

Inglis is not quite himself. Get him quietly out of the train, and he will never see us."

"Don't lose your head, Harry," said a second feminine speaker, "don't lose your head. We will go to sleep, and he will suspect nothing, if you are only cool."

"When he finds out where he is he will have enough to think about," said the first speaker; "he has to be in the City to-morrow at ten o'clock."

At this the trio laughed softly; and as some suspicion of the truth flashed upon Bertrand, he started up in consternation and looked wildly about him. At the further end of the compartment were two ladies fast asleep, with soft wraps of a "cloudy" description over their heads and faces; and opposite to him the youth whom he had noticed before, deep in an evening paper.

"Where are we?" demanded Bertrand abruptly.

"Rugby, I think," answered the other with a yawn. "Going north?"

Bertrand explained hastily that he ought long since to have been at Richmond, and was bound to be in the City early the next day; and the young man good-naturedly referred to his Bradshaw and pointed out how his wishes could be accomplished. Indeed, he was in another way a friend in need. Poor Bertrand's pockets were almost empty—he had spent everything but eighteenpence in that royal progress of his—and the stranger at once offered to lend him money to pay for his journey.

"I know you very well by sight, Mr. Inglis," he said, "and I dare say you know me too. My name is Henry Vavasour, and I live close to you. When I come back from Stafford to-morrow you may repay me. No, I won't be thanked; only too happy to be of any service to any friend of Mr. Jasper's. Good night—good night."

Bertrand bade his benefactor farewell with effusion, and descended from the train. But his vagaries did not seem to be ended yet. He did not leave the station, but loitered along the platform, and after a hurried colloquy with the guard—into whose palm he recklessly slipped one of Mr. Vavasour's sovereigns—and a furtive glance behind him, took his place in another carriage.

"Tickets please!" shouted the examiner.

"This gentleman has mislaid his ticket," interposed the guard. "He is for Liverpool; I'll see to it."

The train was off in a moment, but Bertrand Inglis slept no more. His brain was in a whirl, and it seemed to him that he had been dreaming—that he was still dreaming, and he tried hard to collect

his thoughts. At Edgehill Station he paid his fare, and still had enough money to go to a hotel ; but he preferred to walk about the streets, although the morning was miserably wet and cold. Indeed, on leaving the station he ran for a time in the direction of the Adelphi Hotel, as if in pursuit of a solitary "four-wheeler," which deposited its "fare" there, and then suddenly stopped his strange career, and loitered like Chevy Slyme "round the corner." By eight o'clock his course became more definite. He had a cousin in high position in one of the great steamship companies, and to his office in Water Street he betook himself. At this time his brain can hardly have been quite clear, for it was on his way that he paused at the Lime Street Telegraph Office and despatched the message which, later in the day, so exercised the minds of Messrs. Jones, Jackson, & Jaspas.

When Mr. Jaspas reached home on the evening of this eventful day, he learned that Mr. Bertrand Inglis was waiting to speak to him on urgent business. At first the lawyer angrily refused to see the young man at all, and sent a curt message to the effect that he must explain his wishes by letter. But Bertrand was persistent, and the instinct of revenge was too strong in Mr. Jaspas at the moment for its gratification to be postponed. Accordingly the lawyer stalked into his study with a funereal face, his hands clasped behind his back, and his wrath rose to boiling point as he noted that young Inglis came forward to greet him, with respect indeed, but with an easy confidence which hardly became such a transgressor. Mr. Jaspas waved him haughtily aside, and the Managing Clerk said :

"I am sorry to have been absent from my post to-day ; but I feel sure that you will approve of what I have done when I explain the circumstances."

"No doubt," retorted Mr. Jaspas, with a coarse sneer. "It will be quite worth while to hear your explanation of how you tried to go to Richmond, and got to Liverpool."

"I shall not," said Bertrand coolly, "give any further explanation on that point. My business with you, just now, is to report what I did there in the interests of your daughter."

"My daughter, indeed !" roared Jaspas. "What the devil is my daughter to you, sir ?"

"Miss Jaspas is nothing to me ; but I thought you would thank me for preventing her flight to America with young Vavasour."

"Flight ! Nonsense, man. She is in this house safe and sound——"

"Certainly," interrupted Bertrand, "I brought her back a few

minutes before your arrival. I traced the pair and Mrs. Lecky to the office of the Stars and Stripes Ocean Steamship Company, of which my cousin is manager, and with his assistance persuaded Miss Jaspar to come home. They were to have been married by special license to-day at eleven, and intended to sail for New York at four. Miss Jaspar, however, decided to leave Liverpool by the eleven o'clock train instead ; and she is now waiting to confess her fault and receive your forgiveness."

Mr. Jaspar was at first incredulous. That Beatrice should have run away did not indeed surprise him, but he more than suspected that Inglis and not "that booby Vavasour," whom he had never thought of in relation to his daughter, had been the companion of her flight. Of course Inglis was the culprit, and the girl had taken fright at the last moment and insisted on coming home. However, Bertrand's story was consistent, and it was supported by a written statement signed by the Manager of the Shipping Company and a superintendent of police ; and at length Mr. Jaspar's suspicions were changed for extravagant admiration of Bertrand's conduct.

"I fear I was unscrupulous," said Bertrand drily, "but when a lady is in the case any judge would hold that the end justifies the means ! I declared that you had sent me, and it really looked like it. Then I swore that the Extradition Treaty applied to cases of elopement with wards in Chancery, and that Miss Jaspar was one. My cousin backed me up like a man, and at last sent for the police. Then the fellow made a clean bolt for it, and of course we put no obstacle in the way of his mother doing the same. I confess that if they had defied us I don't see how the marriage could have been prevented."

"His mother?" said Mr. Jaspar. "Who is she?"

"Why, Mrs. Lecky. Your daughter told me so on the way here ; and, indeed, I heard Mrs. Lecky say as much herself."

Mr. Jaspar's gratitude knew no bounds. In the excess of his enthusiasm he even hinted that he would not now oppose an engagement between his daughter and her deliverer. But Bertrand would have none of her, and reaped his reward, in due time, in another way. As for Messrs. Jones and Jackson, the mystification was great at Mr. Jaspar's miraculous change of front ; but they were not sorry that Colonel Inglis's son should have been able, somehow or other, to satisfy the junior partner that his absence was all as it ought to be. Nothing, therefore, became known about that strange journey to the North, and it was never alluded to again by anyone—except once. When Beatrice had married an impecunious peer, some two years

later, to her father's unbounded delight, and the old lawyer and Bertrand Inglis were dining together *tête à tête* at Putney on the Sunday after the wedding, Mr. Jaspar said meditatively :

"I have often wondered how you went to Rugby in mistake for Richmond."

"So have I," returned Bertrand, "but—— I may as well admit, without prejudice, that there was a libation in the case."

"A libation?" cried Jaspar joyously, "I should think so—a lucky libation!"

GOLD-BEARING BRITAIN.

THE recent discovery of gold in Wales has once again raised the question whether or to what extent the precious metals have a claim to be counted, as Strabo counted them, among the products of the British Isles. Our forefathers, because they believed that gold was directly engendered by the rays of the sun, moon, and stars, took it for granted that it could only be found in climates far hotter than our own ; and perhaps it is because we have never thoroughly dispossessed ourselves of their idea that we have generally shown as much scepticism about gold in our own country as we have shown readiness to believe in its existence in any other part of the world.

Certainly, with respect to gold, scepticism is better than credulity ; but at the same time a cool view of the possibilities of our gold-producing capacities is very desirable, and the inquiry is a perfectly legitimate one, whether, with the same expenditure of labour and capital that we lavish elsewhere, the same scientific and systematic prospecting, the same employment of the latest and best machinery, we might not at home, where geological conditions were favourable, be as abundantly rewarded for our pains as we have been hitherto in Australia, India, or South Africa ? And here it may be worth noting how the interest of this problem has changed. It is more than twenty years ago since Sir R. Murchison added a chapter on gold to his great work on the Silurian system, and for no other reason than to allay the fear then generally prevalent that a great plethora and consequent depreciation of gold should result from its becoming too common. It was thought it would be found everywhere. Now our fears are all the other way, and the appreciation of gold is one consequence of its increasing scarcity.

I. THE WELSH GOLDFIELDS.

These deserve first consideration, owing to the recent discoveries. The chief gold districts of Wales hitherto known are situate in Carmarthenshire and Merionethshire. In the former are still to be seen at Gogafau the lofty galleries, which are supposed to have been

cut by the Romans, and which extend to a considerable depth for some acres over the side of a hill. The rock formation is Lower Silurian, the best for gold; nor is there any reason why, with the application of improved modern machinery below the old workings, the results should not prove as highly remunerative as they have in other parts of the world.

In Merionethshire, north of Dolgelly, where the older strata are thickly penetrated with igneous rock, it was not till 1844, when Mr. A. Dean declared at the British Association that "a complete system of auriferous veins existed throughout the whole of the Snowdonian or Lower Silurian formation of North Wales," that attention began to be given to the subject. Ridicule put an end to the first Welsh gold company that was started in 1846, and another the next year failed to obtain any public support; but the fact proves nothing more than a certain irrationality on our own part, by reason of which our general readiness to invest money in gold mines is only limited by the proviso that they have the charm of distance, and are situated nowhere in the United Kingdom.

The injustice of this prejudice is well illustrated by the workings of the Vigra Cloga gold mine by the Crown from 1860 to 1867, where the average annual return was over £2,500. The yield of the first year was only £163, but in 1862 as much as £24,000 were realised, 620 tons of vein stuff yielding 6,181 oz. Since 1867, the yield seems to have dwindled to nothing, but this may have been due in part to the "clumsy machinery," said by Mr. Readwin to have been used in this mine; and the opinion seems reasonable, that with the best modern machinery, and at a greater depth, much more gold remains to be found. And here it is interesting to remember how comparatively recent is the idea of depth in connection with gold. Humboldt's theory, that gold veins were only productive near the surface, prevailed till about 1862, in which year we find Ansted, the geologist, describing it as "an interesting, important, and *entirely new fact*, that gold was found at a depth of 100 fathoms in rich quantities, because it had been the prevalent opinion among geologists that gold diminished in quantity as they went downwards." When, therefore, we think of the Magdala mine in Victoria, over 2,000 feet in depth, and of the Mysore gold companies all racing downwards, we realise how unfairly the relative merits of the gold fields in Wales have hitherto been tested.

Some other facts from the Welsh gold district serve still further to corroborate this view, that with greater depth attained the Welsh gold mines would show better results. In the Dolfrwynog mine,

where gold was first found at a depth of 20 fathoms in a search for copper, as much as 6 oz. to the ton was extracted from stuff in which not even a strong microscope could detect a trace of it. From the Cambrian gold mine Mr. Readwin extracted gold from the black ore that assayed at the rate of 300 oz. to the ton; and from the Prince of Wales's mine, some of his specimens at the Exhibition of 1862 contained between 300 and 400 oz. to the ton! The famous St. David's lode yielded £70,000 for 12,416 oz. Calvert, an experienced mining surveyor, declared that gold had been found in Wales wherever it had been sought for (of course, only where it was geologically probable); and he said, "The gold ores of Wales that have come under my notice are among the richest in the world, only surpassed by a few Australian and Californian specimens."

It is well to recall these facts with a view to attain that mental golden mean which avoids being either over-sanguine or over-sceptical about the prospects of gold-mining in Wales. The possibility that there is as much gold awaiting extraction in Merionethshire as there is in the Colar district of the Mysore can only be dispelled by positive rebutting experience. For the present, the data derived from the past seem distinctly to favour the possibility. At the same time the Vigra Cloga mine indicates the wisdom of sober expectation. In the meantime, it must be hoped that the recent discoveries will lead to a thorough prospecting of the auriferous area, and that the removal by legislation of existing obstacles in old feudal crown rights will before long give further encouragement to enterprise in this direction.

II. THE IRISH GOLDFIELDS.

Next to Wales, it is interesting to remind ourselves of the auriferous claims of Ireland, for might not the discovery of gold in paying quantities in that island tend to its greater prosperity, or even help in the solution of some puzzling social problems?

Till the year 1796 gold in Ireland was nothing but a memory and a tradition. It was known, for instance, that the Norman kings exacted a tribute of 100 marcs of gold from Ireland; that many ancient arms and ornaments were made of gold; that in 1360 Edward III. issued a commission to search for gold and silver mines in Ireland, "because it is given to us to understand that many mines of gold and silver exist in that our dominion." In 1543 an active search was made for it under Lord Deputy St. Leger. In the next century some gold was found in Nether Tyrone, for we find Boate, in his "Natural History of Ireland," dedicated to Cromwell in 1645,

justifying thereupon the following remark : " I have ground to believe that there are goldfields in Ireland. I believe many will think it very unlikely that there should be any gold mines in Ireland;" and apparently the many did take this view, for nothing seems to have come of it, though we find Moses Stringer, early in the eighteenth century, saying of gold actually found in Ireland, that it was " in perfect form, like to the Arabian gold, and collected the same way after rains."

In 1796 gold was found by accident in considerable abundance in the beds or neighbourhood of the streams which descend from the northern flank of Croghan Kinshela, on the confines of the counties Wicklow and Wexford. For some months the inhabitants collected a large quantity, but then the English Government sent a body of soldiers to drive them off, and took the works into its own hands. The rebellion of 1798 put a temporary stop to operations, but between 1796 and 1802, gold to the amount of 944 oz. had been sold to the Bank of England for £3,675. The largest nugget found weighed 22 oz. The places that yielded most were Ballinvalley, Ballintemple, and Killahurler, which all lie in the same valley; but gold in smaller quantities was also found in Croghan, Moira, and Ballincrea, in county Wicklow.

The workings were given up in 1802 because their cost exceeded their profit. But since that time a good deal of gold has been raised in the district for the Dublin goldsmiths, specimens of which, worked up as ornaments, were displayed at the Exhibition of 1851. In 1840 an attempt was again made to work the district, and fifty men obtained £1,800 worth of gold in four months, after which the works were stopped owing to disputes with the Commissioners for Woods and Forests. It is presumably to this company that Sir Robert Kane alluded, when he said that the workings were carried on " in a very imperfect and trifling manner. . . . Neither the intelligence nor the energy necessary for success in such undertakings appears to have been applied." The question is whether, if they were so applied, they might not be as well rewarded as they have been anywhere else. There is no reason why the drift gold should not yet be traced to quartz veins in the granite sides of Croghan Kinshela. I suspect there is more to be got from tapping his sides than from tapping the trade of a thousand wilds like Yunnan. The gold valleys of Wicklow are, geologically, very similar to those of New Zealand, and the strata belong to the desired Lower Silurian series. Sir Roderick Murchison argued, indeed, that if the mountain was largely penetrated with gold more auriferous *débris* would have been found than has been in the

local adjacent gravels ; but he expressly added that his opinion was irrespective of new inventions in mechanical science. But it is precisely these which entirely alter the question, and make remunerative gold works in Ireland by no means the impossibility many would suppose. Moreover, if the gold were at any depth, the *débris* would be no fair index of its quantity. Sir Roderick, we must remember, wrote for the express purpose of discountenancing wild expectations, or rather of allaying the once popular apprehension that gold would be discovered nearly every where.

III. THE GOLDFIELDS OF SCOTLAND.

Scotland constitutes, perhaps, an even more promising field for gold mining than Ireland or Wales. The largest goldfields yet discovered there lie in Lanarkshire and Sutherlandshire. Those in the latter county, chiefly at Kildonnan, were only discovered this century by a Mr. Gilchrist, a native of the district, who, having been seventeen years in Australia, and being struck with the geological similarity between his native home and the Antipodes, proceeded to search for, and succeeded in finding, the precious metal. Since then, the gold district of South-east Sutherlandshire has been proved to extend over an area of thirty miles by twenty; but the difficulties thrown in the way of proper prospecting, and jealousies between the Crown and the landed proprietors, have hitherto prevented anything like justice from being done to these northern goldfields. The adjacent country consists of metamorphic Lower Silurian rocks, but gold has hitherto only been found in the gravelly detritus, and its matrix or parent bed is still one of the disputed problems of geology. Sir Roderick Murchison, it is true, did not anticipate in the Highlands the discovery of bodies of rocks *in situ* with rich auriferous bands, like those in the Lower Silurian slates and schists of Australia and California ; but of course he may prove to have been mistaken, and he himself pointed to certain valleys on the east slopes of Ross-shire as possibly gold-bearing. The Scarabin Hills, consisting of hard whitish quartz rocks, sound as if they might well repay intelligent and systematic investigation.

The existence of gold in Lanarkshire has been a matter of notoriety for many centuries. One of the old Cotton MSS. declares that so long ago as James IV. the Scots separated gold from sand by washing, and it goes on to say : "In King James V.'s time three hundred men were employed for several summers in washing of gold, of which they got above £100,000. By the same way the Laird of Murcheston got gold in Pentland Hills." Sir Bevis Bulmer, one of the great speculators of the great speculative age of Elizabeth,

extracted a considerable amount of gold by alluvial washings from 1578 to 1592 ; and I would commend a saying of his to his successors in the same line of speculation, whether the field of operations be Scotland or India: "Whosoever is a mineral man must of force be a hazard adventurer, not greatly esteeming whether it hit or miss suddenly." Shall we not add, "or at all"?

James I. of England and Scotland spent £3,000 on the gold mine of Crawford Moor, and possibly the 3 oz. which rewarded him was not all that rewarded the search. Stephen Atkinson, who in 1619 wrote his "Discoverie of Gold Mines in Scotland" to encourage the king concerning this goldfield, said of it, "The like gold to it hath not often been seen or heard of to be gotten within Christendom as this of Scotland, tried and reported to be worth three score £15,000 sterling per ton weight thereof."

At all events, no gold of that quality has hitherto justified Atkinson's sanguine expectations, and men like Atkinson are always sanguine. The legend at Leadhills is that it was in searching for gold that the present famous lead mines were found, and the lead, which meant infinite gold indirectly, thrust the desire and thought of the king of metals into the background. The lead miners, however, in their leisure hours still know how and where to find gold in the district; but though Charles I. had his coronation medals struck in Scotch gold, and nuggets and granules are still collected from the river beds or hillsides for marriage gifts of jewellery, no effective gold working has been carried on since the time of James I. In this century, indeed, the working of the Clydesdale mine was resumed under the manager of the lead mines at Wanlockhead, but the high price of labour caused it to be speedily abandoned. In 1803 Prof. Traill found gold in a vein of quartz *in situ* at Wanlockhead, a fact which points to the desirability of a more thorough examination of that locality. The largest nugget yet found is that in the Hopetoun collection, weighing 27 oz. ; but the Cotton MS. speaks of pieces of 30 oz. as found in many places.

It was said lately that the director of the lead mines had so good an opinion of the abundance of gold, in the facility of its extraction, and its probable remunerativeness, that, granted a favourable lease (a large assumption), he would at once, with the assistance of others, begin systematic operations. The reason, in fact, that no gold mines are at present being worked in the United Kingdom would seem to lie far more in the state of the law than in that of the ground. There are auriferous districts enough, only to all appearance needing the application of skill and capital to prove as remunerative as mines

situated anywhere else. But then there are the claims of the Crown to all discovered gold properties. Can these claims be so adjusted by legislation as to cease to prove a barrier?

IV. THE GOLDFIELDS OF ENGLAND.

There is so much less to be said about the gold districts of England than of those of Ireland, Scotland, or Wales, that my fourth heading reminds me of the famous chapter on the snakes of Iceland. Still there are traces and traditions which suggest the wisdom of further search. The gold and silver of Britain were among the prizes with which Agricola encouraged the Roman soldiers, and there are traditions of Roman works at the Poltimore mine in Devonshire, and at Gold Scoop in Cumberland. Gold was discovered at Keswick in the reign of Henry III. ; and during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the kings of England appear to have made numerous grants of the right to work gold mines, especially in Devonshire. After that time, however, alchemy, or the artificial production of gold, diverted men's thoughts from the actual finding of it in the laboratories of nature, nor has anything really been done since that is worthy of notice.

Still there is no need to think despairfully of our English gold prospects. It is a noteworthy fact that a certain geologist, who, having read the description of the gold rocks of California, proceeded to examine cursorily the similar rock formations of North Cornwall in the summer of 1852, was speedily rewarded for his search. Samples from the quartz in those parts have assayed as much as 11 oz. to the ton. In Lancashire, at Seathwaite, near Broughton in Furness, the quartz veins in the Silurian rocks are said to recall the Australian goldfields, and it has often been thought of working them for gold. There are probably many other parts in Lancashire and Yorkshire where gold might be found ; and it is necessary to remember that gold has been found in clayslates and limestones as well as in connection with granite and other igneous and metamorphic rocks. Gold has been found, for instance, in a sample of carboniferous limestone from a quarry near Clevedon in Somersetshire. Most auriferous rocks belong, of course, to the Palæozoic series, and especially to the Lower Silurian strata, but auriferous igneous veins do sometimes protrude into the secondary strata, so that gold might yet be found in some districts which are at present as little suspected of it as the grass in Hyde Park. In any case, it would be very unlikely that it would ever be found save by thoroughly competent prospectors ; and considering how lightly we spend

millions on profitless armaments and unproductive wars, it is open to question whether our Government might not advantageously devote a small sum annually to the development of our unknown mineral resources by a thorough prospecting for gold in the limited number of districts which geology points to as likely. Till such an inquiry has been carried out, it will be a mere speculation to what extent gold and silver have a right to count among the valuable products of our island. But for the present the probabilities are strongly in favour of those who hold a sanguine view of the gold-bearing capacities of our country. We have not yet gone deep enough, nor prospected thoroughly enough, to justify any dogmatic conclusions in a contrary sense. At the same time, with respect to shares in British gold companies, nowhere does the old rule, *Caveat emptor*, 'Let the purchaser beware,' more pertinently apply.

J. A. FARRER.

POOR MR. PEPYS!

THE STORY OF HIS TRIAL, 1679-80.

LITTLE did Samuel Pepys dream of the trouble that there was in store for him, when, in July 1673, he received his patent as Secretary to the new Board of Admiralty, which had been appointed because the Duke of York had been forced to lay down his office of Lord Admiral. This was on account of the Test Act. With, doubtless, much regret at the Duke's temporary exile from public life, our diarist found himself a gainer. He was to move from his old familiar haunts in City lanes, and to leave the temporary quarters which he had occupied since the burning of the old Navy Office in Crutched Friars in January 1673. His new abode would be in an aristocratic quarter, and Mr. Secretary Pepys could now entertain his old friends, the rich City bankers and merchants, with much more of the Court news and gossip than in former days. What between the disastrous fire at Crutched Friars, and this new change in Pepys's career, we have some cause for feeling satisfaction that the Diary, that unique autobiographical fragment, was not lost to the many generations of the future who have so delighted in it.

The new Admiralty Board, of which Lord Shaftesbury was the First Lord, after working for several months without a proper office of their own, at length, in January 1674, took up their official duties in the fine town mansion of Derby House, and their secretary resided there for rather more than five years. It stood at the eastern end of Channel or Cannon Row, Westminster, close to where the Civil Service Commission Office now is. Derby House faced the privy gardens of the palace and overlooked the old royal highway of Whitehall, while in the other direction the broad sweeping bend of the river was visible from beyond old Somerset House, past numerous river-gates and water-stairs of the fine row of noblemen's houses in the Strand, as far as the Parliament House. The house appears to have had a water-gate of its own, and Mr. Pepys a handsome barge at his service.

Occupied with his daily work there, and enjoying somewhat of a country outing during the summer months, when my lords and their secretary attended on the King at Hampton Court palace, Mr. Pepys had nothing much to grumble at. Beyond some pressure of work in the spring of 1678, when war with France loomed as a near possibility, there is nothing particularly worthy of mention. True, his health was a matter of complaint in the autumn of 1677, when he wrote a long and detailed account of "the present ill state of my health." His eyes were once more a source of trouble, and "paine in my eyes" is recorded, for which probably the following quaint recipe (still to be found among his original papers) was used :¹

Reccipt for the Eyes.—Green Hazle-Nutts lesse than halfe ripe Splitt and Distill'd. To each Pint put 2 ounces of Lapis caliminaris. In the application every night and morning drop 4 or 5 drops from a Spooone into each eye.

He also complained of "scurvy," or the bad state of his skin, and how greatly it was affected by excess of either heat or cold in the weather ; while, lastly, comes a description of his sufferings from "wind cholick." Nevertheless, he still consoled himself with his old affection for music, and obtained the services of a talented foreign musician from Lisbon, named Cesare Morelli. Early in 1675 the latter came to live with Pepys, receiving a stipend of £30 a year, and in return singing and playing on the lute for his master's diversion. For some time Pepys did not trouble himself about Morelli's religion, in spite of the increasing fierceness of public feeling against Roman Catholics, as the friend by whose good offices Pepys had heard of Morelli had given him the character of being such a moderate Catholic, that in fanatical Lisbon, where Jesuitism and the cursed *auto-da-fé* guarded men's consciences, he was under some suspicion. As for Pepys's own religious professions, before attacking that question, which is by no means so transparent as Lord Braybrooke asserts, we must revert to an incident that occurred in 1674.

The then member for Castle Riding having received a peerage, a new writ for the borough was issued in October 1673, and Samuel Pepys successfully contested the election against a lawyer, Robert Offley by name. The latter had been doing his best to damage our worthy's reputation by proclaiming him to be a Papist, so that Pepys found himself hooted as a Papist wherever he went. To counteract this he obtained a certificate from the clergy of the neighbouring town of Lynn assuring the electors of Castle Riding that he was a true Protestant.² In January 1674, Offley petitioned against Pepys's

¹ To be found in *Rawlinson MS. A. 185*, f. 337, at the Bodleian Library.

² The date of this document as given in *Smith's Correspondence of Pepys*, i. 142,

return, and the subject came before the House of Commons during the next month, when investigation showed that the charge against Pepys of his being a Papist rested on the reported testimony of Lord Shaftesbury and Sir John Banks.

The latter, in reply to the Speaker of the Commons, said that during frequent visits to the Navy Office and to Pepys's house there, he had never seen any altar or crucifix, and did not believe him Popishly inclined.

Lord Shaftesbury's evidence is rather peculiar. He at first denied seeing an altar, but had "some imperfect memory of seeing somewhat which he conceived to be a crucifix." This, however, he could not swear to, owing to his imperfect memory of it. On a previous day Pepys had risen from his seat in the House with a flat contradiction of ever having had anywhere in his house any altar, crucifix, or the image or picture of any saint. So, after hearing Shaftesbury's evasive answer read to the House, Pepys sent him a letter remarking upon "the injurious consequence of that ambiguity," and pointing out how easily a table might be mistaken for an altar. But, in regard to the crucifix, he conjured his lordship "to give the House a categorical answer, one way or t'other, to-morrow morning in the business of the crucifix," whether it was Aye or No. There is no answer to this letter among the Pepys papers, but a further letter from Lord Shaftesbury gives the following explanation to the House of Commons, which it is hard to reconcile with his other evidence as recorded in the Commons' Journals:

I never designed to be a witness against any man for what I either heard or saw, and therefore did not take so exact notice of the things enquired of as to be able to remember them so clearly as it is requisite to do in a testimony upon honour or oath, or to so great and honourable a body as the House of Commons, it being some years' distance since I was at Mr. Pepys's lodgings. Only that particular of an altar is so signal that I must have remembered it had I seen any such thing, which I am sure I do not.¹

However, the matter came abruptly to an end by the prorogation of Parliament, and although the House had not had time to vote on the merits of the case, Pepys retained his seat for Castle Rising. It is, indeed, difficult to form a fair judgment of this case, and one is inclined to stand by Pepys's word of honour. But facts to be mentioned shortly, together with an entry in the diary under date of

note, is wrongly quoted, and has led Mr. Wheatley astray in his *Pepys and the World he lived in* as to the date of Pepys being made Secretary of the Admiralty. It should be 3 Nov. 1673; vide *Rawlinson MS. A. 172*, f. 159.

¹ These two letters are in *Rawlinson MS. A. 172*. I have not met with them in print.

July 20, 1666, of a crucifix, throw just a suspicion of doubt whether at this time Pepys's religious professions were not beginning to waver, and to become double-sided, so as to suit the Church of England orthodoxy required of all persons holding official positions, and at the same time to include a strong sympathy with the Catholicism openly professed by the Duke of York, his former kind patron, whose influence in the future it would have been foolish not to reckon upon.

Time rolled on and the Jesuit conspiracy of 1678 led to an Act of Parliament being passed by which Roman Catholics were shut out from both houses of the legislature, while Lord Shaftesbury led an attack, not only against the Papists, but also against the Duke of York, whom he wished to see excluded from the King's council. In January 1679 the Long Parliament of the Restoration was dissolved by the King, in order to avoid the difficulties of the position in which he and his brother were placed.

Now Pepys found that his former electors had turned against him with the cry of *No Popery!* and that the two new candidates for Castle Rising, "honoured friends" of his, were instigating this opposition. He expressed neither surprise nor disappointment at this, and comforted himself with the knowledge of "having the good fortune of being so much better understood elsewhere, as to have at this time invitations from the magistracy of no less than three several corporations of somewhat greater names, though not more in my esteem than that of theirs [Castle Rising], to accept of their elections." Of the three places mentioned, Harwich was the one that chose him, and in March he found himself returned as member for that town, together with Sir Anthony Deane, a distinguished naval architect holding a high official position.

After the excitement of the General Election was over, the King felt himself to be in much the same difficulties as before. A bill of attainder was brought against the Earl of Danby, and the Exclusion Bill was vigorously pushed on in the Commons, to disable the Duke of York, as a Papist, from succeeding to the crown. The Duke quickly found it expedient to go abroad for a time, and thus revived memories of his former period of exile at the Hague and at Brussels.

Just about this time a new Board of Admiralty was appointed, of which Sir Henry Capel became First Lord, with somewhat fuller powers than Lord Shaftesbury's Board had held. Pepys was greatly disquieted on hearing of this change, fearing that the new members would use him "till they have obtained a stock of knowledge of their own; and then, farewell!" He had also heard a rumour

which had been spread abroad to damage him, viz. that so long as Mr. Pepys was Secretary of the Admiralty, the Duke of York would be "in effect Admiral." Accordingly, Pepys wrote a long letter to the Duke, dated May 6, setting forth his fears, grumbling at his "odious Secretaryship," and beseeching his Royal Highness to move the King to cause him to be transferred from his Secretary's post to a seat on the Board of Admiralty.

But the part of the letter which is to us most important is the following remarkable statement, made directly and without qualification :

For what concerns my own particular your Highness was pleased to foretell me, at your going hence, what I was soon after to look for ; and it is come to pass. For whether I will or no, a Papist I must be, because favoured by your Royal Highness, and found endeavouring, on all fitting occasions, to express, in the best manner I can, the duty and gratitude due to your Highness from me. But how injuriously soever some would make those just endeavours of mine towards your Highness inconsistent with Protestantism, neither they, nor any ill-usage I can receive from them, shall by the grace of God, make me any more quit the one, than I suspect your Royal Highness will ever take offence at my perseverance in the other.¹

Here is a plain, unvarnished, double-sided confession, weighing personal advantage in the future and well-timed care of self against consistency and firmness of conscience, that coward conscience ! Of course the times were hard for many to live in comfortably without a fair elasticity of thought and belief, and we must give Mr. Pepys the full benefit implied in that fact. But we can hardly agree with Lord Braybrooke that "there is no reason for believing that any such temptation [of conversion to Catholicism] ever entered his mind ; or if it did . . . that it was steadily and successfully resisted."²

The Duke acknowledged this letter, and at once wrote to the King to beg that Pepys's wish might, if possible, be complied with. Before, however, either of the Duke's letters arrived, an unexpectedly sudden transformation had occurred in Pepys's usually quiet, routine life.

A House of Commons Committee of inquiry into the Miscarriages of the Navy had been appointed in April 1679, and more than once Pepys had appeared before it to explain matters, not hearing a suspicion breathed against him. He must, therefore, have been intensely surprised when, at the usual sitting of the House, on Tuesday, May 20, the chairman of this Committee, William Harbord, reported charges against Pepys and his colleague, Deane, of nothing less than Popery, treason, piracy and felony.

¹ Braybrooke's edition of the *Diary*, iv. 213.

² *Ibid.* i. xxi.

The charges briefly stated were as follows :—

1. For equipping the sloop *Hunter* at Portsmouth in 1673 out of the King's stores there, with other persons ; Pepys obtaining a commission of reprisal for her as a privateer, while Deane wrote to the captain of the *Hunter* directing him to go to one of the French ports, to receive from the French authorities a like commission against the Dutch. That this privateer, by alleged piratical proceedings, caused great damage to the owners of a certain English vessel, and that her commission against the Dutch was a breach of treaties with the States-General.

2. For treasonable correspondence with the French, in order to carry on the Popish plot against his Majesty, viz., that charts of the English coast and harbours, plans of some of H.M.'s ships and detailed information relating to the British Navy were furnished by Pepys and carried over by Deane to the French naval authorities.

3. A charge against Pepys only of being a Papist, on the evidence of his former butler, one John James.

On this last charge Mr. Harbord made the following remark : "There have been reflections upon Pepys formerly as to his religion ; and by collateral proof, I shall much convince the House, that he is not of our religion. I am sorry I must say it of a man I have lived well withal."

Then came the time for the accused members to defend themselves. Mr. Pepys rose first, and in a firm, concise speech proceeded to deal with the several charges in the order given above, repudiating them with scorn, and claiming further inquiry. The following paragraphs are the gist of his *apologia*.

"It is a mighty misfortune that I am charged with so many accumulative ills at once, and all by surprise. I will not speak by way of complaint of the proceeding, but bemoaning myself in this charge upon me of breach of my duty to my King, my country, and the Government ; in all which respects if I am guilty and what is charged is true, I deserve to be thought the greatest criminal in the world."

Charge 1. "I knew neither ship nor share in her, nor the cause there depending. If I did, never trust me more. . . . If any man will say I know a word of the ship *Hunter*, &c., to be true, I will give it under my hand, that I am the greatest villain in Nature."

Charge 2. "As for the charge of Colonel Scott,¹ (Lord, Sir !) it

¹ This second charge was preferred on the evidence of a man known as Colonel Scott. He had been arrested in 1678 at Folkestone under suspicion of being a spy, and Pepys had given orders in connection with this arrest.

is a crime upon me of that weight, a man of my place, and in a time so dangerous, that I am willing to contribute to my own prosecution to clear myself." He then denied knowing or having ever seen Scott, and went on to say : " Now whether Scott does this to quit scores with me, I know not ; but this I am sure of, for writing into France, to the Ambassador, or any French Minister, or for communicating any of these weighty secrets, it is out of my province, for the fashions of ships, &c. are entirely out of my watch. . . . He tells us that the papers in France, &c. were signed by me. 'Tis Scott's 'Yea, by report ;' 'tis my 'No, before God Almighty.' I have ever industriously avoided being within the smell of the French ambassador."

Charge 3. " As for this James, this is an information of a servant against his master, and a member of the House, and that member never called to the Committee to hear it. For the thing itself, this man was my butler, recommended to me by Sir R. Mason ; he had been servant to Sir William Coventry,¹ and in his way was a very ingenious servant ; but it was his ill-luck to fall into an amour with my housekeeper, and, as fortune was, Morelli overheard their intrigues, and caught them together at an unseasonable time of the night. It was Sunday, 3 o'clock in the morning (the better day, the better deed). I turned him away, and he was never in my house since ; but I had cause of suspicion that James came within my house at a window and robbed me." Then referring to Morelli's position in his house, Pepys concluded his defence by saying : " He [Morelli] shall attend you, when you please ; and if he lives not with all the harmlessness and virtue that a stranger can live in a strange country, never credit me more. This is as much as a member can say in such a matter."

Thus did Mr. Pepys, who in former days had gained such credit for himself in defending the officials of the Navy Office at the bar of the House of Commons, attempt to disarm the adversaries who had directed an almost entirely personal attack on him. He was followed by his friend Sir Anthony Deane, who, in a rather lame, half apologetic speech, allowed that he had been connected with the privateer *Hunter*, but had never seen a penny of any prize-money from her. He stoutly denied having ever had anything to do with any treasonable correspondence with France, and wound up by appealing to his service of nineteen years under the Admiralty, and by asking whether, with a family of twelve children, it was likely that he should

¹ Sir W. Coventry afterwards rose to say that when James was with him as a butler "his service was not so direct as to recommend him to a friend."

attempt such a thing, when he was so contented with his present office.¹

But these appeals were of no avail when the word *treason* had once been mentioned in connection with their names, and both of the accused were committed by the House to the tender charge of their serjeant-at-arms.

On the next day but one, Mr. Harbord made a further report concerning Pepys and Deane, and brought one of his witnesses, the captain of the *Hunter*, to the bar of the House. Upon this, the Speaker issued a warrant for their commitment into the custody of the Constable of the Tower, while the Attorney-General was ordered to prosecute them forthwith, on the evidence collected by Mr. Harbord. A week later (May 30) they moved for a writ of Habeas Corpus, which was granted, and by virtue of which they were taken to the Court of King's Bench. The Attorney-General was not in court through illness, but sent word that he had not yet received information against Pepys and Deane, and therefore left the Court to deal with them. To their request, however, to be discharged, since no cause had been assigned in the warrant for their commitment, and since the Parliament that had committed them had been prorogued, Justice Pemberton replied that the charges made against them were "of the most dangerous importance," and that it was not fit for the Court to discharge them.

On Monday, June 2, the last day of the Easter term, they were again brought to the King's Bench, and bail being denied them, they pressed for a speedy trial. Deane was promised trial on his single charge of felony for using the King's stores at the next Winchester assizes; while both would, if more evidence could be obtained, be tried on the joint charge of treason in the Trinity term. The Attorney-General was obliged to confess that he had only one witness for the charge of treason, which would not be enough to found any indictment upon, yet was sufficient for commitment; but he added that such commitment without bail would not be very grievous, as the Trinity vacation was less than three weeks in length.

Accordingly, on the first day of Trinity term (June 20) they once more appeared before the Court, praying for their trial, and received once more Mr. Attorney-General Jones's assurance that he was not yet ready, through want of further evidence. But in consideration of no cause being named in the warrant for their commitment, they were discharged from the State prison of the Tower, that special destination of all persons over whom hung any suspicion of treason,

¹ For the speeches at greater length see Grey's *Debates*, vii. 303.

to the King's Bench prison in Southwark. This stood close to the better known Marshalsea, and was the place of confinement for debtors and persons sentenced to a term of imprisonment for libels and other misdemeanours. Here they remained a shorter time than in the Tower, and at length on July 9, the last day of Trinity term, were summoned before the Court to obtain bail in £30,000 each, as the evidence against Pepys was not found positive, and Deane's trial at Winchester could not take place yet. Their imprisonment was now over, but justice was as far off as ever, and they therefore renewed their request for a trial.

During his confinement in the Tower, Pepys had been very busy in writing to various friends asking them to help him in obtaining evidence against the charge of treason. He had not been without visits from his trusted friend John Evelyn, who dined with him more than once, and sent a piece of venison ; from his old City acquaintance James Houblon, and from his former clerk, Thomas Hayter, who had succeeded to Pepys's post at Derby House, when the latter was so suddenly "laid aside." There were in the Tower at the same time the Earl of Danby and several of the Catholic lords, who were charged with being concerned in the Popish plot. We find Danby writing from his quarters in the Tower, on August 1, thus : "I was never so sensible of the punishment of my imprisonment as by the hot weather," so that Mr. Pepys had something to congratulate himself upon in obtaining timely freedom.¹

This was the first stage of that mock trial of delay and suspense which Pepys and his colleague had to undergo. During the Long Vacation they received and declined another invitation from the Corporation of Harwich to serve them in the approaching Parliament, and Pepys was busy down in Oxfordshire for a short time, while in September he was attending at Windsor upon the King and his brother.² This latter service gave rise to a false and lying piece of coffee-house scandal. In October he was again complaining of his eyes, and apologised to some of his correspondents for being compelled to make use of an amanuensis. Since his release from prison Pepys had lived with William Hewer, his former clerk and private secretary, at a house in York Buildings. This block of houses stood between the Strand and the river, occupying part of the site of York House, the historical town residence of the Buckingham family, whose arms are still to be seen on its sole-surviving relic, the Water Gate.

¹ Ninth Report of *Historical MSS. Commission*, ii. 456 a.

² See *Razolinson MS. A.* 194, ff. 34, 55, 81.

On the first day of Michaelmas term, October 23, the two accused officials appeared to plead for their trial, but without success. The new Attorney-General, Levins, did not present himself. After repeated efforts again made to be either tried or discharged, even though the King himself had requested the Attorney-General to hasten their business, they could not obtain a hearing till the new year of 1680 was three weeks old. Then, on the opening day of Hilary term, January 23, they demanded in due form their discharge under the Habeas Corpus Act, by having pressed for their trial on the first and last day of every term since their commitment. To this answer was returned that they would not come under the Act, having been committed before it came into operation on June 1. The Court, however, ruled that the first commitment was void, as being found illegal by reason of its having been *sine causâ*, and that they were committed *de novo* on June 20.

Up to this time Pepys had had great quakings of heart about the charge of treason, having been distinctly told during a private interview with the new Attorney-General at his chambers in Gray's Inn, that that crime, if proved, "would be judged very great and capital." Now he received the more cheering news that, as there was still only one witness for the high treason charge, it was impossible to draw up a capital indictment. The charge of felony against Deane, too, would be only a misdemeanour. Emboldened by this, Pepys urged for a trial rather than a discharge, on the substantial grounds that they had been four terms, or the best part of a year, in the hands of the Court, and that witnesses from France, Flanders, and Holland had come over, at great expense, for several months, were then coming, and that others who had returned would come a second time. Deane also thought fit to announce that he had had a fresh appointment offered him by the Admiralty as Surveyor-General of Dockyards, but that he had chosen to decline it rather than hold a responsible post under so great an accusation without opportunity of clearing himself.

The Lord Chief Justice at length interfered, remarking to the Attorney-General that "these gentlemen should not be kept in this condition under bail, and with the imputation of treason upon them (which was very grievous) indefinitely." Thereupon, on February 12, the last day of Hilary term, Pepys and Deane were discharged from their bail of £30,000 apiece, and entered into recognisances of £1,000 each for their appearance on the first day of Trinity term. The Easter term was allowed to pass without anything being done in it for two reasons. At that time Parliament would reassemble, and

Pepys did not wish to "be brought upon the stage in the very beginning of their heats." He also said that private affairs called him very earnestly into the country.

Finally, on June 30, 1680, the end of Trinity term, their worry and anxiety, which had been spread over the disgraceful and wearisome length of thirteen months, ceased. "They appeared in court, and upon their motion for being discharged the Lord Chief Justice asked Mr. Attorney-General what he had to say against it. Who answering that he had nothing more than what he had told the Court formerly, the Court, without any more words at all on any side, told them they were discharged, and directed them to depart. Which they accordingly forthwith did."

So closes the record of this shameful business, which perhaps was only the type of many similar cases.¹ The sword of Damocles was no longer a terror, and Pepys lost no time in announcing his freedom to his many friends. Thus he writes to his old friend, James Houblon :

I could not but give you y^e earliest notice I could of my being at last, what I had long time been, had others been as just as you were charitable, and myself blameless ; I mean, a Freeman, viz^t, in every circumstances, but that of my obligacōns to you and your Family, which nothing but y^e grave shall, or can, or ought to put an end to.²

And to another of his correspondents he writes : "However, as the world goes, justice ought to be welcome at any time ; and so I receive it, with thanks to God Almighty, who might have respited His goodness till (as from all appearances I feared) justice might have been yet less easy to come by."

But, according to our ideas, justice had not been done to Pepys and his fellow-sufferer, and, as Ralph, the historian, truly remarks, "If innocent, they suffered too much ; if guilty, too little ; and Justice was equally offended either way."³ Nevertheless, before closing this paper, it will be only fair to lay before the reader a summary of facts which go far towards showing that Pepys and Deane were innocent of the main charge laid against them. It is impossible at this date to pronounce a verdict of *Not Guilty* on all the points of the case, and we must remain satisfied with the presumptive proofs afforded by *ex parte* statements.

¹ Throughout this attempt at a trial my authority has been *Rawlinson MS. A. 188*, ff. 66-84, headed, "A Journall of ye principall Passages relateing to the comittment of S^r. Ant^o. Deane and M^r. Pepys, and the Proceedings thereon, to y^e day of their Discharge." It has not, I believe, been used before.

² *Rawlinson MS. A. 194*, f. 168.

³ *History of England*, i. 450.

1. As regards the charge of piracy, we have not sufficient information to be able to decide either for or against the accused. The subject is dwelt upon by Bishop Burnet from a point of view that is unfavourable to Pepys ; but as after events proved it to be of no serious consequence to the nation, we are able to leave it alone without much regret.

2. The charge of Popery rested on the statements of John James, ex-butler to Pepys, a scurrilous creature who had been persuaded to give his evidence to Harbord, by the advice of a Colonel Mansell. He was told that "to reveal it would be a piece of service both to the King and country, and the Protestant religion." For his own part also, James wished to wipe off the grudge that he owed Pepys, both for his dismissal and for two robberies at Derby House which had been laid at his door.

The accusations were that Pepys and Morelli were always singing psalms and "using other devotions after the Romish manner ;" that the former "never used one word of the service of the Church of England, nor had so much as a Bible in his family (that ever I saw) except one in the office that they used to swear people by ;" and that, after the Royal Proclamation was issued commanding all Roman Catholics to leave London, Pepys still kept Morelli in his house secretly, "and at length sent him privately away out at the back water-gate in a pair of oars with all his trunks and other things with him." James added that, having been in Spain and Italy, he knew the ways of Catholics both as to their churches and the priests who lived with persons of quality.

The rest of his evidence, together with the pamphlets called "Plane Truth," which Lord Braybrooke attributes with some probability to this sneaking individual, are nothing but a string of libellous allusions to the pride, presumption, and greed of gain of his late master, the orthography of which is fearfully wonderful, as might be expected, and the style a mixture of atrocious grammar and "high-falutin'" gibberish.

That a certain substratum of truth underlay some of James's statements, we might guess from the events of former years, but it is impossible to sift the wholesale pack of lies for which he was responsible. Pepys's own defence was silent on the Popery question, as it was no doubt a highly inconvenient and disagreeable enemy to conscience.

James was taken seriously ill not long after he had offered his evidence, and lay at his mother's house incapable of presenting himself in court. After about six months' illness he died on March 20,

1680, confessing on his deathbed the malice that he had wrought against the master who returned good for evil by sending him a clergyman to attend to "his soul's health," for which, wrote Pepys, "I am truly concerned, however he has been misled, to the occasioning me much evil."¹

3. The important charge of treason is fortunately the one on which we are able to throw most light. Indeed, we can say that the charge was trumped up and carried through by one man, whose character it will be our first purpose to investigate and lay bare in all its villainy.

John Scott was born at Ashford, in Kent, being the son of a poor miller whose widow emigrated during the Civil War to New England. There he was apprenticed, but afterwards went to Long Island, where he managed to educate himself above the standard of the other colonists, till at the time of the Restoration he thought he would like to see London. Returning to Long Island in 1663, he began a life of rascality, which forced him to sail to the West Indies, to escape a sheriff's warrant. He once again came to England, in 1667, giving out that he was an authority on America and the West Indies. By some means he obtained a warrant from Charles II. appointing him Geographer Royal.² In this document, dated 1668, he is styled Major John Scott. He then crossed over into Holland, and representing himself "as one of the greatest engineers in the world," obtained from the Grand Pensionary, John de Witt, the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel of a foot regiment. After spending several years thus, he went on to Paris, leaving behind him, among the Hollanders, an unenviable reputation. We are told that many of the Dutch and English merchants gave him a very scandalous character, and reported that he had been kicked, beaten, and called traitor, coward, and cheat.³

His stay of several months in Paris led to the charge against Pepys, which we are now considering. Scott's arrest at Folkestone in 1678 has been already referred to, and it will suffice to quote the description then given of him.

He has one or both legs crooked, a proper, well-sett man, in a great light cockered Perriwig, rough-visaged, having large haire on his eye-brows, hollow-eyed, a little squinting or a cast in his eye, full-faced about y^e cheekes, about 46 years of age, with a black hatt, and in a straight-boddy'd coate, cloath colour with silver lace behind.

Such was the knave whose life of scoundrelism led him to assert that he was a near relative to the old Kentish family of Scott of

¹ For facts relating to James, see *Rawlinson MS. A. 173*.

² *Rawlinson, A. 175, f. 188.*

³ *Ibid. A. 188, f. 315, &c.*

Scott's Hall ; and who, after quarrelling with the Duke of York about matters in Long Island, gave out that, having killed a page of the Duke's, he was cruelly pursued into Holland in 1668 by the latter. Pepys soon disproved the first statement by receiving a disclaimer from the Scott family, while the last was a sheer fabrication.

Scott gave evidence on oath that in August 1675 he saw at the house of M. Georges Pelissari, the Treasurer of the French Navy, the maps and other documents referred to before, which M. Pelissari had had sent to him by Colbert's son, Seignelay, for the use of a clever French naval officer, Captain Herouard de La Piogerie. Furthermore, he swore that these documents contained a letter with Pepys's signature, that they had all been brought over by Sir Anthony Deane, and that he saw them again at Captain La Piogerie's lodgings in the Faubourg St. Germain, when that officer told him that the traitors who had brought them over were of the devil's religion, and that there was a mystery in the matter that he dared not speak of.

On this evidence had the charge of treason been founded. It was very satisfactory to Scott to know that the two principal persons referred to were dead. M. Georges Pelissari died in 1676, while Captain La Piogerie had fallen during the Count d'Estrées's attack on the Dutch island of Tobago, in the following year. It might have been only too useful, had the trial come off, for him to have met disagreeable questions with testimony beyond the reach of contradiction.

Mr. Pepys managed to collect a large body of facts by the help of various people, but chiefly through his brother-in-law, Balthazar St. Michell, "Brother Balty," as he generally called him. Brother Balty spent many months in Paris, and succeeded in obtaining a deposition from a Portuguese living in Paris, a Captain Moralis, to the effect that in 1676, at a supper which he had given to Scott, the latter told him that the Duke of York and his brother, the King, had done him great injustice in turning him out of a command held by him in New York. "I am," said Scott, "about a thing here will make them all repent the injustice they have done me." And some few days later Moralis saw him with some large papers under his arm, like maps, and Scott had told him "in a pleasant humour that those would be his relief."¹ Strangely enough, too, upon Scott's arrest in 1678, the Lord Mayor caused his lodgings, at Canning Street, in the City, over a hatter's shop, to be searched, and there were more papers and documents answering to those described in the charge against Pepys.

¹ *Rawlinson MS. A. 194, f. 164.*

From the widow of M. Georges Pelissari, through her young nephew, Paul Thevenin, and from the porter of her house, Moreau by name, came flat contradictions of Scott's having ever been familiar with M. Pelissari. Scott, with some other Englishman, had applied to the Naval Treasurer about a contract for making cannon for the French navy, but, although they were very importunate in endeavouring to obtain acquaintance with him, they had not succeeded.¹ The Marquis de Seignelay, indeed, thought he remembered Pepys during his visit to England, in 1671, but Pepys says, "I persuade myself he takes me for Mr. Wren" (the Duke's secretary at that time), for he found letters between them, and adds that he could not "be so wholly stript of all memory of his person."²

We therefore find that Scott was lying with a deliberate, cold-blooded purpose. Much more evidence to the same effect could be given if it were necessary. But it is not, and nothing remains now but to note what is known of Scott's later life. He had left London during Pepys's applications for a trial, and is next heard of as being "wanted" in 1681 for the murder of a hackney-coachman at a public-house on Tower Hill. In 1683 he was met in Christiania by a Norwegian skipper, who wrote to inform Mr. Pepys of the fact. The latter was on the point of embarking with the expedition to Tangier, and replied that he had not any thoughts of revenge towards Scott, but should be glad to hear of any confession made. This we do not meet with, and after receiving a pardon in 1696 for the murder he had committed Scott returned to England, and is heard of no more.³

Poor Mr. Pepys had had a hard time of it altogether, and we must sincerely pity him, except, perhaps, on the score of his religious shakiness. His troubles at this period have not before been told at any length nor with accuracy on many points, and this, therefore, must be the present writer's apology for offering an account of them, which has been drawn almost wholly from the original Pepys MSS. in the Bodleian Library.

GEORGE F. HOOPER.

¹ *Rawlinson MS. A. 188*, ff. 208, 216.

² *Ibid. A. 194*, . 29.

³ I have to acknowledge the help that a privately printed book by Mr. G. D. Scull has given me. It is entitled, *Dorothea Scott, otherwise Gotherson & Hogben, of Egerton House, Kent, 1611-1680*; Oxford, 1883, and contains information as to John Scott.

NUGÆ INSIPIENTIS.

THE Idiot, here making his introductory bow, begs to state that he is not of the village species, but can boast an ancient and honourable descent. His name, now fallen into disrepute, was well known and respected by the Greeks as belonging to a person of good natural sense ; indeed, judging from the strong family resemblance, it is supposed that the Greek chorus, whose office it was to echo the sentiments and comment on the fate of dramatic heroes, was recruited chiefly by members of his family. This office, disregarded in the West, they still perform in the East, where no one would make any important statement unsupported by a friend, who at fixed intervals exclaims "Wah, Wah !"

The Romans knew the Idiot well as "Homo sum," meddling, mixing, and interesting himself in all and every one's concerns.

Later, amid the heat of scholastic and philosophic contention, of which, while no hero, he was as usual an interested spectator, the Idiot, having been converted, was baptised, receiving on account of his slender abilities the name of Insipiens (the Foolish body), by which name, abjuring his former heathen works and ways, he elects to be called and known from this time forth and for evermore.

Later than this period Insipiens deems it unsafe to trace his family history, not only on account of the numerous influential relations whom such publicity might offend, but also from his delicate position in having stood godfather to many distinguished characters in history and literature, who have ungratefully declined his further acquaintance. No one, however, desiring his friendship, can fail to hail and recognise his well-known features, for whether as "Plain Man" at home or "Flâneur" abroad—obtrusive, intrusive, never exclusive—he is interested in every subject, shares in every event, and, though never first, is always present at the distribution of crowns—no, those were in his youth—not crowns, but prizes, plate and medals which he himself can never win. He bestows as heavy father his benediction on aspiring genius, and is able from his lowly position to

ascertain for his lofty friends whose heads would strike the stars, if indeed their feet still touch the ground.

These gala days no longer returning with their ancient regularity, *Insipiens* has leisure to bring forth from his varied experience things new and old, and begs in the following lines to offer a few words on humour, and any other subject, pertinent or impertinent, that may strike his unfettered and ill-regulated mind.

Humour is a thing of which, if we are not all owners, we are all supposed to be, more or less, judges. We can speak of humour as quaint or racy, and are well acquainted—some of us to our cost—with the Scottish type, “*The Dry*.” Thus, like the goaded Athenian artisans and wayfarers, we can offer to the irrepressible, inexorable old man sitting in the market place, not one, but half a dozen of that which he demands. If, however, throwing aside, as he would throw them, these qualifying, mollifying, specifying adjectives as belonging (with all adjectives) to criticism, not to definition, the question what humour as such, in, for, and by itself, may be becomes more puzzling. This is a question, indeed, which out of the many who may offer themselves, few will be chosen to answer, if Jean-Paul be correct in asserting that women have sometimes wit and never humour—thus shutting out from the discussion half, and that the better half, of humanity. If our humble suggestion be also entertained that humour is rarely, if ever, found in the young, another fourth is dismissed, thus leaving it pretty well to the humorist himself to decide wherein his speciality lies.

If wit be to perceive, humour is to accept, the unfitness of things, and for this no one quality suffices. Who feels, weeps. Who thinks, laughs. But the humorist must be equally at home in the house of mourning and of feasting. Underlying his gravity is mirth at the folly, in this gaiety is tenderness for the frailty, of mankind; in each is a certain resignation to accept their nature as such and as it is.

The satirist lashes the faults and follies of the age, but in his very vehemence is hope. Why should men be thus when they might be better? The preacher denounces, often in no measured terms, the vices of mankind—but does so that they may repent, return, and be converted. The humorist deals tenderly with humanity, “*créature chétive et mesquine*.”

Humour is essentially for those of riper years, requiring the breadth of an experience whose temperance youth has not, nor should have. The field of achievement is boundless for the young, as are their claims, because both are undefined. The young may be anything, so demand everything of life. No one would have heart

for life's work were he to foresee the narrow limits of his own powers, the feeble fruits of his greatest efforts ; but Providence is kind, gilding necessity, and inducing us by the illusion of possession or spur of ambition to do as for ourselves that work which must be done for the world at large.

Few are content to give their lives for the abstract, yet none the less surely because unconsciously do the round world and they that dwell therein take their share in weaving "*Der Gottheit lebendiges Kleid.*"

Men whose lives are devoted to some great work, fired with a mission or burdened with a message from above, have rarely humour: those especially who, living in early and more imaginative days than ours, with heart and soul intent on some lofty end, disregarded the human means, counting men but as stones, though living stones, in the gorgeous fabric to be raised "*ad majorem Dei gloriam*"—or their own. Who looks for humour in Loyola—he who, stamping on man's will and affections, counted him "*ut cadaver*," reducing him to be as the staff, obedient and unresisting, in an old man's hand? Who asks it of Spinoza, merged in the Universal One, an Oriental strayed far from home, seeking to weave a new Nirvāna in the West? or of Savonarola, great prophet of reaction, a voice crying in the wilderness, "*Repent*," not, as John Baptist, because the kingdom of heaven approaches, but as a second Jonah, denouncing destruction swift and sudden on a doomed city?

The humorist's chief difficulty lies in keeping even the scales of justice and mercy. Spectator rather than actor, he may be tempted to sit in the seat of the scorner. Looking on human qualities and imperfections not only as moralist to judge, but also as naturalist to observe, regarding rather the sum total of what *is* than the scale of how it should be, he may, losing appreciation of rank in qualities, lose also taste and refinement in his judgments, and, from naturalist becoming cynic, sink into coarseness and buffoonery. This blot has made many a brilliant genius unprofitable because unreadable for those of pure taste. That humour is rare need not be regretted, since pungent alike and passive it is corrective of taste rather than incentive to action.

Has then the humorist no task of edification? Is he but "*der Geist der stets verneint*?" Not so. To him is committed to have and to hold that insight into the coincidence of contraries which first, four hundred years ago, as he sailed one moonlit night along the shores of Sicily, burst like a divine revelation on the mind of Nicolas of Cusa, son of a fisherman, risen to be Cardinal of the Church, but,

mindful of his father's craft and his own origin, bearing as his device a crab. This idea of his—the one creative thought of the logic-bound Middle Ages—though neglected then and after, is *the* reasonable basis of modern liberty of thought, claiming as it does for every creature, not the narrow (often wholly verbal) truth of logic, which can prove one theorem but by disproving its opposite, but the broad truth of life, the unity of which embraces all variety of creation—a variety whereof the parts are ever changing, the whole is ever one—that circle too vast to be traced though sometimes dimly discerned by the finite mind.

We do not deny that previous to and apart from this insight there have been tolerant minds, but we suggest that they were so from disposition, not principle, minds which gave of grace, not yielding to right. Gentle Melancthon was tolerant from a charity that covered errors as well as sins. Erasmus was tolerant from moral indifference to the matters in dispute, and from pride of intellect disdainful of the disputants; while Luther, usually regarded as hero and author of that modern liberty of thought which truly and logically springs from his deed and act, granted such liberty neither to himself nor others, but author of "*De Servo Arbitrio*," protesting "*Ich kann nicht anders*," he obeyed a mighty impulse, to him the divine command, not to throw off, but to transfer his allegiance from earth to heaven. The true toleration of the humorist was first best seen in Montaigne, who, in an age inflamed with passions, religious, political, and social, stood aside from party and party spirit, and with a smile half mocking, half pitying—with what Ste.-Beuve calls in a different and a modern writer, the "*douce malice du sage*," the "*finesse demi-souriante*"—asked his countrymen, "what opinion could authorise, what doctrine teach, man to murder his fellow-men?"

Hi motus animorum atque haec certamina tanta
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescent.

In spite of all their praises said and sung, truth and freedom are not really beloved by the bulk of humanity. It requires a robuster faith and wider view than are given to most of us to seek truth at the cost of every cherished prejudice and superstition. Few believe in the divinity of those universal laws written in no book, but on the face of Nature and in the soul of man. Few care to enjoy the glorious liberty they profess.

Each age and generation may be said to have its own peculiar mission. Who can deny to our present age the task of scientific research? and who would deny that the discoveries made and powers of further advancement resulting from them are talents for which

account must be given and usury will be required? Let not gentle, fearful souls be made afraid, but trust that such gifts can come only from above. Let them not dishonour the faith they should adorn by preferring darkness to light. There are not two truths, one of religion, another of science. The paths at first so far apart lead to the same goal. The divine flatus is not restrained; science has a revelation of her own. The Bible is no scientific text-book; the poem in which it states the Kosmos states the relative position and rank of man therein, but answers no question for which man bears within himself faculties of research and powers of discovery—powers which, as a reasonable, responsible being, he is bound to exert and improve,

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,

and therefore

Metus omnes—subjecit pedibus,

Here, as a modern Insiapiens, we seek a Gaunilo. Is the story of Insiapiens and Gaunilo known to our readers, or may we offer it? About eight hundred years ago Anselm, archbishop and philosopher—great Gamaliel of his day—having composed a treatise in proof and defence of the Trinity, was so convinced by his own arguments, so overcome by his own proofs, as to declare that in future none but an Insiapiens could find difficulties in that which heretofore had perplexed the mind of man, and Insiapiens, as unable to bring forward any just cause of contradiction or impediment to submission, was therefore commanded for ever after to hold his peace. The crushed Insiapiens found an unexpected champion in monk Gaunilo—who, taking up his cause and the archbishop's gauntlet, fought so valiantly and well, that, not to pronounce the archbishop worsted, the battle was judged to be a drawn one. To us now, the modern Insiapiens, whose trivial life shuts us out from the calm of contemplation, whose material cares bind us to the earth—Nominalists by necessity, often, too, by choice—to us it is not given to behold the Universal and the Real. Yet, for our humble task, we demand some large motive, some great reason for our petty toil; we warn the master minds that their discoveries will remain barren, fruitless speculations, till grasped and worked out by us, the many and the small. We here ask, Are systems still necessary to philosophies? or may Insiapiens ever hope to meet a philosopher content to chronicle the Natural History of Thought, appending thereto his notes and queries? Undeniably, no great system ever left the world as it found it, but when, after fighting the good fight against ignorance, prejudice, and superstition, the time came to each to die, what more did each leave behind it than

some one vital spark of truth, which having like a soul animated the cumbrous mass, like a soul survived what was of and for a time, and passed on into the growing treasure of finished thoughts, mastered facts, last words never to be gainsaid—the heritage of *Insipiens*?

Where is the system, once all-powerful, of Descartes? Gone; all but the belief in universal law as the rule of man's being (law, may we say, organic, not mechanic?) Dead—all but a seed, a living germ containing the possibilities of modern thought and science. Who now seeks explanation of all things in Thought and Extension? But Spinoza's idea of Unity in all things will never die. The monad is no longer counted the sole basis of Creation, but Leibnitz will always command our gratitude for showing Harmony where Discord prevailed.

Forgive one digression by permitting another. The good old definition, "What is mind? No matter. What is matter? Never mind," doubtless still holds good. It is, however, equally true that further discovery of physical laws affects metaphysics—and all things else under heaven. Collision with a hard fact can produce effect where moral influence fails. The railway, great leveller of distinctions, has done more in our one generation than centuries of persuasion, expostulation, or derision could effect against Indian caste. There are parts of India (far from Benares, truly) where may now be seen the "Twice-born," when bent on business or pleasure, calmly disregarding the compartment set sacredly aside for him, and gaily elbowing the "*profanum vulgus*," in the common cattle-pen.

It has been well remarked by a French critic, that advance in Natural Science drove Milton's poem from the earth, where Dante without a qualm had his *Inferno* placed—drove Milton to the skies, and gave him cannon in the clouds. Yet, remembering to what an excess of metaphor, scholastic and mystic, language had reached in Dante's time, and what a master of this art Dante was, we venture to ask, Was Dante's earth, indeed, our "very *terra firma*," and not the type of some abstraction, just as Rachel, called by him (perhaps for metre) "*Antica*," instead of, as then usual, "the clear-eyed, childless Rachel," stood, not for Jacob's wife, but the type of contemplative piety, as opposed to the red-eyed Leah, mother of many sons, and the type of secular life?

When we consider that this typical language was no poetic licence, but the deliberate utterance of an age combining the greatest subtlety of thought with the crassest materialism in belief: when scholastic definitions of the undefinable, attempting to compass within the bounds of logic those things unseen, which can as yet

be discerned but by Faith and Hope, ended in mere verbal demonstration, void alike of thought and fact: when mystic visions aiming at intuitive contemplation of, and final absorption in, the Deity, resulted in inane contemplation and insane worship of Self: when the life and love of the working, suffering mass, unhallowed and unblessed by a religion too lofty for the laity, too ethereal for earthly ties—was yet subject to an ecclesiastical tyranny beginning at the cradle, and reaching beyond the grave: when God was feared as afar off, and the evil one as nigh at hand: when earth, sea, and sky were held as peopled by spirits, good and bad, wielding at their wild caprice the powers of nature and the fate of man: when we regard the extraordinary effects produced by a philosophy, in great part Neo-Platonic, the school of Alexandria shaped by Greek subtlety out of Eastern mysticism, last off-shoot of a dying antiquity, which, passing through and distorted by the hands of Jews and Arabs, was grafted on the vigorous but untutored nature of Northern nations, and received by them stamped and sealed by a Church holding the keys of heaven and hell, forbidding either progress or escape:—When we consider these circumstances—unique in the world's history—who can wonder at the wild, weird humour, fantastic and grotesque, of the Middle Ages, in which the extremes of awe and mockery, distortion and sublimity, the terrible and the ludicrous, sacred and profane, were displayed not only in varying degree in such forms as the miracle plays, Asses' Litany, Dance of Death, but expressed themselves especially and supremely in architecture in a richness of detail and immensity of design unknown to the calm beauty of the antique?

Is it then to be desired that all inequalities, national and individual, should be smoothed away, and men faultless as angels, changeless as cattle, should duplicate and repeat each other? Far be it from Insipiens to wish for such a consummation, in which would be found for him no place—for the humorist no pastures green—no light and shade—no food for meditation and reflection. For in what but the glorious inconsequence of man's nature, always better or worse, never equal to itself and its ideal, does the everlasting charm of interest lie?—that which makes truth stranger than fiction, and man the proper study for mankind! What makes the individual's individuality? Assuredly, *not* the perfection of unerring virtue and unfailing wisdom, but that of his peculiar, very own, wherein each fails and differs from the ideal, perfect, Platonic man, whom none have seen and few would care to meet.

Let us distinguish. The owner of one dog will always claim

individuality for his trusty comrade, pointing to his devotion, sagacity, or inborn discretion and intelligence, or power of acquiring new ideas. But a wholesale dealer or retail vendor of dogs makes no such claim, knowing that in the same given circumstances each one will develop to perfection the qualities of his own race, not infringing on those of another. Thus what is hailed as a sign and wonder when seen in one alone, becomes a law of Nature when displayed in all.

Haud equidem credo quia sit divinitus illis
Ingenium.

How different with men, of whom no two were ever seen alike, as though Nature in shaping each began her task afresh, and out of the same clay moulded each time a different form! Whether this be the privilege of free will or the penalty of original sin let others wiser than Insipiens decide—for him the fact suffices.

Who then can possess the universal sympathy required of the humorist? To whom is it given to think with the great in mind, and feel with the lowly in heart?—to share the enthusiasm free from the narrowness of specialism?—to possess the width without the vagueness of speculation?—to respect and recognise the divine spark in spite of and through all disguises of ignorance and weakness?—apart from its greatness or littleness, to count each being as worthy of care and sympathy, because of its divine right to existence?—yielding sympathy while retaining judgment, acknowledging variety while revealing affinity?—excusing error, from no laxity of principle, but from that wider view which traces its cause to some half-mastered truth, calling not for contradiction but for completion? Who, in a word, can truly say, “Homo sum”?

May we point to Shakespeare, “mirror of mankind,” humorist because all else beside? That in him which French criticism so deeply deploras as a “*tache barbare*,” that mingling comedy in tragedy, what is it but the living life itself? Who that has passed through some living tragedy, but has seen its dignity sullied, yet enhanced, by contact and contrast with the mean and low? Again, Shakespeare, ever and everywhere the master, never, as did Pygmalion, falls down to worship his own creations, but, as if indifferent alike to their beauties and imperfections, bestows, like Nature, mother of us all, equal finish on heroes and on fools.

No such giant was Cervantes, who, designing to hold up Don Quixote to universal ridicule and scorn, was himself conquered by the captive knight, and as if unwillingly, almost unconsciously, the inverse of Shakespeare, portrayed tragedy in comedy, pathos in the

ludicrous, dignity in degradation, presenting in the Don and his faithful proverbial Sancho Panza a double and matchless picture of human strength in weakness and wisdom in folly.

Again, earnest Bunyan's humour is that of intense sympathy, both with the spiritual aspirations and earthly failings of human nature, expressed in a simple sublimity of language well befitting a people's book. Let it suffice to indicate one scene—the close of Christian's pilgrimage, where, told with the perfect art of instinctive nature, the mishap of poor Ignorance, so pathetic because so ignoble, so of the earth earthly, serves but to enhance the veiled glories of a scene impossible to describe, because eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into man's heart to imagine, perfection unsullied and unstained.

H. FORESTER.

TWO FLEMISH HEROES.

THE burghers of Bruges, "that quaint old Flemish city," recently invited the whole civilised world to witness the mediæval pageants by which they proposed to commemorate the patriotic heroism of two of their fellow citizens in the brave days of old. The exploits thus celebrated date from the earliest days of the fourteenth century. It was in the month of May, 1301, that Philip the Fair and his unsympathetic queen made a progress through Eastern Flanders, particularly with a view to judge for themselves of the fabled wealth and magnificence of Bruges and Ghent. Their reception in both cities was truly splendid as regards gorgeous street decorations, and the costly attire of the citizens' wives and daughters. In other respects it was of the most chilly and depressing character. Not a single glad shout or word of welcome went up from the assembled multitudes. Every voice was mute. The royal procession slowly paced onwards between two dense hedges of silent and sullen spectators. No sooner had Philip and his angry and vindictive consort issued from the gates of Bruges, than the people began to gather together in clusters, and to murmur at the frequent exactions and constant humiliation to which they were subjected. There moved to and fro, from one group to another, an insignificant, little old man, blind of one eye and shabbily dressed. This was Peter Conink, a weaver of humble extraction, and so illiterate that he knew not a word of the French language. In his own vernacular tongue, however, he expressed himself with a rude, powerful eloquence that roused his ordinarily phlegmatic fellow townsmen to enthusiasm, and for a time inspired them with the noblest resolves. His fervour carried away twenty-five heads of guilds, though it failed to make a favourable impression upon the magistrates, who were devoted to the French Court. Conink and his supporters were accordingly arrested and thrown into prison, whence they were speedily liberated by the indignant populace.

The newly appointed Governor, James de Châtillon, happened just then to be absent from his post, having accompanied the king

to the Château of Wynendael, and subsequently to Ypres and Béthune, where he received his first intelligence of the rioting at Bruges. He set out at once at the head of five hundred men-at-arms, but fearing that the gates might be closed against him, he halted at a short distance from the town until the nearest church-bell should announce that his partisans were in possession of the gate by which he proposed to enter. A rumour, however, had preceded him to the effect that it was his intention to abolish the charter of the commune, so that all work was suspended, and the people stood to their arms. At the first sound of the bell the gates were all secured, the magistrates chased into the Bourg, and the most demonstrative leaders of the French party were either put to death or shut up in prison. The Governor thereupon patiently awaited the arrival of the reinforcements that were hurrying to join him under the command of his brother, the Count of St. Pol. A compromise was then effected, by virtue of which Conink and his associates were compelled to leave their native town. Châtillon's first act was to demolish the gates and throw the ramparts into the moat. This work being well advanced, he summoned the principal burghers to his presence, and informed them that they had forfeited the rights and privileges to which they attached so much importance. Having in vain appealed to the king, the citizens determined to vindicate their own cause and trust to themselves to redress their wrongs. At this critical moment Peter Conink suddenly reappeared amongst them, and so terrified the king's officers that they sought safety in flight. Going on to the ramparts he bade the workmen quit their unfinished task, and was at once obeyed. He was speedily joined by a man of wealth and local consideration, named John Breydel, a member of the Butchers' Guild, though not necessarily himself a butcher. A more aristocratic leader presently came on to the stage in the person of William of Juliers, who, eager to avenge the brutal treatment of his brother after the disastrous affair at Bulscamp in 1297, now exchanged the amice for the hauberk and became a captain of the host. The Count of Artois had lost a son at Bulscamp, and had avenged himself by causing the Count of Juliers, who commanded the Flemings, to be confined in a car over which floated the French fleurs-de-lis, and in that ignominious manner to be conveyed through France from town to town, till death released him from further shame and suffering.

In the beginning of the following year, 1302, William of Juliers captured Damme, which commanded the communications of Bruges with Sluys, at that time an important seaport. He also took and sacked the Château of Maele, the residence of the Counts of Flanders,

situated at a short distance from that town, and still, in a somewhat renovated form, one of the objects of local interest. Notwithstanding these bright and hopeful gleams of success, the men of Bruges once more lost heart and resolved to submit themselves to the will of the French monarch. Breydel and Conink were driven forth into immediate exile, but the less compromised were permitted to remain until May 16. It is stated that some 5,000 citizens took their departure by night for Damme and Ardenberg, and the banks of the Zwyn, the little stream that scoured and formed the harbour of Sluys. James de Châtillon re-entered Bruges on the 17th, but instead of being attended by only a small escort, as he had promised, he was accompanied by 1,700 knights and a considerable force of foot soldiers and archers. Complainants were refused a hearing; threats were uttered against the plunderers of the Governor's château at Maele; and it was even reported that gibbets were about to be erected, from which the most popular burghers would very shortly be suspended.

Intelligence of these dismal forebodings was hastily conveyed to the exiles, who were entreated to present themselves at the nearest gates before break of day. The summons was obeyed without hesitation. As the result of a hasty council held near the neighbouring church of Ste. Croix, 1,600 men were posted at different gates to cut off the escape of the French garrison, while the majority of the banished patriots massed themselves into two divisions, under the respective leadership of Breydel and Conink. The former conducted his column across the half-filled ditches, and advanced rapidly towards the mansion occupied by the Governor, while Conink marched through the Ste. Croix gate and occupied the market place, with shouts of "*Schilt ende Vriendt*"—"Shields and Friends." The French knights, startled from sleep, rushed into the streets separately and half-armed, and were straightway cut down or bludgeoned to death. Châtillon's charger fell pierced with arrows, and his rider was glad to find a temporary asylum till nightfall, which he shared with the terrified Chancellor Peter Flotte, a man detested by the Flemings. The frenzied citizens gave no quarter. They searched every house from floor to attic, and slew every Frenchman they discovered trying to conceal himself. The only attempt at resistance was made on the market place, where the valiant Walter de Sapignies rallied a small band of brave men, who defended themselves with the courage of despair till overcome and borne down by overwhelming numbers. As for the horsemen and foot soldiers, who threw away their arms and vainly strove to pronounce the shibboleth war-cry, they were simply massacred like sheep in the shambles. It is estimated that 1,800

Frenchmen perished in the Bruges Matins on that fatal Friday, May 18, 1302. Such was the episode that the Bruges burghers commemorated on August 18 of the present year. A more imposing event, however, was held in patriotic remembrance four days later.

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Peter Flotte having rashly registered a vow that nothing should induce him to turn his back upon Flanders until he had avenged the terror struck into him at the Bruges Matins, it devolved upon James of Châtillon to carry the news of his own discomfiture to Paris. Nothing could exceed the access of fury with which Philip the Fair listened to the tale of outrage and disaster, but he lost no time in idle menaces and recriminations. Without delay he commanded the Count of Artois to issue a royal proclamation summoning the entire military force of the kingdom to assemble on the Flemish frontier. In the meantime Raoul of Nesle had attempted to relieve Cassel, held by John of Haneskerke, a partisan of France, and besieged by William of Juliers, but was compelled to await the arrival of the Count of Artois, whom he subsequently joined under the walls of Courtrai. Guy of Namur had in the meantime entered Bruges amid the joyous acclamations of all classes, and taken up the reins of government that had fallen to the ground. Having settled administrative affairs, he marched forth at the head of the Bruges militia against the fortified town of Courtrai, held by the Châtelain of Lens, a brave knight who had escaped from the massacre of May 18. Guy of Namur was speedily reinforced by William of Juliers, whereupon the two patriot commanders proceeded to marshal their undisciplined host in the plain of Groeninghen. This was a low table-land, bounded on the north by the River Lys, on the west by the moat of the citadel of Courtrai, and on the south and east by a little stream that flowed into the Lys. In the front rank stood the sturdy militia of Bruges under the immediate leadership of John Breydel and Peter Conink. Each guild formed a compact band, distinguished by the peculiar colour of their garb, whether blue or yellow, or white with a red cross in front. All were well armed, and resolved to win or die—there was, indeed, no other alternative. None were of fiercer aspect or more determined at heart than the men of the Franc of Bruges,¹ who had been reduced well nigh to serfdom by James of Châtillon. Half naked, but with heads borne proudly aloft, their limbs robust and muscular, brandish-

¹ The Franc of Bruges was a strip of territory bordering on the sea coast, inhabited by a rude, uncouth people, and comprising the bailiwicks of Bourbourg, Bergues, St. Winoc, and Furnes, and also the towns of Dunkirk and Gravelines.

ing their ancestral iron-bound, sharp pointed staves, called *scharmsax*, these savage warriors demanded the battle with loud outcries.

The Flemish aristocracy sided for the most part with the burghers. From Ypres there came 500 militia dressed in red, and 700 archers with black corselets; from Ghent 700 citizens eager for the fray, who had defied the prohibition of their magistrates; and on the eve of the conflict 600 men-at-arms from the marquisate of Namur. Many volunteers also arrived from Germany, Zealand, Hainault, and Brabant, and swelled the Flemish host to 20,000 resolute but undisciplined citizens. The French army was in every respect immeasurably superior. It comprised 7,500 knights, 10,000 bowmen, and 30,000 foot soldiers—in themselves, if properly handled, more than a match for the loosely organised militia of Flanders. Under the Royal banner were gathered knights and nobles from all parts of Europe, especially from Spain and Navarre. The famed archers of Lombardy had been engaged for this campaign, while the infantry were said to have worn Tartar helmets. The Count of Artois set out from Lille on July 8, assured of obtaining an easy victory and of speedily returning to Paris enriched with burgher spoils. A fleet had also sailed from Normandy in the hope of effecting a junction with a Dutch squadron, and of devastating the Flemish coast. It may suffice to state that all expectations of plunder were entirely disappointed. A considerable force under the command of Sohier of Courtrai and other patriot leaders baffled every attempt at disembarkation, and finally compelled Frenchmen and Dutchmen alike to seek their own shores.

A two days' march brought the French army within sight of Courtrai. The Count of Artois and his principal knights pitched their tents on a slight eminence called the Mossenberg, though afterwards better known as the Berg van Weelden, in consequence of a report having gone abroad that the French leaders wasted two days upon that hillock in idle revelry and inopportune festivities. Be that as it may, on the morning of Wednesday, July 11, 1302, the sun rose bright and clear, and shone upon a scene of varied animation. Twelve hundred of the men of Ypres undertook to mask the tower of Courtrai and repulse any attempt at a sortie on the part of the garrison, while the main body was drawn up, in crescent shape, behind broad, deep ditches partly concealed with boughs and brushwood. The burghers of Bruges constituted the right wing under the leadership of Guy of Namur, the left wing being formed of the Ghent citizens, and the fierce rabble rout from the Franc of Bruges, under the command of William of Juliers. To encourage their men

the two captains fought on foot, each grasping a *goedendag*, a long pike pointed with steel. The day was begun with prayer and fasting, followed by a light breakfast. Several men of mark, among whom were John Breydel and Peter Conink, with his two sons, then received the honour of knighthood, and vowed to show themselves worthy of the proud distinction conferred upon them.

Over against the Flemings the French army was arrayed in ten strong divisions or brigades, on the road to Tournai, and close to the Château of Mosschere. The first division consisted of 400 cavalry, in support of all the archers from Provence, Navarre, Spain, and Lombardy. In the second and third were posted 1,200 knights under Raoul and Guy of Nesle. Count Clermont with 800 knights constituted the fourth division, while the fifth comprised the Count of Artois and at least 1,000 knights, the flower of the French chivalry. Châtillon's unworthy brother, Guy Count of St. Pol, commanded 700 knights in the sixth "battle," and next in order came an overwhelming mass of 5,000 knights under such leaders as the Counts of Eu, Aumale, and Tancarville. The eighth division was appropriated to the German knights, and in like manner the ninth was filled with 800 knights from Brabant under Godfrey of Aerschot. The reserve of 200 knights, 10,000 cross-bowmen, and 30,000 foot soldiers, was assigned to James of Châtillon. This formidable host was guided by the owner of the lands on which it was encamped. William of Mosschere, Châtelain of Courtrai, was a traitor to his fatherland. As the price of a previous act of treason he had received from Raoul of Nesle lands that belonged to William van Arteveld, which he now hoped to increase by further baseness.

Omens were not wanting to complete the solemnity of the forthcoming contest. Pigeons fluttered trustingly over the heads of the Flemish patriots, while ravens croaked a dismal welcome to the chivalry of France. The Count of Artois, too, rose from his couch with an unwonted feeling of depression, which may not have been removed by the singular conduct of a tame she-wolf that suddenly sprang at his throat and strove hard to bite him. But a worse augury—as M. Kervyn de Lettenhove, from whose interesting "*Historie de Flandre*" this slight sketch is closely taken, justly observes—might have been drawn from his impatience to commence the battle, which recalled to the minds of his elder comrades the fatal mistake made at Mansourah, in Egypt, by the Count's father, the brother and companion of Louis IX., the Saint Louis of French historians. To indicate the Flemish position the Châtelain of Lens discharged burning arrows in the direction of the Abbey of Groe-

ninghen, and presently the Count was astonished to learn that instead of taking advantage of the opportunity to disperse afforded by his inaction, the Flemings stood in firm solid masses behind their earthworks, with their *goedendags* raised aloft. In vain did Godfrey of Brabant intreat the impetuous Prince to defer the attack until the morrow, by which time the Flemish militia would be either exhausted by want of food, or compelled to break up their gathering and retire to their homes. The Count would listen to no such counsels. He trusted to his overwhelming numbers, the superiority of his arms and armour, and to the immense weight in a charge of his splendid cavalry.

The action began by the advance of the Italian archers towards the position occupied by the handful of Flemish bowmen. Their arrows seemed to darken the atmosphere, and the Flemings were falling fast, when an impatient knight exclaimed that the churls would carry off the honours of the day and leave nothing to be done by men of gentle blood. The Italian quartermasters, however, besought the Count to wait yet a brief space until the Flemish ranks were broken and the poor shelter of their improvised ramparts abandoned. The Constable, Raoul of Nesle, whose daughter was married to William of Flanders, and who himself had always been indulgent and sympathetic as a ruler, added his voice to that of the Italian officers. "*Par le diable,*" shouted the Count, "*ce sont des conseils de Lombards, et vous, connétable, vous avez encore de la peau du loup.*" (The devil! this is money-changers' advice, and you, Constable, you have still some of the wolf's skin sticking to you!) "*Sire!*" Raoul angrily retorted, "*si vous allez là où j'irai, vous irez bien avant!*" (Sir, if you go where I am going you will go well to the front.) Upon that he drove in his spurs and dashed forward, closely followed by his knights, who rode down the Italian archers, and, moved by insensate jealousy, severed their bowstrings with their swords as they galloped past. The Flemish bowmen hastily fell back, while the French men-at-arms leaped their horses over the ill-constructed earthworks, and made lanes through the compact masses that held their ground, and plied their terrible *goedendags* with force and fury. William of Juliers was struck down by Raoul of Nesle, and his sturdy squire, John of Ghent, went down four times, but only to rise afresh and uphold the banner entrusted to him. Sohier Lancke and John of Reneste successfully defended the banner of Ghent against two valiant French knights. Just then the garrison of Courtrai made a desperate sortie, which was firmly met and quickly repulsed, though not without encouraging their own people and disheartening the

Flemings, many of whom took to flight, while their whole army was driven back in disorder upon the monastery of Groeninghen. Their destruction seemed imminent. Raising his eyes to heaven, Guy of Namur cried aloud : "*Sainte reine du ciel, secours-moi en ce péril !*" (Holy Queen of Heaven, succour me in this peril !) The Flemings at once rallied and renewed the fight. The French were driven back into the little stream, now trampled into a quagmire. Here the Constable was slain, refusing to render himself a prisoner. James of Châtillon, and many other gallant knights, were struck down from their chargers and pitilessly despatched. One alone threw himself on his knees and shrieked for mercy. For the first time in his life he had donned a coat of steel, and ridden forth in gaiety of heart to witness a brilliant victory. His prayers availed nothing. Philip's Chancellor, Peter Flotte, had no cause to expect mercy from the Flemings. William of Juliers, bathed in blood, had been led to the rear; but his noble-hearted squire, John of Ghent, clad himself in his master's armour, and, rushing to the front, inspired courage in all who heard his hearty shout, "William of Juliers still fights by your side!"

It was now nine o'clock and the Flemings still held their position, though in some confusion. Indignant at their sustained resistance, the Count of Artois called upon all true men to follow him, and rushed straightforward, though warned by a knight from Champagne that a wide, deep ditch crossed the way he was taking. Lifting his horse, the Count cleared the obstruction, and rode into a dense body of the Flemish militia. Snatching at the banner of Flanders, he seized it by the staff; but, leaning too much to one side, his foot slipped from the stirrup, and he was thrown out of the saddle by a lay-brother who had escaped from the Abbey of Ter Goest to take part in the great battle that was to save or enslave his fatherland. The Count's sword was quickly torn from his grasp. "*Je me rends, je me rends !*" he cried aloud; "*je suis le Comte d'Artois !*" (I yield, I yield, I am the Count of Artois.) The Flemings laughed at their fallen foe, and mockingly pretended they did not understand him. He was cruelly butchered before Guy of Namur, who wished to rescue him, could make his way through the throng. The French knights, ignorant of the fate of their leader, galloped wildly about the plain, shouting "Montjoie St. Denis!" and fell into the covered ditches, or became helplessly disorganised. They were ruthlessly slaughtered. Hardly an hour had elapsed since the Count of Artois headed his furious charge, and already his gallant comrades were lying dead upon the field, almost without having struck one good blow. Reproaching Saint Pol for his pusillanimity, the Count of Angoulême placed

himself at the head of the reserve and rode straight at the Flemish cavalry, who, headed by Guy of Namur and William of Juliers, had at length ventured across the little stream. The shock was irresistible. The Flemings were borne down horse and man, but the riders seem to have suffered less than their chargers, for a long list of applicants for the value of their steeds attested the survival of the fittest, and among them appears the name of John Breydel, who on that occasion served for the first time as a belted knight. The Count of Angoulême felt that the day was lost. He turned and fled from the field of carnage, but had been preceded by the Count of Saint Pol. Now assured of their victory, the Flemings descended into the marshy ground where the battle had begun, and there slew, or rather slaughtered, upwards of 12,000 French foot soldiers, forsaken by their natural leaders. From this massacre the morass obtained the name of the Bloed Meersch. The knights, who, after this, gave up their swords, were held to ransom, unless they proved to be Flemings devoted to the French Court, in which case they were put to death upon the spot. Such was the fate of William of Mosschere, who was overtaken and made prisoner. Throwing himself on his knees, the wretched man vowed allegiance thenceforth to Guy of Namur, but was led away to the foot of the eminence crowned by his castellated mansion, and there done to death. The Brabant knights fared no better than their Flemish associates, and in vain raised the cry of "*Schilt ende Vriendt*," in the hope of deceiving their captors, or of attesting a common language.

Exulting in their unexpected triumph, the Flemish burghers rushed to the Mossenberg, and, though not unused to a gorgeous if rude magnificence in their own homes, were struck with astonishment at the artistic wealth which beautified every tent. The men of the Franc of Bruges especially busied themselves in the work of spoliation, and, if they did not permanently enrich themselves, made sad havoc with the objects of art and luxury exposed everywhere to view. The golden spurs collected on the battlefield were measured by the bushel, and by Flemish writers the affair was long commemorated as the Day of Spurs—not to be confounded, however, with the Battle of Spurs, won by Henry VIII. and the Emperor Maximilian, in 1513, when the French knights plied their spurs in flight with such extraordinary vigour. The banners of the slain or fugitive knights and barons were collected in huge bundles and planted in front of the citadel of Courtrai. The Châtelain de Lens, however, obtained very generous terms and marched out, while Guy of Namur

and William of Juliers, exhausted by their unwonted exertions, still slept soundly in their armour. When at last they roused themselves, they were accosted by a monk of Oudenarde, who humbly intreated permission to inter the body of the Count of Artois. For a time William of Juliers passionately refused his consent, exclaiming, "I will treat him as he treated my brother!" But a better feeling gradually possessed him, and an honourable burial was accorded in Groeninghen church to the Counts of Artois, Eu, Aumale, Tancarville, and many other valiant warriors. The pursuit was kept up for two leagues. The Counts of Angoulême and Boulogne were content to take refuge at Lille, while the Count of St. Pol sought safety in Tournai, but found the gates closed against him. "From the top of the towers of our monastery," wrote Gilles le Muisis, abbot of St. Martin of Tournai, "we could see the French fleeing along the roads and across fields and hedges in such numbers that, unless one had witnessed the sight, it would have been impossible to credit it. In the suburbs of our town and in the neighbouring villages, there was such a multitude of knights and men-at-arms, tortured by hunger, that it was horrible to behold. They gave their armour for a morsel of bread, but most of them shook so violently that their terror prevented them from carrying the food to their mouths." It might have been more charitable and probably nearer the truth had physical prostration, rather than fear, been held answerable for that painful trembling of the limbs. Be that as it may, a few words hurriedly traced on a scrap of parchment stained with the writer's blood were the first intimation that reached Philip the Fair of the disastrous result of the battle of Courtrai, fought on July 11, 1302. It may be doubted, however, if it is a wise or kindly proceeding to re-erect trophies that have long since fallen into ruin and forgetfulness.

JAMES HUTTON.

THE PLAY BILL: ITS ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT.

IN a well-known and often quoted passage, Elia has explained the almost magical power of an old play bill in calling up the evanescent images of players, and what they have played. "The casual sight of an old play bill," he says, "which I picked up the other day—I know not by what chance it was preserved so long—tempts me to call to mind a few of the players who make the principal figure in it. There is something very touching in these old remembrances. They make us think how we men used to read a play bill—not as now, peradventure, singling out a favourite performer and casting a negligent eye over the rest; but spelling out every name, down to the very mutes and servants of the scene; when it was a matter of no small moment to us whether Whitfield or Parker took the part of Fabian. . . . 'Orsino by Mr. Barrymore!' What a full Shakespearean sound it carried! How fresh to memory arise the memory and the image of the gentle actor!"

It is difficult in our practical time to appreciate this almost tender form of reminiscence, thus associated with an old bill, and this may be owing to the fact that actors are no longer so intimately connected with the characters they play. Characters were then of a standard, imperishable sort, that developed as they were played, and could be played with an infinite variety. Now we have mere outlines or sketches cut out in profile on the stage, about as bald as the names we read in our bill. The "casual sight," however, of a play bill, belonging say to the old Haymarket days, does awaken some of these pleasing slumbering memories, accompanied by a fond romantic interest; as when in ebony black characters richly glistening we read the names, "Mr. Buckstone," or "Mrs. Fitzwilliam," with their faithful, steady servitors, Braid, Clark, "Little Clark;" for then "it was a matter of no small moment" which of the party undertook the characters. To "go to the Haymarket" in those days of few and scattered theatres was a serious event; the play itself, with the quips and cranks of the one humorous being who carried all on his shoulders,

was a contribution to our life. The old rustling crumpled bill—of thinnest paper—glistening in its rich ebony type, still seems to give forth the scent of the orange peel and the curious flavour of the lobbies; the lamps are lit once more, the music plays, and as the time of “half-price” is gone more than an hour, we hear the inimitable, indescribable Buckstonian cackle at the wing.

The transformations in shape and size undergone by the play bill during the past two hundred years are not the result of caprice, fancy, or experiment; they really exhibit “the form and pressure of the time,” to use Shakespeare’s forcible phrase. An ingenious person might, indeed, evolve a sort of “history of the audience” from a perfect descending series, much as Cuvier or Owen might have reconstructed a skeleton from a single bone. There is something in these transformations akin to the varying shapes assumed by national costume; hats and bonnets and clothes lengthening or shortening, until the contrast between the first shape and the last, though altered imperceptibly, is almost startling. The “evolution” of the bill may be said to obey one of the Darwinian laws; as the audience and the conditions of the audience varies, so has the bill varied. These influences it is easy to trace in the entertainment itself, the characters of the audience, and the fashion in which they were enabled to follow the performance.

Old play bills, like everything that is “collectable,” have now become objects of value and desire to the amateur. An early bill of Garrick’s fetches from one to two guineas in the market, while a series of bills carried on without break for many years will sell for a great deal of money. There are collectors who possess a vast quantity of these treasures, and there is one London amateur who is said to be the happy owner of a nearly complete series of the Garrick bills.

The Museum is not well stored in this important department, but what it possesses is not even catalogued. The value of such documents in an historical sense is more important than might be supposed. Mr. Thackeray, when investigating a point in Sterne’s history, turned to the newspapers of the time to find what piece was performed on a particular night, these being regularly announced in the morning. But the laborious Geneste, the great diarist of the stage, tells us that such announcements are worthless—the piece having repeatedly to be changed when the night arrived. The bill therefore is the best evidence, and from bills he chiefly made his record.

It would be an interesting inquiry to ascertain which is the oldest bill now in existence. In the Museum none are older than Garrick’s

time. Mr. Payne Collier had collected many interesting allusions to bills from old writers of the Elizabethan days, but it does not appear to have struck him that these early specimens were simply placards or announcements. "A poster," as it is called, is one of the oldest and most familiar of theatrical terms, and few perhaps know that it owed its origin to the practice of affixing announcements to the ordinary "posts" of the road. To this there are allusions in the dramas of even the sixteenth century. Licences or monopolies were granted by the Stationers' Company and by King James I. for printing these *affiches*. These, however, as we have said, simply gave notice to the public, who would have been otherwise left in ignorance as to what play was to be performed, or the date of performance. It is difficult to discover when the regular play bill, containing the names of the characters and of the actors, first found its way into the audience's hands. A copy of the earliest is given by Mr. Collier, which when he wrote was still "extant," and was sold by auction with Mr. Bindley's papers.

By His Majesty's Company of Comedians.
AT THE NEW THEATRE IN DRURY LANE,
This day, being Thursday, April 8, 1663,
will be acted
A Comedy called

THE HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT.

THE KING	Mr. Winterset.
DEMETRIUS	Mr. Hart.
SELEVERS	Mr. Burt.
LEONTIUS	Major Mohun.
LIEUTENANT	Mr. Chun.
CELICE	Mrs. Marshall.

The Play will be given at Three o'clock exactly.

Boxes 4s. Pit 2s. 6d. Middle Gallery 1s. 6d. Upper Gallery 1s.

This is most likely to have been a bill for the use of the audience, as it is issued on the day of the performance. It is wonderful to think of this worn scrap of paper having survived for two hundred and twenty-four years, and having escaped being made into a curl-paper or a "spill."

But at this moment there is before the writer a bill of much interest, and which is probably unique—an undoubted specimen of the original "poster," as it was exhibited at the beginning of the last century. It is a small oblong sheet, about a foot long by half a foot broad, headed by a very flamboyant display of the royal arms, with nymphs and gods blowing trumpets in a spirited style. Underneath, in bold well-displayed characters, runs this proclamation :

AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE IN THE HAYMARKET.
To-morrow, being Tuesday, the 6th November, 1705,
will be presented a New Comedy
called

THE CONFEDERACY.

[*This in red letters.*]

With several Entertainments of DANCING, by the famous Monsieur DEBARQUES
and others, newly arrived from Paris.

[*in black*]

Boxes Five Shillings. Pit Three Shillings. First Gallery Two Shillings.
No money to be returned after the Curtain is drawn up. Begins exactly at
Five of the Clock.

By Her Majesty's Servants.

VIVAT REGINA.

This antique bill is among the curios of the Garrick Club. A theatrical habitué named Nixon, "who hung loose" upon the theatre, had known Garrick, and sketched him in character, made a collection of all the bills, cuttings, criticisms, portraits, caricatures, &c., which he had encountered in his pleasant course. These form three portly quartos, and in their way offer a most interesting *coup d'œil* of the stage for over two hundred years. The bills in particular, of which there is a vast number, are of singular rarity, and call up for us many a "first night" and first appearance, while the sketches taken on the spot—such as that of Young Betty and Garrick as Abel Druggier—give the whole a vitality. Another bill, about the date of George I., exhibits one more ingenious arrangement for conciliating the pretensions of rival performers. This may be styled the grouping system.

In old bills we find some curious suggestions towards the history of the stage, such as that the comedians were still "His Majesty's," and depended on his nod, according to their behaviour—with his command "that no one should be admitted behind the scenes," and also the implied abuse of claiming the return of the admission money after seeing only a portion of the performance. Here appears "Mr. Miller"—the famous Joseph, of jest-book memory.

When Garrick first appeared the play bill had taken the shape of a piece of paper about ten inches long by six wide, a very convenient form. The theatres not being brilliantly illuminated, the bill was nearly all printed in capitals of varying size, and was therefore clear and legible enough. This satisfactory form held its ground until close upon the end of the century.

Some fifty years ago a gentleman was fortunate enough to possess a copy of the bill of Garrick's first appearance, which he reprinted for his friends. Even this reprint it would be difficult to procure now.

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October 19, 1741.

GOODMAN'S FIELDS.

At the Theatre in Goodman's Fields, this day
will be performed,

A Concert of Vocal and Instrumental Music
DIVIDED INTO TWO PARTS.

Tickets at Three, Two, and One Shilling.

Places for the Boxes to be taken at the Fleece Tavern, near the Theatre.

N.B.—Between the Two Parts of the Concert will be presented an
Historical Play, called the

LIFE AND DEATH OF KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

Containing the Distresses of King Henry VI.,

The artful acquisition of the Crown by King Richard,

The murder of Young King Edward V. and his Brother in the Tower,

THE LANDING OF THE EARL OF RICHMOND,

And the Death of King Richard, in the memorable Battle of

Bosworth Field, being the last that was fought between

the Houses of York and Lancaster ; with many
other true Historical Passages.¹

The Part of King Richard, by a GENTLEMAN

(Who never appeared on any Stage).

King Henry, by Mr. Giffard ; *Richmond*, Mr. Marshall ; *Prince Edward*,
by Miss Hippisley ; *Duke of York*, Miss Naylor ; *Duke of Buckingham*, Mr.
Paterson ; *Duke of Norfolk*, Mr. Blades ; *Lord Stanley*, Mr. Paget ; *Oxford*, Mr.
Vaughan ; *Tressel*, Mr. W. Giffard ; *Catesby*, Mr. Marr ; *Radcliff*, Mr. Crofts ;
Blunt Mr. Naylor ; *Tyrrel*, Mr. Puttenham ; *Lord Mayor*, Mr. Dunstall ; *The*
Queen, Mrs. Steel ; *Duchess of York*, Mrs. Yates.

And the Part of Lady Anne

By Mrs. GIFFARD.

With Entertainments of Dancing,

By Messrs. Frower, Madame Duval,

And the two Masters and

Miss Grainer.

To which will be added

A Ballad Opera of One Act, called

THE VIRGIN UNMASKED.

The part of Lucy by Miss Hippisley.

Both of which will be performed

Gratis by persons for

their diversion.

The Concert will begin exactly at Six o'clock.

¹ Shakespeare was invariably treated in this style, and a "sensational" account given of the plot in advance. Thus, when Mrs. Siddons appeared as Cordelia :—

"KING LEAR AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS,

"Written by Shakspeare.

"Containing the good old King's division of the Crown between his three daughters—the ambition of the bastard Edmund—the flight and feigned madness of the virtuous Edgar—the base ingratitude of the old King's two daughters, Goneril and Regan—the piety and virtue of his youngest daughter

This illustrates what has been said as to the bill furnishing a contribution to the history of the stage. The concert only was charged for, while the dramas were given "gratis," which betokens a stormy chapter in stage annals, it being held that as these outlying houses had no patent they could not perform stage plays. The concealment of the performer's name—"by a Gentleman"—is significant of an interesting and touching passage in Garrick's life, his well-known struggle between family pride, the opposition of relatives, and his own instinct that he was certain of success. The name of Shakespeare, it will be noticed, is not mentioned, but the play is set off and the appetite piqued by those sensational headings, "the artful acquisition of the Crown," "murder of young King Edward," to which "transpontine," and cispontine, too, managers of our time are still partial.

Here, too, can be noted the beginnings of that display of histrionic vanity which craved for recognition of theatrical position and precedence, and was required to be conveyed somehow by the bill. It was contrived, where there were two performers of almost equal merit, to give both the same position, viz., by making the head or foot of the bill places of equal value. Thus one player might lead off thus: "the part of Richard by Mr. —," which was followed by the string of inferior players, then by a wide blank and distinct paragraph:—

And the part of LADY ANNE
By Mrs. Giffard.

This little "and" has a significance of its own; it seemed to bid a vulgar crowd "clear out of the way" and let the great one come on. This was known in stage parlance as "distinguishing characters," and it is amusing to find how soon the abuse was developed and every actor sought to be "distinguished." A device had to be introduced of making them more or less "distinguished" according to the type, which was done by introducing graduated capitals. The play bill at last became quite hierarchical, and we could almost divine the scale of salary according to the size of the capitals used. "Latterly," says the quaint old prompter Chetwood, "I can assure my readers I have found it a difficult task to satisfy some ladies as well as gentlemen, because I could not find letters large enough to please

Cordelia—her love for Edgar—the distress, sorrow, and frenzy of the poor King who was turned out in the night to wander by the barbarity of his children—the loyalty of the good Duke of Gloster—the loss of his eyes by the inhuman sentence of Regan's husband—the war raised by Cordelia to restore her unhappy father—their defeat and imprisonment—the old King's sudden restoration, and the just punishment of vice and reward of virtue."

them ; and some were so fond of elbow room that they would have shoved everybody out but themselves."

Here is a fair specimen showing how contending claims were conciliated. One Dyer, a player of the third rank, was taking his benefit and thus set out his programme :—

For the benefit of Mr. DYER.
THEATRE ROYAL in *Covent Garden*,
This present *Thursday*, being the 8th of *April*, 1756.
MACBETH.

Macbeth by Mr. BARRY,
Macduff by Mr. DYER,
King by Mr. GIBSON.

<i>Malcolm</i> by Mr. ANDERSON,	}	<i>Seyward</i> by Mr. WHITE,
<i>Donalbain</i> by Mr. BENNETT,		<i>Doctor</i> by Mr. WIGNEL,
<i>Seyton</i> by Mr. REDMAN,		<i>Fleance</i> by Miss MULLART,

Banquo by Mr. SPARKS,
Lenox by Mr. RIDOUT,
Hecate by Mr. ARTHUR,

1st *Murderer* by Mr. BENCRAFT, 2d *Murderer* by Mr. MARTEN,
Witches by *Mr. Collins*, *Mr. Dunstall*, and *Mr. Cushing*,
Lady Macduff by Mrs. BARRINGTON,
Lady Macbeth

By Mrs. WOFFINGTON,
With the Original MUSICK.

The *Vocal Parts* by *Mr. Lotze*, *Mr. Howard*, *Mr. Legg*, *Mr. Baker*, *Mr. Roberts*, *Mrs. Lampe*, *Mrs. Chambers*, *Miss Young*, *Mrs. Vincent*, and Others.

And the *Dances* and *Decorations* incident to the PLAY.

Likewise, The *Pingalian Dance*
By Miss HILLIARD and Others.
And Les *Statues Animées*

By Mons. GUERIN, Mad. CAPDEVILLE, &c.

To which will be added a Dramatic Piece [*never acted but once*] call'd
The *Frenchified* LADY never in *Paris*.

Taken from DRYDEN and COLLEY CIBBER, Poets-Laureat.

The part of the *Frenchified* Lady
By Mrs. WOFFINGTON.

Boxes 5s. Pit 3s. First Gallery 2s. Upper Gallery 1s.
On Saturday, ALEXANDER the Great.

Here all the arts of type are exhausted to furnish "distinction." Mr. Barry enjoys the largest capitals, Sparks, Dyer, and Gibson come next ; Anderson *e tutti quanti* follow in their more dwindled degree, while poor Collins, Dunstall, and Cushing are forced into shabby italics. But if Barry comes first, arranged in the largest "caps," Mrs. Woffington, coming last, is compensated by being "displayed," that is, spread out over the whole width of the page. These

absurdities make one smile. The great Mossop, who was particular in such points, was once announced in Dublin, to his disgust, by a well-meaning manager, as "the notorious Mr. Mossop!"

The pleasant Dibdin has a pleasant, whimsical story connected with this weakness related to him by Lewis, the mercurial comedian. The latter had been engaged to play for six nights in some country town, and the local manager had posted bills with an enormous "Mr. LEWIS." One of the company—the worst actor, it was said—complained bitterly, and the London comedian contrived this jest for the next performance. All the actors' names appeared in exceedingly small type, Lewis's apart—and smallest of all—while the aggrieved hero was in enormous characters. This seemed so absurd, that he was covered with ridicule.

The bill as it appeared during the whole course of the century was a conveniently shaped, handy, and business-like document, printed in good bold type, and conveying exactly the information a bill ought to furnish. It is curious to find that the morning and evening papers, such as the *Public Ledger* and *London Chronicle*, simply reprinted the bill at length with all the characters, giving also the announcements of the performances for future days, as was very necessary, for the play was changed nearly every night. This made it an advantage for the papers to have this information, which was of interest to the readers, and we find towards the end of the century the papers actually paying the theatres a yearly subsidy. Garrick received £150 a year; thus reversing the modern practice.

When John Kemble was appointed acting manager of Drury Lane in 1785, this sensible and judicious actor determined upon an important reform in the bill. Feeling the complicated embarrassments which these refinements in arranging the position of the players led to, he boldly went back to the original principle that the proper order should be regulated by the rank of the character itself. When he came into office at Covent Garden in 1803, he introduced the same sensible system, which was generally adhered to during the remaining term of monopoly enjoyed by the two great patent houses.

With the beginning of the present century, however, some important changes began to be observed in the character of the bill. It had grown larger and narrower, the paper was thinner, and of a sort of greenish-grey tint. Here we trace the influence of change in the character of the performances. Sentimental melodramas, such as "Pizarro," "Tekeli, or the Siege of Montgatz," introducing processions, horses, conflagrations, had come into fashion, and the managers had

found out that unless they fell into raptures over what they had prepared, and were lost in astonishment in the bill itself, the public would not be roused. They also felt bound to enumerate all they had done in the way of preparation, else they would not get credit for it in the exhibition. This is founded on the grand dramatic principle once laid down by an old and experienced stage-manager when advising a dramatist: "First," he said, "you must tell your audience what you are going to do; when it is done, you must tell them that you have done it; and then they will *begin* to understand what is going on." This is not complimentary to the intelligence of the public, but it fairly expresses a useful truth. Early, therefore, in the century we find all the bills beginning to proclaim that there is "entirely new music, new scenery, machinery, dresses, and decoration." Hook the elder's opera, "*Tekeli*," was produced in 1806; we are told that even "the new dresses were executed by and under the direction of Miss, &c."; just as we are nowadays informed of "Madame Alias's" creditable exertions in the same department.

What with the introductory piece and the melodrama that followed, the long list of characters, the allotting of their due credit to unseen performers, to say nothing of the announced programme for future nights, the bill had become the manager's rather than the actor's bill. The scenery, machinery, and dresses became important, and therefore the old hierarchy disappeared.

But the highest development of this kind of flourishing was reserved for the days of Elliston, a delightful being not yet properly appreciated, though Charles Lamb has in his inimitable way expounded his character. In 1819 this singular person took over the direction of Drury Lane, and then set in the reign of speeches, spectacles, and the most amazing *communiqués*. No ordinary bill could be sufficient to contain his flourishings. It accordingly expanded in length and often ran over into a second page. The bill was now printed on the long familiar "silver," or tissue paper—a necessity, since such an allowance would be too bulky and inconvenient if made of thick material. Red ink was introduced freely, with index hands, notes of admiration, and other devices to attract the eye.

Kean, in his engagement with Elliston in 1808, had stipulated that his name should be advertised in the bills in large letters, at which that worthy actor Downton was much disgusted. He entreated Elliston not to "insult them all by continuing this arrangement." He was infinitely shocked to find himself heralded in this objectionable fashion, and wrote this warm protest: "I am

sorry you have done this. You know well what I mean—this cursed quackery, these big letters ! There is a want of respectability about it ; or rather, a notoriety, which gives one the feeling of some absconded felon, against whom a hue and cry is made public. Or, if there be really any advantage in it, why should I, or any single individual, take it over the rest of our brethren ? But it has a nasty, disreputable look, and I have fancied the whole day the finger of the town pointed at me, as much as to say, ‘That is he—now for the reward !’” By an odd accident Kean’s name appeared in this very bill in small letters, which excited his fury, and an “attorney’s letter” was despatched to the manager. Apologies were made, and Elliston’s management was henceforth to be conspicuous for the wildest bills, and extravagances both of phrase and form. It will be interesting to give some specimens of these freaks.

He began in December 1819, when the audience were told that “this Theatre is proceeding in a general course of substantial success, and with the constant approbation of audiences. The management from the commencement has abstained from any system of embellishment in its announcements, and it is intended to continue doing so.” When “King Lear” was produced, “nothing on the British stage has been *more powerful*: reiterated peals of applause accompanied the whole performance, and, under the impression that this tragedy will be a source of delight to the public, it is announced for performance every evening until further notice.” Later—“The public opinion seems to have decided that his (Kean’s) delineation of the aged monarch is his masterpiece ; the pit was again filled in ten minutes, and the boxes are now taking rapidly for the next twenty nights.”

“King Lear is in the greatest request, *but the novelties must be produced*. The tragedy therefore will be laid aside.”

“The enthusiasm which has attended Mr. Kean’s performances seemed, yesterday evening, if possible to be increased. The pit and gallery overflowed before the rising of the curtain, and the boxes displayed nearly the whole of the fashionable part of the town. The applause at the conclusion was so tumultuous, that the proprietor was authorised to repeat it this evening ; but he would not interrupt *the general advertisement*, nor does he in any instance mean to do so.”

“*This Theatre overflows every night*. The patentees cannot condescend to enter into a competition of scurrility, which is only fitted

for minor theatres ; any *gasconade* can only be supposed to be caused by cunning or poverty."

• • • • •
"Not a seat could be had in the pit ten minutes after the doors were open." With the genuine crowds that attended, every seat was of course valuable. But our great manager could not suspend the free list in the ordinary way. He proclaimed in his bill that "Under the apprehension that the immortal Shakespeare may meet with opponents, the proprietor begs leave to announce that it is his duty, for the interest and protection of the property committed to his care, that the *free list* should be suspended during the performance of 'King Lear.'" As this step excited murmurs, he attenuated its force with these characteristic apologies. "The suspension of the free list *no longer* exists. The experiment has been tried, and having entirely succeeded, will be adopted on future occasions. To do a great right a little disappointment has to be endured. It is hoped that those *gentlemen, whether authors, artists, or friends*, will consider this exclusion to have been absolutely necessary *to defend the property from the machinations of designing persons*." Elliston was fond of these dark allusions. Having engaged Miss Wilson, a singer of reputation, he thus acclaims her performance. "The unbiassed opinion of one of the most brilliant, overflowing, and admiring audiences that ever graced a Theatre Royal, and the enthusiastic fervour that accompanied the opera through all the characters, justify the proprietor in congratulating a musical world on this vast accession of talent."

• • • • •
"The enthusiasm which has been manifested on the appearance of Miss Wilson (*pupil of T. Welsh*) is beyond every former precedent. The general voice has decided upon her merits, and has demonstrated itself in applause of the most genuine and exhilarating fervour. *Not an order has been or will be given by the manager*. The public decision was therefore unbiassed, and the admiration of the united talent engaged is confirmed by a *demand for places*."

"Miss Wilson continues her triumphant career, and the whole company have produced an effect, *and a demand for places*, unequalled in the annals of the stage."

• • • • •
"*It is an absolute fact*, that at the moment there are more than THREE THOUSAND places taken of Mr. Rodwell, the Box Keeper."

Of "Love in a Village" he writes : "Without modestly advertising the days of Garrick, the manager trusts that his present and future

efforts will, without any *temporary gasconade of the non-admission of orders*, be uniformly successful to the end of the season." As we have seen, he had been lavish in this very "temporary gasconade" of the non-admission of orders.

"'Mother and Son' met with a reception honourable to the industry, as it is hoped, of the establishment. It depended on the best basis, a powerful natural effect on the feelings of the audience, and is considered by the manager of the Theatre (*perhaps solely*), the best medium to the real patronage of the public." This last sentence, with its mysteriously underlined "*perhaps solely*," is deliciously Ellistonian.

These specimens show what was the "great manner" of Elliston, even in his bills, and which so "arried" his friend, Charles Lamb.

When he was ejected from Drury Lane and had retired to the Surrey, a fallen Diocletian, he condescended to exhibiting performing dogs, &c. Yet, with what a dignity he could invest these creatures! In his bills—truly Ellistonian—"In consequence of the extraordinary excitement into which the public mind has been thrown in respect of the two dogs, *Gelert* and *Victor*, now under engagement at the Surrey Theatre, and exhibiting nightly instances of sagacity—it might almost be said reasoning powers—Mr. Elliston offers no objection to respectable parties visiting the animals between the hours of one and three of the afternoon. Mr. Elliston requests that the parties who may thus honour his establishment at the time above stated, will insert their names in a book left for that purpose at the stage entrance."

This is worthy of study, as being one of the characteristics of his effusions; like his inimitable speech to George IV., who was gravely assuring him of his patronage: "If your Majesty *be loyal to me*, I am certain to succeed"—a salient delicious memoir of the relation between king and subject.

The long silver-paper bill, with its rich lamp-black, which came off so invariably on the white kid glove, continued in vogue until the middle of the present century. It may be said to have gone out when the stalls came in. The old tissue bill reposed conveniently on the cushion of the box, but the stall was embarrassed what to do with this long shred of paper, so the tissue bill gave place to a neatly printed sheet of note paper. Then set in quite a new development, embracing every fantastic variation of size, shape, and colour. At one period, about the year 1878, a printer of programmes, named Aubert, "farmed" all the theatres in London, and every bill was of the same pattern, an embossed sheet of paper, highly scented. There was a monotony in this, which speedily vanished in favour of other forms. Then came the grey folding card patronised by the St. James's and Court Theatre. Enterprising managers, such as Mr.

John Hollingshead, discovered how to combine business with pleasure, and expanding the bill into a double sheet, filled it with advertisements of all kinds, which were much more prominent than the list of characters. Then it grew into Bath post size, with larger type, as there were, and are still, loud complaints of illegibility. Mr. Irving's bill at the Lyceum has been of the same character since he took the direction, and nothing can be more simple or elegant than the buff-toned paper, contrasted with the brown colour of the type. Of late, too, colour printing and illustrations have been introduced, and nearly the whole series of the Savoy operas have been thus set off in little cardboard booklets, with rich and artistic views of the scenes and characters. They form an elegant and desirable little collection and record, as the likenesses are good.

There arises a nice and oft-repeated question connected with the play bill, as to whether the audience is entitled to receive them gratis. This is being solved by managers having to yield to pressure and competition. And no doubt, as a matter of grace, it is as well that the audience should have their list of characters and performers without cost. But the real point at issue was disguised, which was the excessive shillings and sixpences which were extracted for what was only worth a penny. Under the reign of Mr. Chatterton, who had so many theatres under his rule, this, with the charge for cloaks and coats, for the boxkeeper, &c., became oppressive, the unlucky visitor having to pay toll at every turn. But this was soon found to be the equivalent to killing the play-going "goose."

Many writers have expatiated on the miseries of the country or strolling actor of the old days, their having to break their fast on a raw turnip, and to accept a share of the "candle ends" in lieu of salary. Some of these, who later on became eminent, have had to content themselves with bills written in a rude scrawl, not being able to afford the cost of print. The piteous story of Edmund Kean is familiar enough; the more piteous on account of his long and almost hopeless struggle to get his great talent recognised. The writer possesses one of these hapless evidences of poverty—a MS. bill written on a piece of dirty frayed paper, four or five inches square. It runs thus:—

THEATRE, BURFORD.

On Wednesday, June 8th,

Will be acted,

SPEED THE PLOUGH.

Several favourite songs.

To which will be added

BARNABY BRITTLE.

Boxes 3s.

Pit 2s.

Gallery 1s.

To begin at 7 o'clock.

This is endorsed by Mr. Woolgar: "Kean's writing, when a strolling actor; given me by his mother, Mrs. Phoebe Carey, at Gosport, Hants, in 1829."

In contrast with which is another bill (also in the writer's possession), which betokens the turn of the tide and brilliant change of fortune, and the story of the emissary from Drury Lane coming down to the humble Dorchester Theatre and making the engagement which led to fame. Here is the bill of his last night in that town—unique and certainly a curiosity.

Benefit of Mr. KEAN,
and last night of his performing

(*German Text*) THEATRE, DORCHESTER.

On Monday Evening, 29 November, 1813,
Will be presented the favourite COMEDY of the

MERCHANT OF VENICE,

Or the Cruel Jew.

Anthonio . (The Merchant).....	Mr. HALLAM.
Bassanio . Mr. HERBERT LEE.	Gratiano . Mr. LEE.
Old Gobbo . Mr. LLOYD.	Launcelot Gobbo . Mr WILLIS,
Lorenzo . Mr. HEWITT.	Solanio . Miss S. BENCE.
Tubal . Mr. Hearn.	

and S H Y L O C K.....Mr. KEAN,
In which character he makes his début in the Theatre Royal
Drury Lane.

Jessica . Mrs. Hearn	Nerissa . Miss Bence.
and PORTIA.....	Mrs. CLIFFORD,

At the end of the play Mr. KEAN will give his imitations of the London actors,
as delivered by him before their Majesties at FROGMORE FETE.

Mr. KEMBLE, as Cardinal Wolsey.	Mr. BARRYMORE, as Earl Osmond.
Mr. COOK, as Richard III.	The YOUNG ROSCIUS.
Mr. MELEDON, as the Quaker.	Mr. MUNDEN, as Sir Abel Handy.
Mr. BRATRAM, as Orlando.	Mr. FAWRETT, as Caleb Quotem.

A Song by Mr. CLIFFORD.

The Duet of "All's Well" by Mr. CLIFFORD and Mr. KEAN.

To which will be added a Farce called

OF AGE TO-MORROW.

Frederic Mr. KEAN.
&c.

Doors open at half-past Five, begin half-past Six o'clock.

Boxes 3s. Pit 2s. Gallery 1s. Second Account

Half-past Eight,

Boxes 2s. Pit 1s. 6d.

Days of performing, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

G. WAMPTON : Printer, Dorchester.

The Play Bill : its Origin and Development. 387

There is quaintly endorsed on this bill by Mr. Woolgar : "Coveted by his son, Charles Kean, who was to have possessed it had he outlived me."

A bill of almost equal interest to this has been preserved, connected with Mrs. Siddons's "strolling" days.

Worcester, April 16th, 1767.

Mr. Kemble's Company of Comedians.

At the Theatre at the KING'S HEAD, on Monday evening next, being the 20 of April, instant, will be performed a CONCERT of MUSIC, to begin at exactly half an hour after six o'clock. TICKETS to be had at the usual places. Between the parts of the Concert will be presented gratis a celebrated COMEDY called

The TEMPEST, or The ENCHANTED ISLAND.

(As altered from Shakespeare by Mr. Dryden and Sir W. D'Avenant.)

With all the Scenery, Machinery, Musick, Masters and other Decorations proper to the piece, entirely new.

<i>Alonso</i> (Duke of Mantua)	Mr. Kemble.
<i>Hyppolite</i> (a youth that never saw a woman) ...	Mr. Siddons.
<i>Stephan</i> (Master of the Duke's Ship)	Mr. Kemble.
<i>Amphitrite</i>	Mrs. Kemble.
<i>Ariel</i> (the Chief Spirit)	Miss Kemble.
And <i>Milcha</i>	Miss F. Kemble.

The performance will open with a representation of a tempestuous sea (in perpetual agitation) and storm, in which the usurper's ship is wrecked ; the wreck ends with a beautiful shower of fire. And the whole to conclude with a CALM AT SEA, in which appears Neptune, Poetick God of the Ocean, and his Royal consort, Amphitrite, in a chariot drawn by sea horses, accompanied with Mermaids, Tritons, &c.

"Miss Kemble" was the future tragedy queen, then only a girl, and "Mr. Siddons" was her future husband. The second Mr. Kemble was her famous brother John. Unluckily, no bill of Garrick's early provincial attempts has been preserved, or how interesting would be the bill of one of his performances at the old Ipswich Theatre. It has always been repeated that his first appearance on any stage was as the black slave Aboan, but some numbers of the Ipswich papers of his time, which have been preserved, give announcements of his various performances, and by this it appears that Lord Foppington was his first, or one of his first characters. There is also before us at this moment yet another most interesting record of this great performer, the bill of his last appearance, in which the old hierarchical folly is preserved in all its Spanish strictness.

The last time of the Company's performing this season

At the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane,
This present MONDAY, JUNE 10, 1776.

THE WONDER

Don Felix	by Mr. GARRICK.
Col. Briton	by Mr. SMITH.
Don Lopez	by Mr. BADDELEV.
Don Pedro	by Mr. PARSONS.
Lissardo	by Mr. KING.
Fredenda	by Mr. PACKER.
Gibby	by Mr. MOODY.
Isabella	by Miss HOPKINS.
Flora	by Mrs. WRIGHTEN.
Inis	by Mrs. BRADSHAW.
Violante	by Mrs. YATES.

End of Act I. The Grand Garland Dance &c.
(*Sic.*)

To which will be added a musical entertainment
called

THE WATERMAN.

The Principal Characters by

Mr. Bannister,

Mr. Davies,

& Mr. Dodd,

Mrs. Wrighten,

& Mrs. Jewell,

To conclude with the grand scene of the Regatta.

Ladies are desired to send their servants a little after 5, to keep places to prevent confusion.

The doors will be opened at HALF after FIVE o'clock. To begin at HALF after SIX o'clock.

Vivant Rex et Regina.

The profits of this night being appropriated to the benefit of the Theatrical Fund, the usual address upon the occasion will be spoken by Mr. GARRICK before the Play.

These plain bald characters of course can recall little to us now of that memorable and touching night, which ushered in a rapid decay of the stage and closed a most brilliant era. There is a *pendant* to it, a record of his great colleague, Mrs. Siddons. She too, like Garrick, dedicated her final performance to the interest of the Theatrical Fund. The writer possesses a large poster, a couple of feet square, announcing this event.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

ST. PATRICK, APOSTLE OF IRELAND.

ST. PATRICK is patron Saint of Ireland in a very different sense from that in which St. George of Cappadocia (or of some other place) is patron Saint of Merry England. This would be the case even were Ireland to-morrow to cease to be Roman Catholic. The Saint has become inseparable from the national life ; and yet, no more than St. George or St. Andrew, was he of Irish birth or blood. Except in the street-ballad, beginning—

St. Patrick was a gintleman, and came of dacent people,

no such claim has ever been put forward. Gaul, Strathclyde, South Wales, all have been credited with the honour ; and the controversy still goes on, in a good-humoured way, in the *Dublin Review*. Last October, the Rev. Sylvester Malone, who, following the “English Martyrology,” had previously fixed on Somerset, and in it on Bath, as the Saint’s birthplace, crossed the Severn Sea and named Caerleon as the spot ; the neighbouring town of Usk being (he thinks) the place whence, at the age of sixteen, Patrick was carried off from the *villula* of his father, the *decurio*. And now, in the January number the Rev. Colin Grant comes down on his co-religionist, and “proves” that tradition is right, and that not indeed in Dumbarton (Alclythe), but in the church of Old Kilpatrick, close by, was the Saint baptised—born, therefore, in the same now insignificant village. The contest is amusing, for it is to a great extent a fight in the dark. There were so many Patricks among United Kingdom saints that the name almost ceased to be a proper one ; and the text of the “Confessio” is so corrupt as to invite (or repel) conjecture. What can anyone make out of Bannavemtaberniæ, where Patrick himself says he was brought up ? Boulogne, said Lanigan ; and most Roman Catholic authorities, anxious to connect St. Patrick with St. Martin of Tours (his mother, they say, was St. Martin’s sister), hold that he is right. Beneventa Burrii (*i.e.* Usk) says Mr. Malone ; though why Burrium (Usk) should be glorified with such an epithet he does not explain. The arguments against Dumbarton (*à fortiori* against Kilpatrick) are that, since

St. Patrick says he gave up *nobilitas* for Christ's sake, his father cannot have been merely a petty officer, but must have been a *civil* decurio, and such existed only in colonies and municipia, neither of which Dumbarton was. Again, in the "Epistle to Coroticus" (Caradoc) the Saint speaks of Coroticus and his men (Welshmen) as his fellow-citizens, which he could hardly have done had he been born north of Antonine's Wall.

It little matters, however, where Patrick, whose baptismal name was *Sucat*, *i.e.* warlike, the Welsh *lygad*, was born. He himself says (for there is no reasonable doubt that the "Confessio" is authentic), that he, along with many others, was carried off by pirates and sold to Miliuc, a Pictish chief of *Sliebh Mis*, now *Sleemish*, in County Antrim. Here he remained six years, and, in modern language, got converted or "found religion," for before his captivity he had not lived up to his baptism. Sent to herd swine, he felt like the Prodigal, and often prayed for whole days in snow and rain on the lonely mountain side. Such piety was rewarded with a vision. He was told that before long he should be free; and, honourable lad as he was, he went at once to Miliuc and said he was looking for freedom. "That thou shalt not have," replied his master, "not till thou canst give me a lump of gold as big as thy head;" and, thinking to get a firmer hold on him, he gave him a hut to himself, picked out a slave-girl and bade him be off and marry her. Patrick, instead, began to discuss with her the grace and glory of celibacy, and soon found that she, too, was a Christian, and by a scar on her forehead identified her with his sister, stolen along with himself. By-and-by the vision came again. "Now is the time. Go; and in the good power of the Lord thou shalt find a ship." He found one and was taken to Gaul, where he probably studied for ordination (his father had been a deacon, his grandfather a priest), they say, under Germanus of Auxerre. A few years later, "I was in Britain," he says, "with relations who treated me as a son, and besought me, after such hardships, never to leave them. But one night I saw a man named Victorius carrying numberless letters, one of which he gave me, and there was written thereon, 'The voice of the Irish (*Hiberionacum*).' And as I read I heard voices of the dwellers by the Western Sea calling unto me: 'Holy youth, we pray thee come and make thy walk among us.' And another night, and yet another, I heard the voices; yea, once it was as if one was praying inside me with strong groanings. And I marvelled; but at last I knew that it was the Spirit that prayed within me." And then he quotes Scripture, with which the "Confessio" is saturated (the version cited being older than

St. Jerome's). Indeed, in parts the work strongly resembles St. Paul's 2 Corinthians, and, like it, answers the cavils of those who objected to his having without due authority taken up the mission. Of course he went to Ireland; but whether he stayed there right on to the end, having before he went spent years in study and been made a bishop, or whether, after long and unsuccessful work, he left the island to get strengthened with the Pope's authority, and was thereupon sent back by St. Germanus a fully consecrated bishop, is uncertain. Anyhow, he was not first in the field. Taught by merchants and traders, some few had already learned the truth even before Palladius was commissioned by Pope Celestine, not to the heathen, but "to the Scots (Irish) who believe in Christ," to bring them back from Pelagianism. Pelagius himself, according to many, was a Scot (*i.e.* an Irishman). St. Jerome, who vented on him a full measure of the *odium theologicum*, speaks of him as "a burly ruffian, blown out with Scotie porritch." Sedulius, the Christian poet who flourished about the time when St. Patrick was born (about 390), is said to have been an Irishman. Palladius did not find Ireland congenial soil; he left it, and died on his way back to Gaul; and to whatsoever people, whether heathen or Christian, his predecessor had been sent, there is no doubt that Patrick went to the heathen.

He tells us little about his labours. How gladly would we exchange for the record of one short tour all his elaborate adaptation to his own case of St. Paul's mingled irony and affection. The "Confessio" would be one of the most disappointing bits of ecclesiastical biography did it not bring so clearly before us what manner of man Patrick was—self-distrustful, yet confident in God's strength; humble, yet proud of his good birth; stirred by strong passions, which he was nevertheless able to keep in check.

And the people to whom he came? They were already a mixed race. *The Times*, till it went mad about the "forged letter," was never weary of raving against "the Celt." The Irishman has always failed because he is a "Celt;" for which reason, by the rule of contrary, doubtless the Frenchman has succeeded. But, banter apart, the Irish never were more "Celtic" than two-fifths of the inhabitants of Great Britain. "The Celt," Mr. Huxley reminded us years ago, came of the same stock as "the Teuton;" the only difference between them is due to their having lived for centuries under different conditions. Both were tall, both impatient of hot weather, both had light hair. "Aurea cæsaries ollis," says of the Gauls the most careful of Latin poets; when the Romans did see little dark men like the Silurians they called them not Celts, but Iberians. The Irish legends are

unanimous on the same point. "Yellow was her hair, like the flower of the St. John's wort," is said of Meave (Mebh), Queen of Connaught. Read Professor Richey's "Short History of the Irish People." (You may profitably read it for other things besides the question of race. Its closing chapter, for instance, will open your eyes as to that crowning iniquity, the plantation of Ulster, which most English people believe was a blessing.) Dr. Richey points out that the long-headed, dark-haired, small-boned, slightly-made Irishman of the south-west and west is the lineal descendant not of "the Celt," but of his predecessor, whether he was Basque or (as, I believe, Mr. Dawkins thinks) Eskimo. This type never has the big, heavy jaw which *Punch* always gives to his Irishmen. "That is found," says Dr. Richey, "mainly in Ulster, where Gaelic blood predominates, and is also very common in Scotland."

Ireland, then, was already inhabited by at least two distinct races, whereof the big-boned, light-haired, round-headed (brachycephalic) had come in and conquered the other, establishing themselves as rulers over nearly all the island under the name of Gael.¹ "To them belong," says an old chronicler, "all who are white of skin, brown of hair, large, vengeful, honourable, brave, bountiful;" while "everyone who is black-haired, guileful, tale-bearing, noisy, contemptible, unsteady, harsh, inhospitable, is of the Firbolg." In similar yet stronger terms the earliest Aryan records of India decry the Dravidians. But in Ireland to draw any distinction between the several races in language or religion had by St. Patrick's day become impossible. They all come before us as idolaters—the legends speak of a huge idol of gold, Cenn Cruaich, identified with the sun, round which were twelve smaller stone idols. To these children were sacrificed, if a grim old poem, which says "Great was its horror and its wailing," is to be credited. But they were also nature-worshippers. Rivers and mountains, and especially wells, had their gods. Marcus Keane, in that most curious work, "Towers and Temples of Old Ireland," shows that in many cases a saint was invented for a well which had ages before been hallowed. Then there were the *sidhe*, fairies male and female (corrupted into *shee*, e.g. ban-shee, the white fairy). Some of these were ancestors, like Ængus of the Brugh—the tumulus of New Grange, near Drogheda. Every clan had its brugh (we absurdly call a brugh from which the covering of earth has been removed a cromlech, a

¹ "Milesian" is, of course, bardish Latin for *Milidh* (*militēs*)—the origin of the word being by-and-by forgotten. It is identified with the Scot, the later wave of the Gael, the Pict being the earlier.

word which means a circle of stones) with its gallery, through which in times of difficulty the chief crept in and communed with his forefathers. Other *sidhe* were young; and, like "the sons of God" in Genesis, took them wives (and husbands) of whom they would. When Patrick and his white-robed clerics, journeying in Connaught, meet at sunrise by the well of Crochan the two daughters of King Laoghaire, the girls' first question is, "Are ye of the gods or of the *duine-sidhe* (gentlemen fairies)?" And, when Patrick begins to tell them about God, they ask: "Is He beautiful? How is He found? How is he loved? Have many fostered His sons? Are His daughters dear and beautiful to the men of this world?" They believed in charms and spells. Patrick in his Hymn says Christ is his defence against spells of women, and smiths, and Druids. The Druids wore white garments, and had a tonsure of their own; but, if they had developed anything like the system of ovates and arch-priests, and all that for Welshmen the word Druid connotes, the memory of it must have been very diligently wiped out by the early Christian teachers. As he appears in the legends the Druid is simply a sorcerer, a "medicine man." At the meeting of Patrick and Laoghaire, the King's Druids bring snow on the land and darkness. One of them dares Benen (Benignus, Patrick's young Irish convert) to the ordeal of fire. A hut is built, half of dry sticks, half of green; the Druid, clad in Patrick's chasuble, goes into the green half, Benen, wearing the Druid's robe, into the other. The hut is burnt down and the Druid is reduced to a cinder, the Saint's chasuble being intact, while Benen is unhurt, although the Druid's robe is burnt to ashes. They had a quite Eastern energy in cursing, which they bequeathed to the saints who displaced them; but we do not read of their being appealed to in case of sickness, like African Obi-men, to point out through whose malice the sickness had come. These idolaters, however, were not savages. They had a code (the Brehon)¹ of which Patrick said that it was right in all things save in what concerned the faith. True, it had no stronger sanction than public opinion; but that in the tribal state is very strong. The man who refused to abide by the brehon's decrees would doubtless have been as severely boycotted as the modern landgrabber. They had their rent troubles—a great part of the *Senchus mor* (Brehon code) is about these. Part of the tribe-land, after each clansman had got his allotment, was left in the chief's hands. If he leased it to clansmen he was bound to ask only a fair rent. He therefore preferred *fuidhir* (broken men, such as the clan

¹ The word is used for judge as well,

MacGregor became under the Campbell persecutions). Then he might rack-rent *sans merci ni miséricorde*. These *fuidhir* often belonged, of course, to the older race, and their treatment by the chiefs is the beginning of Irish landlordism. In this, as in some other things, the incomers, Norman and English, advanced on the native practice—became *Hibernis ipsis hiberniores*; but the case of Bodyke shows that some of the hardest of landlords are still of native name. Undoubtedly the Irish of Patrick's day (A.D. 432) were far above the Britons as described by Cæsar. They did not merely choose a king under pressure of danger; their ard-righ (over-king) was a regular institution. Though they had not the chain mail of the Norsemen nor their death-dealing axes, they had, besides the leaf-shaped bronze swords which are still the delight of archæologists, swords and spears of iron; and they went into battle with something better in the way of defensive armour than woad.¹ Far from living like the Britons in promiscuous polyandry (the Welsh, of course, say this is one of Cæsar's horrible calumnies), they had marriage and (like the Romans) legalised concubinage. The *vanithee* (lady of the house) had in her department full and unquestioned authority. Women fought in battle; but Miss Lawless ("Story of the Nations"—Ireland) thinks this was only a proof of their oneness with their husbands and zeal for their cause. The practice was stopped in the seventh century. Adamnan, abbot of Hy (Iona), St. Columbkille's biographer, was carrying his mother across a plain when they came in sight of two warring hosts. As they looked a woman of one army smote her adversary in the breast with a barbed spear, and dragged her across to slay her. "This thing shall not be," said Adamnan's mother; "and my curse is on thee till by a strict law thou bring it utterly to an end." Slavery was so common that the higher measure of value was a slave-girl (worth three cows). Architecture? I won't answer for anything beyond earth-works and stone-works like Dun Ængus in Arran, and Staigue fort near Derrynane, and covered chambers like the New Grange tumulus, the walls of which are sometimes carved, not with the interlaced "Scotic work," but with outlines of boughs and leaves. Yet this interlaced work was not borrowed; it also is home-grown, and is found on some metal articles which are almost undoubtedly pre-Christian. Enamelling, too, Eratosthenes says, was a specialty of the barbarians who live by the Western Ocean; and the Irish practised it after it had been superseded in Gaul and Britain by Roman methods. The Round Towers no one now believes to be pre-

¹ Chariots, regularly used for journeying, were not used in war; but every army had its complement of horse.

Christian. They were probably built when the Danish inroads made watch-towers and places of refuge needful. But though their talent did not run in the direction of building, the heathen Irish had got on as far as most of their neighbours, further than some of them, in the arts of life.

A kindly impressible people they must have been ; for Patrick came among them unarmed, with none of the evidences that modern missionaries take with them of a higher civilisation. There was even something in his appearance and his mode of worship which provoked a smile. In what is called a Druids' prophecy, which was of course (though very archaic) written after the event, he is sneered at thus :

Adzehead (from the shape of the Scotie tonsure ; compare Homer's *φοξός*) will
come o'er the furious sea ;

His mantle head-holed (the chasuble), his staff crook-headed,

His dish (the paten) in the east of his house.

All his people shall answer "*Amen, Amen.*"

In the curious conversations, too, between St. Patrick and Oisín (Ossian) the hero mourns over the exchange of his love ditties and war and hunting songs, for "the dull harsh chants of thy clerics." Yet, though there was nothing to attract save the power of his message and the sweetness of his nature, Patrick succeeded as never missionary has since done. His work not only led up directly to that wonderful time when Ireland was the evangeliser of Europe and also the University of the West, but it lasted. Unlike much even of St. Paul's work, it had the stamp of permanence. True, the spirit of the man was soon changed by those who wrote about him ; the Patrick of the legends is as unlike him of the "Confessio," and the Hymn, and the Letter to Coroticus as the Jesus of the Apocryphal Gospels is to Him of the Synoptics. Patrick, as he shows himself in his writings, is mild, humble, forbearing ; the Patrick of the legends is a mere Christian Druid, awfully vindictive, cursing right and left ; and his curse was fatal. The Druids, worsted by him while alive, found their revenge in picturing him as even such an one as themselves. I suppose this peculiar character of early Irish hagiology proves how strong was the heathen element in the literature. The bards were converted ; Dubhthach, Laoghaire's laureate, came over quite early ; but the conversion was nominal, the heathen spirit is still there ; the holy man asserts himself, like an Indian ascetic, by blasting those who stand in his way.

But this belongs to the Saint's legendary character ; the man must have been widely different, for it was not by cursing and bringing plagues on the stiffnecked that his followers, St. Columbanus, St. Gall,

St. Aidan, St. Colman, and so many more brought over whole peoples. Nor would the stern vengeful Patrick of the legends have so wound himself round the nation's heart as to make it accept from him a baptismal name. George does not stand for Englishman, nor Denis for Frenchman, as Pat does for Irishman. The Scot put St. Andrew on his flag and on his bawbee ; but even St. Andrew is not quite the living reality for Scotchmen that Patrick is for the Irish or David for the Welsh. The St. Patrick cult is one element in that national feeling which has been growing stronger and stronger ever since, in 1317, it was first formally expressed in the appeal of the chiefs and people to John XXII. against the iniquities of the Anglo-Norman conquest. Even the attempt to drag the Saint into religious politics has failed as it deserved to do. It was a pitiful business. The Irish Church, no doubt, lost much quasi-independence between Henry II. and Queen Elizabeth. It had, by force of circumstances, become almost wholly assimilated to Rome by the time that Henry VIII. was throwing off the Pope's supremacy ; and thenceforth Romanism and patriotism went hand in hand. With creatures like Allen for prelates ;¹ with a queen insisting that the new faith should not be taught, save in the English or Latin tongues, to the people whom her generals were systematically striving to exterminate ; with popes and Spanish kings helping (feebly indeed and intermittently, but still helping) to tear off the English leopard that had fastened on her vitals, how could Ireland be anything but Catholic of the Catholics ? And then, when they could not convert, when their miserable machinery of penal laws and charter schools and what not failed to do anything but brutalise both persecutors and persecuted, the Protestants began to taunt their Catholic countrymen with "deserting the pure faith of their patron saint" ! St. Patrick was a Protestant, forsooth, because for a long while the Irish Church kept to the old unreformed date for Easter and had a tonsure of its own, and because St. Columbanus spoke rather sharply in his letters to Pope Boniface IV. ! Why, St. Columbanus expressly says, "You are the head," and no Western Christian in those days ever dreamed of any other. Discipline was not yet perfected, for Hildebrand had not as yet succeeded to the tiara ; but we might as well call Bishop Grostête a Protestant as apply the epithet to any of the Scotie saints. It was a mean device, worthy of the days when Archbishop Price, of Cashel, unroofed the glorious old cathedral (what part had escaped the Cromwellians) and sold the materials,

¹ Allen was one of the worst of Thomas Cromwell's visitors of monasteries, and did things which made even his employer ashamed as well as alarmed.

thenceforth fixing his throne in the poor little parish church down below, because it was too much trouble for him to climb the "Rock" for daily or even weekly prayers. The contrast between Price, the vandal, in his palace (and a palace it is, the Protestant dean lives there now) and his Catholic contemporary hiding out of the way in a poor thatched cabin in Thurles, is typical of the two churches; the one had wealth and nothing else, the other was the people's church, having been persecuted along with them. Converts? Oh, yes; when no Catholic could hold land, when estates were only saved by the friendliness of Protestant trustees, when a younger son by conforming could oust the rest from their inheritance, it sometimes happened that outward conformity was inevitable. "You've perilled your soul," said a priest to Lady Thomond when she went to church and took the sacrament. "Well, well," was the reply, "better an old woman should burn than that the O'Briens of Thomond should lose their own." A reply as grand in its way as St. Just's: "*Que mon nom soit flétri pourvu que la France soit libre!*" When Lord Oranmore conformed, his rector wanted to catechise him: "What are your reasons?" No answer. "Come, come; what do you conform for?" "For Oranmore;" and on this scarcely satisfactory ground the parson was forced to admit him to communion.

Well, it has been impossible to make St. Patrick a party to religious strife. All Ireland reverences him. Papal commission or not, he is the national saint. I am sure that even my friend Mr. J. P. Prendergast, of "*The Cromwellian Settlement*," who says: "Had the Irish only remained honest pagans, Ireland perhaps had been unconquered still," will yield to no one in reverence for him who dealt Irish paganism its deathblow. The people love him now as they seem to have loved him from the first. He speaks of baptising his thousands; and yet of being sometimes in peril of his life--forced, e.g. to pay for an escort when going across into Connaught. Once a chief vowed to kill him, but possibly by divine monition his charioteer Odran said: "I am now a long time charioteering for thee, master; let me to-day sit in the chief seat, for I am weary, and be thou charioteer." The spear that was meant for Patrick pierced Odran. What shall we say? that it was the older pre-Scotic race who accepted him, while the Milidh mostly stood out against his teaching? That is the view of the late Rev. W. A. O'Connor, whose "*History of the Irish People*" I heartily commend to all who wish to catch the true spirit of Irish story. Patrick always talks of the Hiberionaces. It was they, not the Scots, whose voices called him, and to whom he preaches.

He speaks of *una Scotta* (one Scotie lady) of noble birth and great beauty, who followed him, and says, "sons and daughters of Scotie chiefs are seen to be monks and nuns of Christ," as if this was something exceptional. But in the generation after him the Church had gathered all into its net; the land was studded with monasteries, each with its school; the abbot was usually of the lineage of the chief in whose tribe the monastery was; and the monks became a sort of religious clan, Christianity as introduced by Patrick having been elastic enough to accommodate itself to the conditions of tribal life.

No one, I venture to say, can fully understand the Irish question without studying the social state of the early Irish under that Brehon code in which Sir H. Maine found ("Early History of Institutions") such unexpected analogy with the English Common Law. And in studying that state, one comes perforce across the grand figure of Patrick. He is foretold by the Druids; he is brought (in the legends, not in the "Confessio") face to face with kings and their magicians; he stamps the cross on the pillar-stones of unknown antiquity which he found the people reverencing they knew not why; he revives dead chiefs to momentary life and brings them out of their cairns to receive baptism and to be saved. He is part and parcel of the early life of the race, and he has belonged to it in a special manner ever since. "Why, you make him," says some one at my elbow, "a sort of spiritual Home Ruler." There is much truth underlying that joke. Patrick was in more than one sense the prophet of Nationalism; some of us will live to enthrone him as its arch-priest. That he is unnoticed in the English Church calendar—a calendar which includes such certainly less-known personages as Machutus and Enurchus—is an instance of how Ireland has always been treated as a nation apart. Is it Mr. Froude or Canon Kingsley who sums up our Irish hagiology as "a few grotesque saints"—good enough for "the hypogorillaceous Celt," as the latter gentleman courteously styled us?

HENRY STUART FAGAN.

I always like to recommend books to those who care to study a subject. There is Dr. Henthorn Todd's "Life," published almost a generation ago, very good but too much weighted with questions about the primatial claims of Armagh. There is Mr. Whitley Stokes's "Tripartite Life" (Rolls Series) with its valuable introduction, and the text of the "Confessio," &c. This is the book for scholars, above all if they are Irish scholars. There are Mr. Aubrey de Vere's "Legends of St. Patrick." Of these far the most powerful is "The Disbelief of Milcho." The legend says that Miliuc, rather than be preached to by his former slave,

burnt his house over his own head. Mr. de Vere hints that in this case the clan was favourable to the new teaching though the chief stood out against it :

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In two days more the accursed will be here,
And blacken yonder Sleemish with his crew
Descending. Then those idiots, kerne and slave,
Full swarm will fly to meet him. Fool, fool, fool !
The man hath snared me with the gifts he sent,
Else had I barred the mountain—now too late,
My people in revolt. Whole weeks that horde
Will throng my courts demanding board and bed.
The man I hate will rise and open shake
The invincible barrier of his wild new Faith,
Till all that hear him shout, like winds or waves,
Belief, and I be left sole recusant ;
Or else perhaps that Fury who prevails
At times o'er knee joints of reluctant men,
By magic impeded, may crumble into dust
By force my disbelief.
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VICTORIAN LITERATURE.

PART I.

IN studying the literature of the nineteenth century, and the life which that literature reflects and represents, we may find it both convenient and accurate to recognise three distinct periods. The first extends from the beginning of the century to the year 1830 or thereabouts ; this is the period of Wordsworth and Shelley. The second extends from the close of the first to about 1870 ; this is the period of Carlyle, Tennyson (if we may venture to omit his title and speak of him in the old familiar way), Browning, Dickens, Thackeray, and "George Eliot." The third is now running its course. It can scarcely be said to have brought forward, as yet at least, any writer of equal importance with the great masters that distinguish the preceding periods. It seems a period rather of abundant cleverness than of supreme genius. But it is too early yet to pronounce its character. Possibly, though for certain reasons not probably, some star may arise of surpassing brilliancy, which may illumine these concluding years of the century with a special and enduring glory.

Now in dealing with Victorian literature, it is, of course, with the two latter periods we are particularly concerned. And I shall first of all point out how these two periods are marked off from the first period. Later on we shall see how they are parted from each other.

If it is true, as certainly it is and cannot but be, that literature, to repeat the phrase already used, reflects and represents the life of the age to which it belongs, then in defining literary epochs we shall find it serviceable to look at the general history—at the political and social history—of the country whose literature we are surveying. In the present case it can easily be shown that the decade from 1830 to 1840 was one of wide general movement and change, and that the decade from 1860 to 1870 was also remarkable in the same way—that is, that the middle of the three periods named lies between two epochs of noticeable departures. If it is wished to be more precise, we might perhaps take the first two Reform Bills as suffi-

ciently suggestive for our purpose--the Reform Bill of 1832, and that of 1867.

Let us consider a little the decade from 1830 to 1840--the decade that witnessed the Queen's accession. It was a time of singular activity and innovation in all departments of life. The prolonged reaction produced by the wild excesses of the first French Revolution was at last exhausting itself. Ideas of political advance that had been put aside for more than a generation began once more to be ardently and irrepressibly entertained. Democracy began to feel its strength and to make its strength felt. It was clear to all that had eyes to see and ears to hear that things could not go on in the old groove--that the old arrangements must be readjusted and expanded--that for new needs there must be new accommodations. It was no longer possible to resist the clamorous outcry of excluded populations for some share in the government of the country of which they formed so large and rapidly increasing and so important a part. And so the democratic movement in England won its first paramount recognition in the passing of the first Reform Bill. No wonder if there was then much extravagant elation and hope, to be inevitably followed by some disappointment and depression. But, whatever came afterwards, whatever evils and troubles beyond the medical efficacy of Reform Bills, men, to begin with, were elate and hopeful. "The world's great age" seemed beginning anew; "the golden years" seemed returning. And in all directions, along with this political energy, both just before and just after 1832, there were accomplished new developments and signal discoveries. It was in the year 1830 that our railway system was inaugurated. And since the printing-press, no invention perhaps has exerted an influence comparable with that of the steam-engine; by bringing distant people into close and intimate communication, it has made easily possible full and effective conference on all matters, not only on those of business; and it is by such conferences, such unhampered interchanges of thought and feeling and tendency that national impulses are quickened and matured. Yet further were the obstacles of space removed by the introduction of the electric telegraph. It was in the year 1837 that that momentous invention was first successfully employed: the first scene, the London and Blackwall railway. In 1838 a steamer crossed the Atlantic, though an eminent savant had proved such a feat absolutely impracticable. Meanwhile, in 1834, we have a substantial proof that the national conscience was awakening to its duty in respect of the education of the people. In that year was made the first education grant. It was but a paltry sum for such a

purpose—some £20,000 ; but its importance is not to be estimated by its amount. In 1836 the newspaper stamp tax was reduced from 4*d.* to 1*d.* ; the advertisement tax from 3*s.* 6*d.* to 1*s.* 6*d.* In 1837 the proposal of a penny postage was first brought forward by Rowland Hill ; it was adopted two years afterwards. Nor, as illustrating the various activity of the time and the valuable additions then made to our material conveniences and comforts, will any householder think it out of place or *infra dignitatem* if he is reminded or informed that lucifer matches came into use in 1834.

Much more might be here recorded to show the eventfulness of the decade we are now considering, but perhaps enough has been said for our special purpose. What we have now to note, and what it is our special business to note, is how in literature too, at this time, the old things passed away, and behold all things became new—how the new political and social movement is, as it was bound to be, accompanied and interpreted by a new literary movement.

This decade, in fact, witnesses the final passing away of a great race, and the advent of their successors.

The greatest literary figure of modern days vanished at this time from the ken of Europe—in the spring of 1832 Goethe died. But to confine ourselves to England, at this time there were taken from our midst Scott (in '32), Coleridge (in '34), Lamb (also in '34), not to mention miscellaneous Crabbe ('32), Mrs. Hemans ('35), Hannah More ('33), Hogg ('35), Mackintosh ('32), Jeremy Bentham ('32), James Mill ('36), Malthus ('34), Cobbett ('35), Hazlitt ('30), Wilberforce ('33), Robert Hall (31), Godwin ('36). Some years before the Italian winds had blown away the ashes of Shelley, and the heart of Keats had ceased to feel its capacity of misery, and Byron had died worthily and nobly, whatever shall be said of his life. There still survived, amongst others of lesser name, Landor, Hallam, Rogers, Southey, Moore, and he who, as many think, and may well be thought, is the foremost genius of his generation—Wordsworth. But of all these their best writings had been written. The work of Southey, for instance, was well-nigh done. While he was engaged on his edition of Cowper, a terrible domestic trouble befell him, and presently his health broke down, and, though he lived on till 1843, his intelligence never returned ; though he still fondly handled his dearly loved books, he could not gather their meaning. And for Moore, too, an inferior lyrist at the best, a time of similar darkness was coming. Wordsworth lived on in growing honour till 1850, when Tennyson received the laurel

Greener from the brows
Of him that uttered nothing base.

But, indeed, his work too was done long before the end came. Not that for him in his latter years the light of reason was ever quenched, as in those other distressing cases, though a severe affliction sorely tried the old man. He still sang on, but his voice had lost its pristine charm. As late as 1837 he wrote "Memorials of a Tour in Italy," a collection not indeed without interest, for it contains the "Musings near Aquapendente" and the well-known generous reference to Scott as "the whole world's darling," and also indignant references to the fallen state of Italy, and ardent wishes for a new era, which have happily been since accomplished. "Italia," he cries, as he stands by the shore of Lago Morto:

Italia ! on the surface of thy spirit
(Too aptly emblemed by that torpid lake)
Shall a few partial breezes only creep ?
Be its depths quickened ; what thou dost inherit
Of the world's hopes, dare to fulfil ; awake,
Mother of heroes, from thy death-like sleep.

And after 1837 he wrote occasionally, as, for instance, the two sonnets to Miss Fenwick in 1840. But certainly he wrote nothing that increased his fame. Indeed, it was at the end of the eighteenth century and the very beginning of the nineteenth that the genius of Wordsworth was at its best, and produced its most perfect fruit. His reputation would scarcely have been less than it is—it might possibly have been greater—had he kept silence the last half of his life. Still, his venerable figure stands out conspicuous for us in the opening years of the Victorian period. Though to some of the rising generation, as to Mr. Browning (see Browning's letter in Grosart's "Wordsworth's Prose Works"), he seemed "a lost leader," it was at this time he enjoyed his greatest popularity. Certainly, whether then "lost" or not, he had been a great leader—a great deliverer. Quite recently he had delivered the soul of a certain John Stuart Mill from a bondage that was becoming intolerable, and was paralysing all his powers—from the bondage of an education that had left half his nature untouched and hard. And for many others he had performed a like inestimable service, so that men looked up to him as something more than a poet in the ordinary use of the term—they looked up to him as a prophet, as a high priest in a wider sense than the ecclesiastical.

He, too, upon a wintry clime
Had fallen—on this iron time
Of doubts, disputes, distractions, fears.
He found us when the age had bound
Our souls in its benumbing round.
He spoke, and loosed our heart in tears.

He laid us, as we lay at birth,
 On the cool, flowery lap of earth ;
 Smiles broke from us, and we had ease.
 The hills were round us, and the breeze
 Went o'er the sunlit fields again ;
 Our foreheads felt the wind and rain.
 Our youth return'd ; for there was shed
 On spirits that had long been dead,
 Spirits dried up and closely furl'd,
 The freshness of the early world.

“Our youth returned.” What a noble conception of the poet’s office this phrase suggests ! It is assuredly his prime business to keep us young in spirit, or make us young again if we have grown secular and old—to keep or make us capable of simple and innocent enjoyments, tender-natured and sensitive, quickly sympathetic. Wordsworth beyond doubt exercised a highly important influence on the generation that succeeded his own—as, for example, on Tennyson—and must be carefully taken into account by anyone who would understand the growth and development of Victorian poetry and Victorian thought. The reverence of his younger contemporaries was some compensation, let us hope, for the loss of coeval friends, which he, like all who grow old, was fated to experience. In a characteristic manner he expressed his sense of loneliness and of the everlasting mystery of life and death in lines which enclose so much literary history that we might well quote them here if space permitted, the lines entitled (Wordsworth was often not very happy in his titles) “Extempore Effusion upon the Death of James Hogg,” written in November 1835.

So much do our limits permit us to say of the race that was passing in the decade 1830-40. Now let us turn to the race that was advancing, the race to which belong the great masters of the Victorian period—Macaulay, Carlyle, Tennyson, Browning, Dickens, Thackeray, Mill, Whewell, and others, whose names have become “familiar in our mouths as household words.” Let us notice also the noble band of scientists—Darwin, Lyell, Faraday, the younger (John) Herschell, Owen, Sidgwick, Murchison. All these and others were coming to the front some fifty or fifty-five years ago ; and these are they who have given the Victorian age whatever intellectual glory it wears for its crown.

Macaulay and Dickens became famous all at once. It was not till after some years of waiting that the voices of Carlyle, of Tennyson, of Browning, of Thackeray won a hearing. But about the year 1830 all these writers were connected, or becoming connected, with

literature ; and by the time of the Queen's accession they had all won some degree of distinction. Macaulay's Essay on Milton was published in 1825, when he was only just twenty-five years of age ; and by its singular gift of style at once secured him a popularity which went on increasing to the end of his life, and which probably will, to some extent, be retained, though at present suffering, as Dickens's fame too is suffering, from the reaction inevitable from excessive laudation. Carlyle had won his famous battle with the Everlasting No, which under changed names is described in "Sartor Resartus," and in the year 1830 was vainly endeavouring to persuade London publishers to bring out this now so famous work. It was in 1834 that he finally left his hermitage at Craigenputtoch and settled in the then out-of-the-way street in Chelsea which will be associated with his name for ever, or at least until that day comes when London is a mere heap of ruins, and the planet earth is as extinct and dead as the moon. "Sartor Resartus" was by that time coming out in *Fraser's Magazine*, to the serious detriment of that serial's sale, so perplexed was the general reader by both the thought and the style of this strange contributor, so utterly unable to recognise the advent of a new great humorist and a great prophet, who was to stir and move his age as no other man stirred and moved it, who above all others in a time that tended to the grossest mammon-worship and to say to its soul, "Soul, take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry," was to excite in the hearts of men a noble rebellion against a life merely mechanical and material, who, in short, was to be one of the most powerful spiritual forces of the Victorian period. Some three years later, in 1837, when his work on the "French Revolution" was published, the supremacy of the genius of this Scottish border peasant began to be perceived, and in no long time he took his throne amongst the intellectual kings of his day. In the year 1830 the energy of Dickens, struggling bravely with adverse fortune, had raised him from surroundings that might well have subdued and prostrated a less vigorous nature to the reporters' gallery in the House of Commons, and made possible for him the brilliant career that was to be his. Presently he applied his hand to sketching scenes from the life he saw around him, and discovered powers of observation and powers of insight into certain types of character and certain ranks of society that made him the founder and the unequalled master of a new novelistic school. His papers, afterwards reprinted as "Sketches by Boz," began to appear in 1834. At the time of the Queen's accession the "Pickwick Papers" were in the course of publication. Probably there have never been any other years, in the history of England at least, in which people were so con-

vulsed with laughter as in the years 1836 and 1837 ; one seems to hear the incessant roar across the half-century that separates us. We are not so overwhelmed as its first readers were ; but even now can one easily mention a more laughter-moving book than the "Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club?" And is not the moving of laughter, of hearty, healthy, innocent laughter, "of mirth that after no repentance draws," an excellent service to perform for the world? We have it on good authority, if authority is wanted, that there is a time to laugh ; but it seems true many persons never remember that delightful fact. They find time to scold, to grumble, to denounce ; but they are too busy, they tell us, I suppose with scolding and such vocations, to laugh. Yet a good common laugh is one of the best and hopefulest bonds of good fellowship—one of the most effective solvents of ill-feeling. What the French call "gaiety" in style may be something superior to the power of moving laughter ; but still there are few persons who can make the world laugh heartily. So we do not depreciate the serviceableness of Dickens if we say nothing more of him than that he provided his age with good honest laughter. But he did much more, as we shall presently see. Tennyson may be said, like a preceding master of his craft, to have lisped in numbers. He and one of his six brothers (Charles) published a volume of poems when they were yet schoolboys (1827). At Cambridge, in 1829, he performed the dubious feat of writing the successful University Prize Poem on the fascinating subject of "Timbuctoo." In the following year he produced his first independent collection of pieces ; and in 1832 a second collection. From both these volumes some things were preserved and reproduced ten years later. The main interest of all these earlier efforts is that they bring the future laureate before us in his poetic apprenticeship, and illustrate the curious care and faithful industry with which he trained himself for the noble ministry to which he felt himself called. His individuality of style, already apparent, had to make its own audience—had to create the taste which was to appreciate it. And thus he met with no cordial reception from the current critics ; for indeed very few of the so-called critics are at all in advance of the public for whom they cater, are anything more than the spokesmen of the prevailing schools. Thus the rising Tennyson had but little cause for gratitude—I do not say none, for happily real critics do exist, though they are scarce—to the literary judgments of the day. However, his cold reception probably did him an undesigned service : it made him, to use Wordsworth's phrase, "a severe critic of himself," and saved him from the temptation to which great popularity might have exposed

him, of writing too fast and profusely. Moreover, a great trouble for a time shrank the streams of his genius. In 1833 Arthur Hallam, his most intimate friend, one of the most brilliant of the brilliant Cambridge set to which the undergraduate poet belonged, was suddenly taken away from what seemed to be the good to come.

Beneath Vienna's fatal walls
God's finger touched him, and he slept.

And for a while Tennyson wrestled with this mighty sorrow. It was but slowly that he recovered heart and voice. The chief work of the next following years was that series of passionate outcries, not published till long after they were completed or all but completed (it was published in 1850), which is known as the "In Memoriam," and which amongst Tennyson's longer poems is surely the one that is likely to preserve his memory. We may picture Tennyson, then, in the decade we are surveying as rapidly maturing and perfecting himself in the art of expression, and also gathering in the deep darkness and amidst the lightning flashes of a great affliction the knowledge and the wisdom that were to make his technical mastery of value in giving it worthy themes, the ultimate themes of all literature, the themes of life and death, of endurance and rebellion, of hope and despair.

Among Tennyson's other contemporaries at Cambridge and at Trinity College was a certain William Makepeace Thackeray. Thackeray's lively sense of the ridiculous had already shown itself at the Charterhouse; but it was long before he took his proper place amongst the princes of his time. He, too, noted the subject of the University Prize Poem, in 1829, and professes to print in the *Snob*—an undergraduate serial so called—some lines that formed part of his own competitive effort, lines that give indications of the facility and the humour that in fuller forms were to characterise his masterpieces:

In Africa (a quarter of the world)
Men's skins are black, their hair is crisp and curled;
And somewhere there, unknown to public view,
A mighty city lies, called Timbuctoo.

There stalks the tiger, there the lion roars,
Who sometimes eats the luckless blackamoors.

Desolate Afric! thou art lovely yet!!
One heart yet beats which ne'er thee shall forget.
What though thy maidens are a blackish brown,
Does virtue dwell in whiter breasts alone?
Oh no, oh no, oh no, oh no, oh no!
It shall not, must not, cannot e'er be so.

The day shall come when Albion's self shall feel
 Stern Afric's wrath, and writhe 'neath Afric's steel.
 I see her tribes the bill of glory mount,
 And sell their sugars on their own account ;
 While round her throne the prostrate nations come,
 Sue for her rice, and barter for her rum !

It was to the readers of *Fraser's Magazine* that Thackeray first gave a real taste of his quality, but the exact date of his forming that important connection seems not at present ascertainable. Anthony Trollope, in the volume on Thackeray in the "Men of Letters Series"—a volume neither for information nor discernment quite worthy of that excellent series—says that Thackeray is not in the famous symposium picture of January 1835 ; but surely he is there, the fifth figure on Maginn's right hand. So that the Fraserian connection must have begun not later than 1834, which, as we have seen, was precisely the year in which Dickens was first attempting original composition. But Dickens quickly outstripped Thackeray in the race for fame. When, on Seymour's death, a new illustrator was needed for the "Pickwick Papers," Thackeray offered himself in that capacity. His offer was declined, no doubt on just grounds ; for Thackeray, though fond of drawing, and putting into his sketches abundant humour, seems never to have had patience and ability to acquire technical accuracy. But at last his *Fraser* papers attracted notice. In 1837 he started the Yellowplush Correspondence ; in 1840 appeared "A Shabby Genteel Story."

Of all this new generation, the most precocious was certainly John Stuart Mill. He began his contributions to the *Westminster Review* in 1824, when he was only some eighteen years of age. Two years subsequently there fell on his spirit that darkness which, as we have seen, the study of Wordsworth dispersed or reduced ; and very shortly afterwards, ever bent on some good service for his day and generation, he became one of the noblest and best influences of his time. About the year 1837, stimulated by the perusal of Whewell's "History of the Inductive Sciences," he was devoting his attention to those studies of *Logic* which resulted in his two memorable volumes in 1843.

But our space forbids our going into further details about the decade 1830-40. We have demonstrated sufficiently for our present purpose how it is one of those important transitional times in which a well-defined era closes, and another not less definite commences.

A few years later the great writers we have named were joined by

others of scarcely less note—by Charlotte Brontë, “George Eliot,” Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Herbert Spencer, Professors Huxley and Tyndall. Of this distinguished group several, happily, are still with us ; but it may be convenient, as we think it would also be exact, to associate them rather with the middle than with the concluding period of the nineteenth century. Charlotte Brontë’s three famous novels were all published between 1847 and 1853. “George Eliot’s” best work, with the exception of “Middlemarch,” belongs to the fifties and the sixties, and “Middlemarch” came out early in the seventies. Mr. Herbert Spencer’s “Social Statics” appeared in 1851 ; his “Principles of Psychology” in 1855 ; his “Principles of Biology” in 1864. Huxley was already prominent in the world of science in 1854. It was in 1856 that he and Tyndall made their famous exploration of glaciers.

Let us now consider the literature whose incoming we have pointed out at such length as our limits permit.

This may be done in several ways. We might take the different literary departments one by one, and observe how far each has flourished during the period we are studying ; or we might adopt the personal method, and pass in review some three or four of the distinguished figures who have done most to express and to direct the tendencies of the age ; or we might follow a merely chronological arrangement ; or, lastly, we might select some of the leading ideas or characteristics of the time, and try to show what various embodiment these have found in the current literature. It is this last method I propose now to follow.

I will briefly dwell upon what seems to be the special feature of our age—viz. its various and many-sided activity, its incessant and thorough movement, or what, perhaps, might be called its revolutionary character ; and then I will illustrate two special phases of this general characteristic—viz. the democratic movement and the scientific.

It can scarcely be doubted, I think, that the nineteenth century will hereafter be regarded as one of the great transitional centuries of history—as a century resembling in this respect the fifteenth or the sixteenth—a century of dissolution, and also in some sort, let us hope, of reconstruction—a century of transformation. In the last century there was prevailing the idea of stationariness—the idea that the social system could be maintained permanently in the condition at which it had arrived. There was prevailing the idea of finality in politics and in other provinces of thought and of action. For example, men looked back at the Great Revolution of 1688 as if it had done all

that wanted doing—as if it had settled and arranged things for ever—as if under the shadow of it they might repose undisturbed and placid. This curious peace of mind was first rudely disturbed by the convulsions that shook France and all the world as the eighteenth century closed. Still, England trusted that by a vigorous policy of restraint and suppression it might manage to keep down the forces that were beginning to make the country tremble and quake—forces whose energy and intention it was then difficult indeed to calculate, and of which the sudden emission might well be deeply dreaded. Happily, with the good practical sense that has saved us from so many a collision that might have been fatal, concessions were presently made; these new forces, which it was impossible to hold in lasting duration, received a judicious recognition; and we turned over to a new page of our history. Even after the first Reform Bill men could still dream of renewing the old quiet. An eminent statesman could advise his constituents to “rest and be thankful.” But rest was not yet to be our fortune. We had passed into a period of unrest—into a period of great discontent and uneasinesses, of new aspirations and strivings, of death pains and birth pains. Our outward habits were greatly changed. Our being was moved to its inmost depths. Creeds of every kind were questioned and revised or rejected. Beliefs that we thought eternal proved strangely temporary and transient. Indeed, there was nothing in any region of life that could evade the daring, relentless scrutiny of this new era.

Now let us see how our literature reflects and images just such an age. Tennyson, Browning, Dickens, Carlyle, “George Eliot,” all in one degree or another, in one way or another, represent just such an age.

Tennyson in the earlier part of his life and his poetry kept himself in close contact with his time. In his later years he has lost or relinquished such contact. The movements, whose infancy and adolescence he watched without any or with slight apprehension, and cheered with his choicest songs, have now left him behind, so strangely swift has been their pace, so unexpected their developments. Now, in their full strength and vigour, he regards them with but little sympathy; he is like some godfather who is appalled at the manners, and what seems to him the turbulence and recklessness, of the adult whose childish gambols he used to look on with so warm an affection. Compare the laureate’s “Locksley Hall Sixty Years After” with the “Locksley Hall” of his youth, and what a tale of change and movement is suggested to us. In both poems he illustrates the temper of

his age; but in the earlier one his sanguine spirit exults in the eager activity he sees around him. It exactly recalls for us that stage in the modern movement when all seemed good and promising, and fear of excess was not excited. Disgusted with his lady-love's treason, the hero appeals to his wondrous mother-age, for shelter and succour. He sees keenly the evils around him, but he does not despair; he does not mistrust the future. He is tempted to think there might be calm for him in some distant "isle of Eden," far away from the impetuous life that rushes on all sides.

There, methinks, would be enjoyment more than in this march of mind,
In the steamship, in the railway, in the thoughts that shake mankind.

But the idea of stagnation repels him; his old delight in a vital activity returns, and with a hearty cheer he bids the world move on :

Not in vain the distance beacons. Forward, forward let us range.
Let the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.
Thro' the shadow of the globe we sweep into the younger day :
Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.

Another of Tennyson's poems which it is highly interesting to read in the light of his age is his "Ulysses." Through the lips of the old Greek he gives voice to the yearnings of his day. Dante, as is well known, had turned the story of Ulysses to the same account. The spirit of the early Renaissance had recognised in it an excellent symbol. But not the less significant for this previous interpretation is the nineteenth-century rendering of it. Certainly, it is true that the nineteenth-century aspirations are often undefined and vague. Longfellow's popular verses called "Excelsior" may be said perhaps to express this vagueness. The passion for knowledge, for the exploration of its limitless fields, for the annexation of new kingdoms of science and thought is what actuates the modern Ulysses. He is intent

To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bounds of human thought.

The latter line exactly reminds us of the uncontrollable ambition of the modern mind—its insatiable and implacable thirst for fresh conquests.

Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and setting well in order smite
The sounding furrows ; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die:

Notice the vast uncertainty of their destination as given in the following lines:—

It may be that the gulfs will wash us down :
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
 And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
 Tho' much is taken, much abides ; and tho'
 We are not now that strength which in old days
 Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are ;
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,
 Made weak by time and fate, but *strong in will*
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

What finer wording could there be of the modern spirit of tireless investigation? But, indeed, throughout his poetry, sympathetically or antipathetically, Tennyson reflects his age with singular faithfulness. I am not sure that any other poet has been so largely and fully the spokesman of his age. To use a Hamletian metaphor, he has been the instrument on which his age has played its various tunes. Nor am I sure that a poet who is so specially the spokesman of his own age and its notions, will not be found of the less value by future ages. The supreme poets are "not of an age, but for all time," or, rather, they belong to their respective ages, but to all other ages besides. The lesser poets are limited to their ages. Immersed in the present, for future readers, except for the historical student, they have less interest. Certainly Tennyson mirrors his age in a wonderful manner. But our space permits but one more illustration. How admirably the transitional character of the century is rendered in the famous passage in which King Arthur, with shatter'd casque, his "brow Striped with dark blood," his face white and colourless, is placed, disabled and broken, in the barge to go

To the island-valley of Avilion!

He is the representative of a great age that is being superseded, of a system that, after noble service done, is making room for a new system which also shall be nobly serviceable; of a régime that has waxed old as doth a garment, and is being put aside for a vesture new-woven and new-dyed. Sir Bedivere exactly images those persons who hold indiscriminately to the old ideas and the old ways; who cling blindly to the skirts of the past, and can never see that the costume they have admired is threadbare and discoloured, and ragged and rotten. They "love not wisely but too well." They cannot conceive that life may be worth living—may be lived nobly—under other forms than those with which they are familiar. In all transitional ages you

may hear the piteous outcries of these weak, forlorn brethren. They would forbid and obstruct the departure of their Arthur, although indeed he is dying, and would fondly cherish a mere corpse, from which, alas! there must needs proceed corruption and plague.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere :
 " Ah ! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go ?
 Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes ?
 For now I see the true old times are dead,
 When every morning brought a noble chance,
 And every chance brought out a noble knight.
 Such times have been not since the light that led
 The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
 But now the whole Round Table is dissolved
 Which was an image of the mighty world,
 And I, the last, go forth companionless,
 And the days darken round me, and the years,
 Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge :
 " *The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
 And God fulfils himself in many ways,
 Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.*"

In Browning, too, we may easily see reflected the perpetual inquisitiveness and unsettlement of the age. Browning's own religious belief never falters ; but he portrays current scepticisms in such works as the " Death in the Desert " and " I. a Saisiaz." In Paracelsus he gives a memorable enunciation of the idea of progress. It is to be feared that many people confound the ideas of movement and progress, which, it is clear, are extremely different. A man may walk, and walk with exemplary vigour, along what is unfortunately quite the wrong road for him, if he has any particular destination in view. He moves, but he does not progress. But we may presume he thinks he is progressing—that his motto is progress. And let us hope that much of the movement of our time is really progressive. Browning thus describes his ideals, and endeavours to guide the impulses of the age accordingly :

Progress is
 The law of life, man's self is not yet Man !
 Nor shall I deem his object served, his end
 Attained, his genuine strength put fairly forth,
 While only here and there a star dispels
 The darkness, here and there a towering mind
 O'erlooks its prostrate fellows.

And he goes on to dwell sanguinely on the fresh start that life seems making. Of course the words refer, in the first instance, to the early

sixteenth century ; but there cannot be a doubt they are largely suggested by the poet's immediate environment.

Prognostics told
Man's near approach ; so in man's self arise
August anticipations, symbols, types
Of a dim splendour ever on before,
In that eternal circle run by life.
For men begin to pass their nature's bound,
And find new hopes and cares which fast supplant
Their proper joys and griefs ; they outgrow all
The narrow creeds of right and wrong, which fade
Before the unmeasured thirst for good ; while peace
Rises within them ever more and more.

JOHN W. HALES.

(To be concluded.)

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE ELECTRIC RUPTURE OF METALS.

WHEN a weak conductor of electricity is over-exerting itself by carrying a current that is too much for its sectional area, it grows hotter and hotter in proportion to the overstrain, and finally becomes brilliant, like the poor overworked strips and films in our electric glow-lamps. Nahrwold showed some time ago that platinum wire thus ill-treated actually perspires, exudes or throws off some of its substance, sufficient to form a metallic incrustation or faint mirror-like deposit on the walls of a glass tube surrounding it.

In a recent number of the *Annalen der Physik und Chemie* is a paper by Dr. Alfred Berliner, in which he shows that this is due to the gases occluded (condensed and hidden) within the substance of the platinum. Palladium which occludes within itself so marvellous a quantity of hydrogen displays still greater incrustation than platinum.

I suspect that the old lecture-table experiments of exploding gold leaf and thin metal wires by including them in the circuit of discharge of a powerful Leyden jar battery depends, in some measure, on the outburst of their occluded gases. The paper against which such wires are laid is metallised, and the gold is injected into the glass plates between which the gold leaf is laid.

This is not at all surprising, as we know that the energies of heat and electric tension are essentially repulsive; they must forcibly expand the internal gases, and drive them out so violently as to disintegrate and force some of the metal with them; or, adopting the generally received view of such occlusion as that of hydrogen in palladium, viz. that an alloy of metallic hydrogen, or hydrogenium, is formed, we may regard such alloy as bodily expanded, and some of it driven violently outwards.

Berliner's theory, so far as I know, is new in reference to metals, but the action is identical in its nature to that which I observed more than thirty years ago as occurring to the incandescent carbon of King's electric light (see "Science in Short Chapters," page 81). There the occluded gases were driven out, and actually collected in the Torricellian tube, which was filmed with a delicate but inconvenient deposit of carbon. My theory of this action has since been fully confirmed on a vast scale by the manufacturers of glow-lamps, and is practically acted upon in the construction of all such lamps

This driving out and removal of the occluded gases constitutes one of the important modern improvements of electric lighting. Without it the delicate wicks now used would be very short lived, practically worthless. When dead, buried, and decomposed I may possibly receive some credit for the discovery and exposition of this.

THE NUTRITIVE VALUE OF FISH.

W. O. ATWATER has been working on the comparative absorption of fish and flesh-meat in the alimentary canal, in the course of an inquiry into the chemical composition of fish undertaken on behalf of the United States Fishery Commission. He finds that, weight for weight in dry matter, fish is equivalent to *lean meat* (meat quite freed from fat) as a source of nitrogenous food, and he speaks most decisively as to the importance of fish as food.

In such insistence he is not likely to be misunderstood by chemists, but he may be by those who have accepted the popular notion that fish supply especially valuable brain food, on account of the phosphorus they are supposed to contain. This idea is utterly fallacious, the phosphorescence of dead fishes having no connection whatever with the element phosphorus; no more has the phosphorescence of the living glowworm, the firefly, or the centipede. A large number of substances besides phosphorus are phosphorescent, and in living animals the giving out of light appears to be but a modification of the ordinary vital function of giving out heat, or, otherwise stated, animal light replaces animal heat—but a small difference, seeing that heat and light are modes of material motion differing from each other only in their speeds of vibration.

Mr. Atwater's results suggest another practical and interesting conclusion. All good cooks when they grill fish add some butter before serving, and many of us use a little more at the table. In doing this we are simply supplying that element of food in which the fish itself is deficient. The fish is equivalent to flesh meat minus the fat. By adding fat, or by frying fish in oil, we bring it up to the standard composition demanded for the nutriment of our own bodies. Vegetable food contains fat. Oatmeal contains $5\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of fat; flour, from $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 per cent.; potatoes, $\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. Nuts are especially rich in solid oil, and I find that vegetarians consume them very largely.

MYSTERIOUS NUCLEI.

IN a note in this Magazine of March 1881 is described the results of Mr. John Aitken's researches on the formation of mists, fogs, and clouds. He proved that air may be saturated, or even super-saturated, with vapour, and yet no such formation shall occur, provided

the air be free from minute particles, and that the introduction of such particles into such a clear saturated atmosphere immediately produces a cloud, due to the action of these particles as nuclei upon which the vapour is condensed.

It may be remembered that these experiments showed that even such substances as the solid metals, when heated in the filtered air, gave off something producing the cloudiness by thus acting as nuclei.

I have since learned that at a meeting of the Physical Society of Berlin, held in October last, Dr. Robert von Helmholtz has controverted the conclusions of Mr. Aitken. He found (I quote from the abstract of his paper in "Nature") that "when a platinum wire, heated red-hot by an electric current, is brought near a current of vapour, the colour of the latter changes, owing to an increased condensation. A similar result was obtained when the following agents were employed instead of a red-hot platinum wire, viz. the gases evolved from a hydrogen flame, the gases which rise from a glowing wire gauze, a metallic point from which electricity is making its exit, an electric spark, the vapours which rise from sulphuric acid, sal-ammoniac when formed in the current of vapour by the interaction of hydrochloric acid gas and ammonia. In all these last-named cases, where the condensation is facilitated, it is impossible to speak of any nuclear action."

Assuming this to be a correct report, the facts named distinctly indicate nuclear action. The result of the union of hydrochloric acid gas and ammonia is an abundant formation of solid particles of ammonium chloride. The vapours of sulphuric acid form liquid nuclei when they come in contact with aqueous vapour, as indicated by name of the Nordhausen or "fuming" sulphuric acid, and it has been demonstrated by a multitude of experiments that the emission of electricity from metallic points or the discharge of electric sparks from metals is accompanied by a carrying over of particles of the conductor itself. The luminosity of the electric spark has been attributed to the incandescence of these particles. In the electric arc light, which is simply an electric spark passing between carbon conductors, the luminosity is demonstrably due to the incandescence of carbon particles passing between the electrodes.

The facts stated in the preceding note show how the glowing wire gauze and the heated platinum wire, and the other heated metals, in Dr. R. von Helmholtz's experiments, may, and under ordinary conditions must, throw off particles that constitute nuclei. It should be remembered that all metals, so far as we know, do some amount of occlusion, and that a high temperature, whether produced by electric agency or otherwise, drives out more or less of the occluded gases.

TABLE TALK.

PSEUDONYMS AND SOBRIQUETS.

THE difference between pseudonyms and sobriquets, on which subject, *à propos* to Mr. Frey's book, I wrote last month, is, I suppose, that the former are spontaneously assumed by the bearers, while the latter, often with some slightly ironical or bantering intention, are bestowed upon them. Henry Vaughan, the poet, elected to be called the Silurist; and Gacon, the bitter opponent of I. B. Rousseau, announced himself as "Le Poëte sans fard." Ben Jonson fixed on Shakespeare the name of "The Swan of Avon." Rochester is, I fancy, responsible for the name of "The Merry Monarch," which, without the accompanying phrase "scandalous and poor," clings to Charles the Second; his soldiers fixed on Buonaparte the name of "Le Petit Caporal;" while some unknown luminary—an unrecorded and probably unconscious master of bathos—greeted George the Fourth as the "First Gentleman in Europe." The well-known names Artemus Ward and Mark Twain are pseudonyms, such as are often employed on the stage, where not one man in three holds his own name. Meanwhile some names become accidentally both sobriquets and nicknames. Such, to quote only comparatively recent and illustrious instances, are "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" and "The English Opium Eater," both of them employed at first in the title of books, and then fastened on and accepted by the respective bearers. Many names assigned to writers are very unhappy, and in some cases idiotic. Alexander Brome thus appears as "The English Anacreon," Thomas Lodge as "The English Aretine," William Warner as "The English Homer," and James the First as "The English Solomon"—the last an absurd appellation, a joke on which, by Raleigh, is said to have cost that worthy his head. Raleigh, on I know not what authority, is said to have affirmed that King James had "indeed one title to be called Solomon, seeing that he was the son of David" (Rizzio). This jest, carried to King James, is said to have been a cause of Raleigh's condemnation. It is a question whether a spiteful epithet once applied in print to a real or an imagined enemy constitutes a sobriquet. On the strength, however,

of Robert Green's "Groat's-worth of Wit," Shakespeare appears in Mr. Frey's book as "Shake-scene," and Bishop Hacket of Lichfield has been allowed to brand Milton as "black-mouthed Zoilus."

CHANGED CONDITIONS OF BOOK-COLLECTING.

I HAVE more than once drawn attention to the changed conditions that attend the purchase of books. In spite of the dispersal of such noble collections as the Sunderland and Hamilton Libraries, and in spite of the death of collectors such as Mr. Huth and Mr. Turner, the finest and rarest books are still in demand. Never has a good specimen of early typography fetched a longer price than now, or a magnificent binding stirred more eager competition. If a Caxton or a Grolier stands where it stood it is otherwise with works of later date and secondary importance. In this respect, indeed, the times are even a little out of joint. While a fourth folio Shakespeare, which is a far from uncommon work, fetches from fifteen to five-and-twenty pounds, a Chaucer of one hundred and twenty years earlier, an immeasurably rarer and more important volume, goes often for a third or a fifth of that sum. As if to contradict my words, however, an exceptionally fine copy sold at Sotheby's on March 20 for £18. 10s. We are patriotic enough to look after certain Baskervilles; but Bodonis, with all their marvellous majesty of appearance and purity of type, are a drug in the market. Early Aldines are still sought, and the Elzevir reproductions (*suivant la copie*) of Molière fetch long prices. Except in the case of a French work of some rarity, however, our booksellers no longer measure their Elzevirs and report the millimetres of margin. Meanwhile the old editions of classics and all such-like lumber the shelves of the bookseller, and are knocked down at the auction for a quarter of the price they fetched a decade ago.

MANIA FOR FRESH EDITIONS.

WHAT, then, are the books that have risen upon the fall of their predecessors? Illustrated works of the last century are greatly in vogue, and the delightful plates of Eisen, Marillier, Fragonard, and other designers or engravers will sell not only the sparkling Contes of La Fontaine but the insipid verses of Dorat. What, however, is most remarkable, is the sudden demand that has arisen for fresh editions of the works of writers of the present century, and of those even who are still among us. When societies such as the Shelley and the Browning Society spring into existence it is only

natural that early works and fresh editions of the masters thus honoured should be sought. How much a "Pendennis" or a "Dombey," in the original covers, yellow or green, in which the numbers appeared, and in which I for one took them in, would now bring let the booksellers' catalogues attest. Both Dickens and Thackeray are, however, the object of a special cult. During the past month Byron's "Waltz" was sold at Sotheby's for £50, and the "Poems on Various Occasions," for £46. Meanwhile the taste for first editions has so spread that writers still young obtain from their contemporaries the recognition hitherto afforded by posterity, and the book that was published yesterday becomes covetable as a rarity to-day. I have before me a bookseller's catalogue a special feature in which is a series of first editions of works of my friends Mr. Austin Dobson and Mr. Andrew Lang. Very delightful, as I can personally attest, are some of their writings, copies of which occupy a prominent position on my shelves. To see books, however, take rank as treasures within a decade of their appearance is an experience reserved for the bibliophile of to-day.

FIRST EDITIONS OF MR. STEVENSON.

THE foregoing reflections are a not very obvious outcome of the perusal of some recent works of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson. No long time ago I dwelt, in these pages, on the qualities developed in Mr. Stevenson's collected essays. Two further volumes from the same source are now before me, on "The Silverado Squatters,"¹ and "Familiar Studies of Men and Books,"¹ Reading the brilliantly diversified contents of these—the sane judgments passed in the one upon men such as Burns and Walt Whitman, and its pleasant gossip concerning Pepys, and the marvellous description in the other of Californian life, scenery, and character—I please myself by thinking that these very volumes I am perusing with quiet enjoyment will some day be the object of keen competition at some "Sotheby's" of the future. For this their appearance in every way fits them. If anyone seeks to know how distinctly a poet is Mr. Stevenson, let him read, in "The Silverado Squatters," the chapter headed "A Starry Drive," and let those who repeat the old arraignment of the Scotch for their slow and laboured appreciation of a joke read the exquisite piece of humour in the same work (p. 51) beginning "The happiest lot on earth is to be born a Scotchman." Mr. Stevenson as a humorist has few equals.

SILVANUS URBAN.

¹ Chatto & Windus.

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NETHERWOOD BARN:
A TRAGEDY OF MIDSUMMER DAY.

BY BENJAMIN SCOTT.

IN the heart of Worcestershire, about midway between Droitwich and Spetchley, lies the small village or hamlet of Oddingley. The Bristol express, as it rushes southward, gives the traveller a passing glimpse of the little church, standing among a few trees, pretty near to the line, upon the right. The population is scanty the parish consisting mainly of some half-dozen farms, and the district is somewhat wild, and, to use a Worcestershire word, *unked*.¹ It is bordered on either side by low hills, those on the east being crowned by the Trench Woods, in whose recesses, at the time to which this narrative refers, the wild-cat, the badger, and the marten still found a home.

To the living of this secluded place, worth at the most considerably under £200 a year, the Rev. George Parker was in 1793 presented by Lord Foley, through the influence of his friend and patron the Duke of Norfolk. Mr. Parker was a Cumberland man, and had received his education in his native county, subsequently passing some years as an assistant classical master at St. John's School, Warwick.² Of his general character as a clergyman little is known; he is traditionally said, however, to have been benevolent in disposition and kind to the poor. But from the time of his first coming to Oddingley he was constantly at variance with his richer parishioners, the farmers, on the question of tithes, which formed the

¹ A.S. *uncud*= uncouth, strange or unknown.

² His father was a substantial yeoman, of Joinby, in the parish of Greystoke, six miles from Penrith. Mr. Parker's lands adjoining and traversing those of the Duke of Norfolk, he proposed an exchange, by which the boundary was made more even. The Duke was so well pleased that he undertook to provide for the education and advancement of Mr. Parker's son George.

principal part of his living. What was the exact point in dispute, apart from the particulars which follow, is not recorded. Tithe, as a customary and legal payment, could hardly be objected to in the abstract, unless it were from considerations of religion or conscience, which, as the sequel will show, did not weigh very heavily with the Oddingley farmers. They were not poor men, for those were the good old times when, with wheat at ninety to one hundred shillings the quarter, and rents much lower in proportion than at present, it was possible for agriculturists to make money; when "A short crop and a long war" was the cynical toast of the unregenerate British farmer. Nor does it appear that Mr. Parker, though perhaps inclined to be strict and masterful, acted otherwise than as a straightforward man of business. His predecessor had been in the habit of compounding with the farmers for his tithes, receiving in lieu thereof £135 per annum, which sum being considered insufficient by Mr. Parker, he proposed to raise it to £150. This proposal was resisted by the farmers, at the instigation of Captain Samuel Evans, who occupied a farm which adjoined the churchyard on the south side, and was thence called the Church Farm. This individual, now a magistrate, had formerly served his Majesty King George the Third in the 89th Regiment of Foot, had taken part in the abortive British attack on the island of Guadaloupe, and had been allowed by a grateful country to retire upon half-pay.¹ The farmers refusing to grant the extra £15, Mr. Parker decided to collect the tithes in kind. This he did for two or three years, when the farmers, finding themselves losers by the system, offered to comply with the terms formerly proposed by the Rector. He replied that he was willing to abide by his own proposition, but as he had in the meantime been at an expense of £150 in erecting a barn and making other arrangements for collecting the tithes, he required that they should bear their share of the outlay. But here the farmers struck again, and in the result Mr. Parker continued to collect the tithes in kind. Considering the temper of his parishioners, this may not have been a wise course, but it can hardly be called an unjust one. Dissensions and litigation, however, ensued, and this state of things continued until the year 1806. Meanwhile Mr. Parker had married, and was now the father

¹ Evans appears to have been a man of low origin, the son of a small tradesman at Kidderminster. Having enlisted as a common soldier, he subsequently distinguished himself as a recruiting sergeant, and at length obtained a captaincy. Upon his retirement he returned to his own town, and after several moves settled at Droitwich, where he became successively Burgess, bailiff, and magistrate. He probably possessed the easy assurance which enables so many worthless characters to push their way in the world.

of several young children. In the early part of the year (1806) a conspiracy was entered into which for cold-blooded atrocity has not been excelled even in the "disturbed" districts in the west of Ireland. It was in this respect worse than the agrarian plots with which we have lately become so familiar, namely, that all the principal parishioners, including Captain Evans, who had now attained the mature age of seventy-two, were privy to it. Great as their differences with the Rector had been, it is to be supposed that these men went at least occasionally to church—perhaps had responded sometimes to the prayer "From battle, from murder, and from sudden death, good Lord, deliver us." None the less they were tired of the Parson, and they determined upon his "removal." It was decided, in fact, that Mr. Parker should be shot, and the project was discussed openly and without reticence. Thomas Clews, of Netherwood Farm, calling one morning at the house of a neighbour, whom he found engaged in conversation with the Rector, exclaimed on the departure of the latter, "Here's fifty pound for any one who will shoot the Parson!" On the farm of John Barnett, another of the conspirators, stood a sort of summer-house, called from its appearance the Pigeon House. In a cottage hard by lived a labouring man, whose two daughters, sitting up late one night, heard voices in the direction of the Pigeon House. One of the girls went out, and, hiding herself behind the trunk of a tree, overheard part of the proceedings. As there had been that day an enrolment among the farmers for the purpose of fighting against Bonaparte in case of an invasion, the war naturally formed one topic of discussion; and as Barnett's cider-cellar was underneath the building, it was also natural that the talk should be seasoned with toasts. Five voices joined in the conversation, among which that of Clews could be easily distinguished, though none of the parties were visible.

The toast "Death to the Bonaparte of Oddingley" had just been given and drunk "left-handed," when the barking of a dog disturbed this amiable company, and the terrified girl flew back to her home, followed to the cottage door by the footsteps of two of the party. On another occasion Clews was seen by one of his own labourers at a public-house in Droitwich, in company with the man who afterwards committed the crime, when the same toast, "Death to the Bonaparte of Oddingley," was proposed and drunk. At Easter there was a vestry meeting in the church, followed by a dinner at the "Plough," in the neighbouring village of Tibberton. The proceedings at the vestry had not been harmonious, and after dinner Captain Evans, magistrate and retired officer, proposed to drink

"the Parson left-handed." With the exception of two individuals,¹ all the persons present accepted the sinister toast. The Rector's death having been decided upon, the next step was to engage a suitable agent for the commission of the deed; the conspirators, for reasons best known to themselves, thinking their own necks too valuable to be unduly risked. Perhaps, like many other rogues, they had not implicit confidence in each other. Be this as it may, they found a willing instrument in one Richard Heming, a carpenter, who lived at Droitwich, three miles away. This man undertook, for a consideration, to shoot Mr. Parker. Like his employers, he seems to have thought that there was no necessity for an ostentatious display of caution, allowing himself to be seen lurking about the Parsonage for several months shouldering a gun, which is not exactly a carpenter's tool. Once, indeed, he left the weapon under a rick-staddle in Captain Evans's fold-yard, where it was found by a domestic servant and taken into the house. Heming let it remain for a week, then called and took it away. He was frequently to be seen in the meadows with his gun, both morning and evening, his object being to get a shot at his victim as he drove his cows afield or brought them home again at milking-time. But in these walks Mr. Parker was often accompanied by his little daughter, a girl of five summers, whose presence might either involve the commission of a double murder, or greatly enhance the danger of detection. As weeks went by, and no favourable chance presented itself, the assassin adopted the expedient of throwing shot or gravel against the Rector's bedroom window at night, hoping thus to attract his attention and shoot him when he appeared at the window. Escape under cover of the darkness would then have been perfectly easy. On one occasion when thus disturbed the Rector got out of bed, but suddenly checked himself and did not go to the window; and another night, at the earnest entreaty of his wife, who had long had fears for his safety, he did not rise at all. At length the fateful day arrived. It was Midsummer Day, and the farmers for miles around were setting out for Bromsgrove Fair, then, as now, one of the events of the year in Worcestershire. To describe this annual festivity would occupy too much space. Suffice it to say that on the 24th of June the quiet little town puts on the aspect of a carnival; that its streets and courts and inn-yards are lined and thronged with

¹ The lands of the parish were in the holding of seven individuals, viz., Evans, Barnett, Clews, Jones, Marshall, Perkins, and Harcourt. Harcourt and another declined the toast. The total number of houses in the parish was nineteen, and the population about one hundred, all told.

hundreds upon hundreds of vehicles of all kinds from the adjacent counties ; that every house seems to be converted for the nonce into a tavern ; that the menagerie, the shooting-gallery, the fat lady, the living skeleton, and the sheep with six legs are in full force ; and that in the fields adjoining the Crown Close, under the shadow of the venerable church, Welshmen with their droves of shaggy ponies are doing their best to make things unpleasant for the ribs and shins of the unwary foot-passenger, and tossing up their hats in wild excitement every time that a sale is effected. To this fair went Thomas Clews, and before mounting his horse he was heard to remark that he "should be glad to find a dead parson at Oddingley" when he came back. His wish was only too fatally gratified. Heming had been seen at Captain Evans's house that morning by one of the domestics, and he was also seen by a female servant employed at the adjoining farm (John Barnett's) in the afternoon. At about five o'clock in the evening this young woman, who was at work in a field of clover hay, was startled by the report of a gun, and, looking in the direction of the sound, saw Mr. Parker running towards the hedge which separated his field from Barnett's, and heard a cry of murder. The report of the gun and the victim's cry were also heard by two young men named Lench and Giles, who had come from Worcester for an afternoon walk. They ran towards the spot and saw a man under the hedge hiding something in a bag. Being asked what he had done, he replied "Nothing," and immediately decamped, leaving his bag on the ground, containing a gun which had been taken to pieces. While Lench ran to the assistance of the unfortunate clergyman Giles pursued the murderer for some distance, and was gaining upon him, when Heming turned round and fumbled in his pocket as if to draw some weapon, and his pursuer, fearing to be shot, turned back again. Heming made at first for the shelter of a wood at Eve Lench, but, continuing his flight, went hastily in the direction of Worcester, and was recognised by three persons who saw him on the road, walking very fast, and looking much confused. It was then nearly six o'clock, and he was within a mile of Worcester. After that Heming was never more seen in the light of day. One of the persons who met him, knowing that he was considered a fast runner, asked if he had a wager on hand. He replied : "There are two men after me, but you must not say which way I am gone" ; which the other took to mean that the bailiffs were in pursuit, and said no more.

The intentions of the conspirators had been partially disappointed by the circumstance of the murder taking place in broad daylight

and during ordinary working-hours. Many people ran to the field in the hope of succouring the dying man ; among them the Rev. Reginald Pyndar, minister of an adjoining parish. He found Mr. Parker on the ground, supported in the arms of some of his neighbours. A charge of small shot had entered his right side, severing the main arteries, and causing fatal hemorrhage. So near had the assassin stood when he had fired the gun, that the clothes of the unfortunate gentleman were burning. There were also three wounds on the head, inflicted by the murderer with the butt end of his gun, when he found that the shot was not instantaneously fatal. In a few moments after Mr. Pyndar's arrival the murdered man breathed his last.

The suspicion which attached itself to Heming, though no one had actually seen him fire the fatal shot, was confirmed by his instant flight, and no time was lost in endeavouring to secure him. Messengers were sent off in every direction, and his house at Droitwich was searched the same evening by the district constable, but without avail. An inquest was held on the day following ; but, in spite of the coroner's efforts to obtain evidence, nothing was adduced which could throw any light upon the motives which had actuated the crime. There was, indeed, a strong suspicion that Heming, a total stranger to the Rector,¹ had been the hired agent of others ; but on this point there was no evidence. The conspirators naturally kept their own counsel, and perhaps the farm servants, some of whom must have had their own thoughts upon the matter, were either bribed to secrecy or fearful of implicating themselves. The jury, again, notwithstanding the circumstantial evidence against Heming, found that the murder had been committed "by some person or persons unknown."² The authorities took another view, and offered a reward of fifty guineas for the apprehension of Heming, and a free pardon to any accomplice who would give information as to his whereabouts ; but the search for him was still fruitless. It

¹ The Rector seems, however, to have known Heming by sight, and to have noticed the bag in which, when he appeared on the public roads, the gun was concealed. He once asked a stone-breaker what he thought Heming, who was passing at the time, carried in his bag. The man replied, "A gun to shoot you with, sir." In spite of this and other warnings, Mr. Parker could not bring himself to believe that his parishioners were guilty of such a design.

² This is not to be wondered at, if, according to one tradition, Evans himself was foreman of the jury. The original account of the inquest is not extant, but as the jury was convened at a moment's notice, and there were not twenty householders to select from, there is nothing more likely than that some or all of the conspirators may have been summoned upon it.

was given out that he had escaped to America, from whence in those days there was little danger of his being restored to the arms of justice. But the difficulties in the way of a man striving to reach a seaport from a remote rural district, without even an hour's start of his pursuers, would have been enormous ; and although his employers took care to support the theory of his escape, rumours were current from the first that Heming had been disposed of in another way. These rumours gained the more credence from the fact that Clews, when in his cups, was sometimes disposed to be communicative, and would hint not obscurely that he knew what had become of Heming, and that he would never appear again. As time wore on he became less and less reticent, and in the year 1815, just before the battle of Waterloo, being at dinner with some other farmers at a public-house in Worcester, he attracted attention by the freedom of his remarks in reference to the murder of Mr. Parker. A traveller from Bristol, who was dining at the same place with a friend, thought the language of Clews so remarkable that he beckoned his companion out of the room, and on their return the conversation was renewed. On someone saying that there would soon be terrible slaughter in the army, Clews replied that there would not be half so much fuss made about that as there had been about the death of a parson a little time before. To a further remark that whoever the murderer was, he would some day or other be brought to justice and hung, he rejoined that he knew better than that : Heming would never come to be hung, for he was safe enough.

In consequence of a report that money had been offered for the murder of Mr. Parker, several persons were at different times arrested, including Captain Evans, John Barnett, and an elderly man named Taylor, a blacksmith in very evil repute ; but for want of evidence they could not be detained in custody.

Two circumstances, the details of which were probably arranged to avert suspicion, took place in the week following the murder. At the instance of Captain Evans, Clews ordered a large quantity of marl, ostensibly for the purpose of levelling an uneven place in his fold-yard, but directed several loads to be thrown upon the barn floor, which also wanted levelling, particularly in one bay. The work was all done by daylight, and the man who carted the marl was not cautioned in any way as to keeping the matter secret. About the same time a crop of clover was got in and stacked at Captain Evans's, and the rick, instead of being used or sold in regular course, was allowed to remain standing for a number of years. A rumour accordingly got about that Heming had been buried under it, and it

was suggested that the stack should be pulled down. Heming's widow having made a deposition before a magistrate to the effect that she believed her husband's body would be found under the clover-rick, an order was granted for its removal. But that very night it vanished mysteriously, and the ground lay open, as much as to say, "Come and dig as soon as you will: you will find nothing." The ground was carefully dug over and examined, but no discovery was made.

Twenty-three years and six months had rolled away, when, on December 28, 1829, the curtain rose upon another act in this grim tragedy. Clews had in the mean time left Netherwood, which was now farmed by a person of the name of Nash. The barn being much dilapidated, it was decided to pull it down, and during the operation a human skeleton, having the skull fractured in several places, was found beneath the surface of the ground in one of the bays. The discovery would have been ghastly enough under any circumstances; but to the finder, Charles Burton, the horror was increased as he recognised, by certain unmistakable tokens, the remains of his own brother-in-law, Heming. Several of the wretched man's teeth had been peculiar in form, giving an expression to the mouth which could be recognised in the skeleton. He had also been accustomed to wear shoes of an unusual shape, and those found upon the mouldering bones of the feet corresponded. But more conclusive still, lying close to the right thigh-bone, was a carpenter's slide-rule. This rule Heming's widow (who had since married again) was able to describe minutely before seeing it; and she afterwards swore positively to the identity of both the rule and the shoes. There could no longer be the shadow of a doubt that the murderer had in his turn been murdered and hidden away in order to secure the safety of his employers. During the course of the coroner's inquiry, which lasted five days, three of the suspected parties, Thomas Clews, George Banks, and John Barnett, were apprehended and lodged in Worcester jail. The hoary-headed villain who had been the chief instigator and moving spirit in the affair—Captain Evans—had passed to his final account only a year before, at the great age of nearly ninety-six. The house in which he died is still pointed out at Droitwich, whither he had removed some years previously. Taylor the blacksmith, who bore a very bad character (being suspected, *inter alia*, of having caused the death of his own wife), had also died at Droitwich not many years after the murder of Mr. Parker. Before the close of the inquest, Clews thought it expedient to make a confession, and the coroner with his jury

adjourned to the prison for the purpose of receiving it. After repeated cautions not to entertain any hope of pardon as a reward for his disclosures, he made and signed a long statement, in which he took care not to charge either himself or his fellow-prisoners with active participation in the crime. The jury by their verdict charged Clews, Banks, and Barnett with being principals in the second degree, that is, with aiding and abetting the murderer of Richard Heming; and they were all three committed for trial at the Worcestershire Lent Assizes.

On March 11, 1830, the prisoners were brought to the bar, the Grand Jury having spent the whole of the previous day in investigating the charges against them. The accused men, well dressed, and apparently quite unconcerned as to their position, were placed in the dock as early as seven o'clock, Mr. Justice Littledale having appointed the hour of eight for the commencement of the case. The court was by that time crowded to overflowing, and "crushed bonnets and torn dresses were the penalty which numbers of most respectably-dressed females had to endure" as the price of the gratification of their curiosity. There were three indictments. The first charged the prisoners with being accessories before the fact to the murder of the Rev. George Parker; the second charged them with being accessories to the same murder after the fact; and by the third Clews and Banks were charged with aiding and abetting in the murder of Heming, and Barnett with being an accessory before the fact. The first bill was found true against all the prisoners; the second and third, true against Clews alone; and after some discussion it was decided to try him upon the third indictment, namely, for aiding and abetting in the murder of Richard Heming. The case for the Crown was in the hands of Curwood, Whateley, and Godson; while for the defence no less than eight counsel were engaged, including Campbell, K. C., afterwards Lord Campbell, and Holroyd, son of the judge of that name. The instructing solicitor on behalf of Banks and Barnett was Mr. Spurrier, a well-known Birmingham man, famous for his complete acquaintance with all the intricacies of criminal law. The conduct of the case was marked by a gravity approaching to gloom. There was the usual exhibition of sparring between counsel as to the admission of this or that piece of evidence, but none of those sallies of wit or humour which are so seldom absent from modern *causes célèbres*, however tragical the subject. The opening statement of Mr. Curwood was clear and forcible, without any trace of special pleading. Having presented a summary of the evidence to be adduced, he concluded his address with a solemn appeal to the jury. "Gentle-

men," said he, "some of the parties to this transaction have gone to their long home ; they have escaped beyond the arm of human justice, but not therefore have they escaped all responsibility for these crimes. The mind and the faculties of man are too limited to scan the operations of the Deity ; but He, who, as the Psalmist tells us, is righteous in all His doings and holy in all His works, knows how to perfect the ends of His infinite wisdom. Year after year has rolled away since this transaction passed ; almost in a miraculous manner the grave has thrown out the mouldering remains of humanity to bring this transaction to light. Gentlemen, you have to judge of it. Remember, you are sworn to decide this great question ; and may that Almighty Power in whose hands are the issues of life and death direct you to a right verdict !"

Evidence was then given by various witnesses to the facts detailed in the foregoing pages. The lapse of so many years had thinned the ranks of those whose testimony might have been valuable, but the evidence so far as it went was uncontradicted. Upon Mr. Curwood proposing to read Clews's confession, a vigorous opposition was raised by his leading counsel, on the ground that the confession had been made not of his own free will, but under the influence of hope ; but after hearing counsel on both sides the judge decided to admit the document as evidence. It was to the effect that on the morning after Mr. Parker was shot Captain Evans sent a message to Clews by George Banks, to say that Heming, who was lurking in the meadows, would hide himself in the building at Netherwood. That he (Clews) refusing to have anything to do with harbouring the assassin, the Captain himself came later in the day, and begged Clews to meet him and someone whom he would bring with him at Netherwood Barn at eleven o'clock that night, when they would either give Heming some money and get him off, or "Somewhat must be done by him." That when Clews objected to come, Evans urged that he would otherwise be afraid of the dogs giving an alarm, and that it would not detain him a minute. That he went to the barn as the clock struck eleven, and found the Captain, who carried a dark lantern, old Taylor the blacksmith, and George Banks. That they all entered the barn, the Captain calling in a low voice, "Holloa, Heming, where be'est?" That while Banks and himself remained on the threshing-floor the Captain and Taylor stepped on to the mow in the bay, where Heming lay concealed in the straw, and that on the Captain saying, "Get up, Heming : I have got something for thee," Heming rose up on end as if he had been lying on his back, when

Taylor "up with a blood-stick"¹ and struck him on the head two or three blows, after which Heming "neither moaned nor groaned." That Taylor then went and fetched a spade, and having found a place on the opposite side of the barn, where dogs and rats had scratched holes, he threw out some soil with his spade, making a cavity large enough to receive the body, which, with the Captain's help, was soon placed in it. That Taylor covered it up, the Captain exclaiming, "Well done, boy : I'll give thee another glass or two of brandy." That Evans then darkened his lantern, and conjuring the others with a profusion of very choice oaths "not to split," he departed, and the rest also went to their homes. That on the following day, June 26, being at Pershore fair, the deponent received between £26 and £27 from Banks and Barnett, who told him that "it was to have taken Heming away." That a few days afterwards the Captain sent for him and said that if he held his peace he should never want for five pounds ; and that on the same occasion Banks's sister Katherine, who lived with Evans as housekeeper,² went down on her knees to him in the parlour and prayed him not to say anything, as she feared they would all come to be hanged if he spoke. That he had afterwards received £22 from the Captain, being the value of a mare which he bought at his sale, but for which no payment was ever demanded, and that Evans and Miss Banks being greatly frightened lest he should say anything, the former asked him to take an oath not to tell ; offering, as he was a magistrate, to administer it himself ! That he had refused to take the oath, and that he had never been at any of the meetings at the Pigeon House.

Throughout his confession Clews represented himself as a passive and unwilling witness of what transpired in his barn. He was even careful enough to say that the spade with which Heming was buried was "no spade of mine"—a statement which was probably false. Neither of the other prisoners made any admission, and the only direct evidence against any of them was this shrewdly concocted story of Clews's.

The case for the prosecution having closed, Sergeant Ludlow submitted that there was no case to go to the jury, inasmuch as the prisoner's confession, not having been contradicted on any point, must be taken to be true. The judge, however, held that Clews was not entitled to his acquittal on that ground, and that his confession

¹ A small loaded stick or bludgeon which farriers use when bleeding to strike the fleam into a vein.

² What further relationship existed between them may be guessed from the fact that on Katherine Banks's death she was interred in a vault purchased by Evans, and adjoining one which was destined to receive his own remains.

must go to the jury with the other evidence. The prisoner was then asked whether he had anything to say in his own defence (defending counsel at that time not being allowed to make speeches on behalf of their clients), but he replied that he would leave the case in the hands of his counsel. Justice Littledale, in the course of his summing-up, remarked that by Clews's own confession he made himself an accessory after the fact, but that, in order to convict him of aiding and abetting in the actual murder, the jury must infer something which was not in evidence before them. The jury thereupon returned a verdict of "Guilty as an accessory after the fact." The judge was now compelled to remind them that the prisoner was indicted not as an accessory but as a principal, and the jury had then no choice but to find the prisoner "Not guilty." After this result the prosecuting counsel declined to call evidence in support of the other indictments, and the prisoners were formally acquitted. Legal technicalities still stood in the way of their immediate discharge, and they were eventually released by a special order of the judge.

The reader will naturally ask, Why could not Clews have been tried again upon his own confession as an accessory after the fact? The answer is, that although the jury might have declared him guilty, no conviction could have been recorded. The law at that time required that, in order to the conviction of an accessory, the principal must first have been tried and condemned. This, from the nature of the case, was an impossibility. Two murders of peculiar atrocity had been committed, and the perpetrator in each case had long been dead. The issue of the proceedings must therefore have been clearly foreseen by the prosecution; indeed no other result would have been possible, unless some witness had unexpectedly come forward to contradict Clews's testimony.

So ended a trial memorable alike in the annals of crime and of criminal jurisprudence; we may almost add, in the annals of human nature. Seldom has a transaction so diabolical, and springing from motives so sordid and contemptible, disgraced the history of an English village community.

To the reader who has followed the story thus far, a few notes of a recent visit to the scenes connected with it may not be without interest. Starting from Droitwich, a pleasant walk of three miles over an undulating country brings the pedestrian to Oddingley. At less than half that distance, in fact within a mile of the salt city, with its smoke and its evaporating-vats, stands St. Peter's Church, over whose doorway is inscribed the legend "Remember Lot's wife"—a warning which, if intended to have any local reference, might be

considered *de trop*, since neither pleasure nor gain is likely to tempt back the visitor who has made his escape from Droitwich. Oddingley Parsonage, not of recent years occupied by the curate-in-charge, is a spacious and comfortable-looking homestead, with some buildings and an orchard attached, lying near the entrance of the village. About a quarter of a mile further on, and a little removed from the road, is the church, a small and ancient cruciform building, supposed to date from the time of Richard II. Passing through the churchyard—which, by the way, is not very neatly kept—a long, low, half-timbered structure is seen, the garden adjoining which is entered by a stile from the churchyard. This house, now converted into three tenements, was the residence of Captain Evans. In appearance it is ancient and picturesque, and somewhat dilapidated. The doors are protected by rustic porticoes, and there are dormer windows in the steep roof. The “parlour” in which Clews was conjured to preserve the terrible secret is now a fairly spacious kitchen, a quarried floor having been laid over the existing boards. This part of the premises being occupied by the person who has care of the church, we obtained the key from her and retraced our steps. Entering the church, we are struck at once with its diminutive proportions and its aspect of rude simplicity. The walls are whitewashed, the pavement of rough red tiles shaped like common bricks, the woodwork old and decaying. The nave is divided by a central gangway, which leaves room for seats on either side large enough to accommodate three persons each. A portion of the north transept, screened off, affords a primitive vestry. For the rest, both transepts are filled with seats. The pulpit, from whence the unfortunate pastor addressed his flock during thirteen years, is small and plain. The harmonium, which in so many country churches has replaced the rustic band, is covered with a blanket, which would be none the worse for a visitation from the *blanchisseuse*. The Christmas decorations, conspicuous neither for quality, quantity, nor good arrangement, are hardly enough to brighten the shadow of gloomy tradition which hangs over the place. In the pavement within the Communion rail, now covered with carpet, is a plain stone slab, partially defaced, on which may be read this inscription :

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
THE REV. GEORGE PARKER,
LATE RECTOR OF THIS PARISH,
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE
JUNE 24TH, 1806.
AGED 43 YEARS.

The stained glass of the eastern window, supposed to have been

removed long ago from one of the Worcester churches (one of the figures representing an abbot of Worcester), is very old and quaint. In the north and south walls of the chancel, facing either end of the Communion table, are corbels which probably in Roman Catholic times supported images of the Virgin and of the patron saint (St. James). The south wall contains also a piscina. Altogether, the building is a fair example in miniature of an ancient cruciform church.

Netherwood Barn, so fatally connected with the story, was rebuilt in 1830. It stands at a distance of half a mile from the church, on the road leading to Crowle. A tablet let into one of the walls records in brief the fate of Heming, and the finding of his remains.

<p>R. H. 1806—1830</p>

The Pigeon House, the scene of many a nightly carousal, is still to be seen, though in a state of ruin, roofless and open to every wind that blows. It stands about twenty yards from the road, in a little meadow or croft, and has evidently consisted of a single apartment furnished with a fireplace, two windows, and a door, and possibly a loft overhead. On the outside, but protected by a wall, a staircase leads down to the cider-vault, now blocked up with *débris*. The villagers say that ever since the murders the building has been allowed to go to decay. The entrances are padlocked, and the window-spaces filled up with boards and brick-ends. We saw, but could not reach, some bright green spears of hart's-tongue which had found a lodgment on the cellar stairs—unworthy of such an adornment.

The spot where the murdered clergyman fell and breathed his last is often visited, and the people are fond of pointing out that the hedge has never grown there since the fatal event. Perhaps the more sceptical reader will see nothing supernatural in this, since the trampling of many feet may have had something to do with it. That the hedge never will grow is, however, an article of faith, and it is now repaired with palings.

With regard to the character of Mr. Parker, we found the popular traditions uniformly favourable, and with equal unanimity the guilt of his assassination is laid at Captain Evans's door. As already stated, this man lived to a great age, dying within a year of the time when his accomplices were brought to trial. For many years he lived in constant fear of arrest, keeping his doors and

windows locked and barred, so that visitors could not gain an entrance without considerable delay. Worse than this, it is said that he was frequently haunted by the terrible scene in which he had borne a part at Netherwood Barn, and would suddenly cry out, "Take him away ! take him away !" The maid servant who attended him in his last years described him as sitting for hours with a large Bible open before him, but ready, even with his hand resting upon the page, to break out in fearful oaths and imprecations on the slightest occasion.

Clews lived for many years after the trial, but was not a prosperous man. Whether he revealed the whole truth as to his own share in the deed of blood can never be ascertained. After his acquittal his tongue was again loosened, and it is said that under the influence of a few glasses he could easily be induced to give, in the comparative privacy of the bar-parlour, his version of the whole affair. That so leaky a vessel should not at some time or other have let out all that there was to be known may seem unlikely ; while his truculent and unguarded expressions in anticipation of the crime are not inconsistent with a want of the hardened nerve and brutal recklessness necessary to an assassin.

THE KU KLUX KLAN.

THERE is no stranger chapter in American history than the one which bears for a title Ku Klux Klan. The organisation which bore this name went out of life as it came into it, shrouded in deepest mystery. Its members would not disclose its secrets, others could not. Even the investigating committees of the United States Congress, though armed with the powers of civil and military despotism, were baffled. Its origin, development, political organisation, and disbandment, are amongst the sealed books of history. "The Invisible Empire" was impenetrable to outward ken. The veil of secrecy hangs over its grave. I shall endeavour to partially lift it.

The year 1866 opened in the United States on a condition of polity perhaps unique in the history of the world. The Ku Klux Klan was as much the outcome of that condition as the yellow fever is of the mephitic vapours from the lands and swamps which were the birthplaces of both.

The war was but of yesterday. The "Stars and Bars" had gone down in a cloud of glory to an abyss of fire, desolation, and famine. The South, crushed down to the very earth, was writhing under the iron heel of the conqueror, her ruler in chains, her mightiest warrior, his ancestral lands a cemetery for the victor, engaged in lowly teaching for daily subsistence. Her haughty chivalry slain, expatriated or enduring the bitterness that is worse than death. The pitiful remnant of her agricultural middleclass bankrupt, their homesteads burned, their livestock swept away, their women and children wailing for food, their lands a desert. Their rulers their late slaves, their local masters the human scum the seething cauldron of civil war had raised to the surface. Their proud towns destroyed and their credit wasted by the profligacy of political "carpet-bag" adventurers. From Potomac to Chesapeake, from Florida to Tennessee, the iron had entered into their souls. State Governors, following the cruel rule of Butler, made civil law but a mockery and idle word, and anarchy, not tempered but aided by despotism, reigned supreme. Once again

the United States were enrolled among the nations of the world. How long to remain so who can tell? When will that word come, more terrible than the word that shattered Eildon Hill in three, that will sunder North and South and West, perchance bloodlessly and soon, perchance again with torn and bleeding wounds in the same ages hence when the united nations of Europe, as Lord Wolseley predicts, shall be in a death-grapple with the invading Chinese and Tarter hordes.

The young men of the South who had escaped death on the battlefield—Louisiana tigers, Black Horse cavalry, Mosby's and Morgan's guerillas, Wade Hampton's legionaries, and all the veterans of the "Lost Cause," for to be a Southerner in those days, young or old, was to be a veteran in war, and all were heroes, down even to the schoolboys who fought under General and Bishop Polk—had returned to their States and homes and passed through a period of enforced inactivity more trying than the ordeal of war which lay behind them. The reaction which followed the excitement of army scenes and service was intense. There was nothing to relieve it. They could not engage at once in business or professional pursuits. In the case of many, business habits were broken up, for many of their marts and towns were destroyed. Few had capital to enter upon mercantile or agricultural enterprises. Their paper currency it was treason to even own, and the land had been drained of hard money. There was a total lack of the social diversions which prevail whenever society is in a normal condition.

The throes of the great civil war were very slowly settling down to quiet. The almost universal disposition of the better class of the people on both sides was to accept the arbitrament which the sword had accorded them. "Fire-eaters," of course, still existed in the South amongst the more hot-blooded planters, 153 of whom left their lost nation for ever and took military service in other states, Egypt, Chili, &c.; and vindictive feelings amongst some in the North, as when President Johnson seriously proposed to take all property above £10,000 from its Southern owners and distribute it among the community; but ere long these feelings gave way to better counsels.

But, while anxious to accept the arbitrament of the sword to yield up their political claims and to again acquire, as speedily as possible, the blessings of peace, there were two causes of vexation and exasperation which the conquered people were in no good mood to bear. One of these causes related to that class of men who like scum had been thrown to the surface in the great upheaval. Com-

posed of the worst class of disbanded Union soldiers and men who during the war had been alternately traitors to either side (known as "bush whackers"), for it was not simply that they were Union men from conviction—that would have been readily forgiven them—they were now engaged in keeping alive discord and strife between the sections as the only means of acquiring plunder and preventing themselves from sinking back into the obscurity from which they had been upheaved. They were "a thorn in the flesh" of the body politic and social, and the effort to expel it set up acute inflammation.

The second disturbing element was the negroes. Their transition from slavery to citizenship had been sudden, and many entered their new life under the delusion that freedom meant license. They regarded themselves as freed men not only from bondage to former masters, but from the common and ordinary obligations of citizenship. Many of them looked upon obedience to the laws of the State—which had been framed by their former owners—as in some measure a compromise of their rights, while at the same time the administration of the civil law was only partially and partizanly established. This disorderly element of the negro population was led and controlled by white men of the meanest type referred to, and together they formed bands of desperadoes, styling themselves "The Union League," "The Red String Band," &c. They met frequently, went armed to the teeth, and literally "breathed out threatenings and slaughter." They not only uttered, but in many instances executed, the most violent threats against the persons, families, and property of men whose sole crime was that they had been in the Confederate army; in other words, they waged war against the whole of the late Confederacy, as there was hardly a single home in the whole South that did not mourn its gallant dead, and the honour of the women of the late Confederacy, and the lives and properties of all Southerners were in constant and imminent danger. That spirit that had prompted General Sherman on his march on the Shenandoah to order his men to "forage liberally,"—and to boast that he had forced the proud Georgia ladies to beg for his horses' corn for their children, and that enabled him afterwards to tell General Grant that he had carried off or destroyed over two-thirds of every description of the properties of the States through which he passed—was still abroad, and, treasured as a memory by his late "bummers," though the pretence had passed away, they still carried out his tenets. To more fully explain the position of parties I briefly recapitulate their late relations. The Southerners were a people proud and brave, who had been joined in formal union with a

people less showy but more thrifty, less boastful but more resolute, less self-assertive but more industrious. In this union the former had ruled until the right to dominate had seemed almost inherent ; and finally, when their will was thwarted by an aroused majority, earnestly believing themselves to be oppressed beyond endurance, they flew to arms and contested with marvellous courage and tenacity for the right to sever the compact that bound them to the other. Failing this they were at the will of the conqueror. Among the terms prescribed for this subjugated people was the condition that the servile race, poor and ignorant, should be admitted to an equal share of the government with themselves. It had been, until this hour of their subjugation, an inferior race, regarded as not worthy of possessing any inherent rights, "a chattel," and this belief had been part of their religion and inculcated from their pulpits. This elevation by their conquerors of an inferior race to be their co-ordinates in power was most exasperating and humiliating to the conquered people. To the South it was an act intended and designed to humiliate and degrade it, simply because in the conflict of arms to which they had appealed they had been unsuccessful. Yet after it was imposed they seemed without remedy. They were subject, broken, scattered ; an appeal to arms was hopeless. The power which had but recently forced them to submission was still more potent and compact than when the battle was joined before. Its armies in considerable force were scattered over the subject territory, and it needed but one blast of the trumpet to call the disbanded into line ; while those of the subject people were hopelessly shattered and disheartened, their armaments gone, and the power and opportunity to organise and concentrate impossible to be obtained. But such was the indomitable spirit of this people that they scorned to yield or submit to what they deemed oppression, and they gave a defiance fully and fairly, resisting bravely every step leading to the adoption of their conquerors' plans. No conquered foe ever passed under the Caudine forks, which they conceived to mean infamy and servitude to them, with more unwilling step. Every individual man and woman was afflicted with the keenest sense of personal humiliation because of their enforced submission to the power of a people they had always deemed their inferiors, and then further degraded by being placed on a level in legal and political power and privilege with a race they utterly despised. But while thus bowing beneath the scourge they marked and noted and early apprehended the weak point in their enemy's coat of mail, and steadily addressed themselves to planting therein a fatal stroke. They could not fight, and thus

avenge the affront that had been put on them ; but by infinite patience, matchless organisation, unremitting and universal zeal, they determined to foil their foe. It was a daring conception for a conquered people. Only a race of warlike instincts and regal pride could have conceived or executed it. To accomplish this end the most unshrinking and universal courage, united with a sleepless caution, was required on the part of every individual member, together with the most unswerving confidence in each and everyone of his fellows. Men, women, and children must have, and be worthy of, implicit mutual trust. Having eyes they must see not, and having ears they must hear not. They must be trusted with secrets of life and death, without reserve and without distrust. The whole South had to be fused and welded into one homogeneous mass, having one common thought, one imperial purpose, one relentless will. Should it succeed, it would be the most brilliant, silent revolution ever accomplished. Should it fail—well, those who engaged in it felt they had nothing more to lose. When the war ended they had proudly said, “All is lost but honour” ; but, when reconstructive measures came, they felt themselves covered with shame, degraded in the eyes of the world, not by their own acts—of them they were proud—but by what had been done unto them. It was a magnificent conception, a great and holy aim of redeeming the land, to which they were attached by such unalterable devotion, from the oppression of foes whom they regarded as unfit to rule, and of inferior and degraded race.

It was these hopes, aims, objects, and inspirations that created that masterpiece of secret power, the Ku Klux Klan.

The circumstances which brought the Klan into notice and notoriety was of a character to favour the charges of lawlessness and rapine against its founders. The reports of the Congressional Investigating Committee confirmed them. Even if that report be true, like everything else that is known of the Ku Klux Klan, it is fragmentary truth. The whole story has never been told. And the impression prevails that the Ku Klux Klan was conceived and carried out in a spirit of pure and unmixed devilry. This impression is neither just nor true. Its birthplace was Pulaski, the capital of Giles, one of the southern tier of counties in Middle Tennessee. Previous to the war, its citizens possessed wealth and culture—they retained the second, the first was lost in the general wreck. Pulaski was then a town of some three thousand inhabitants ; a male college and female seminary received liberal patronage, and it is and was a town of churches.

During the entire period of the Klan's organised existence Pulaski continued to be its central seat of authority, and some of its highest officers resided there.

There in the cultured and religious town of Pulaski the name Ku Klux first fell from human lips. There began a movement which in a short time spread as far north as Virginia, and as far south as Florida, and which for a period convulsed the country, and attracted the attention of the civilised world. Proclamations were fulminated against the Klan by the President and Governors of States ; and hostile statutes were enacted both by State and national Legislatures ; and to the election of President Cleveland, there were localities where the utterance of its name awakened awe and fear.

It is necessary to a clear understanding of the movement to observe that the history of the Klan is marked by two distinct and well-defined periods.

The first period covers the time from its organisation in May 1866 to the summer of 1867. The second from the summer of 1867 to its disbandment in the early part of the year 1869. Its early part contains but little of interest, except as illustrating the weird and irresistible power of the unknown over the minds of men of all classes and conditions of life, and illustrates how men, by circumstances and conditions in part of their own creation, may be carried away and drifted along in a course against which reason and judgment protest.

When the "lads in grey" had returned to their homes there was nothing, as before mentioned, but a dreary and idle reaction from the stirring scenes they had been actors in. One evening, in May 1866, a few of these young men met in the office of one of the most prominent members of the Pulaski Bar. In the course of conversation one of the number said, "Boys, let us get up a club or society of some description." The suggestion was discussed with enthusiasm, and a temporary organisation was effected by the election of a chairman and secretary. Two committees were appointed, one to select a name, the other to prepare a set of rules for the government of the society, and a ritual for the initiation of new members. Before the arrival of the appointed time for the next meeting, one of the most prominent citizens of Pulaski went on a business trip to Columbus, Miss., taking his family with him. Before leaving he invited a leading spirit of the new society, a late young Confederate leader, to take charge of his house during his absence, and the place of meeting was changed from the law office to this residence. The owner of it outlived the Ku Klux Klan, and died ignorant of the

fact that his house was the place where its organisation was fully effected. At the next meeting the committee reported they had found the task of selecting a name difficult, and had not come to a decision. They mentioned several they had been considering. In this number was the name "Ku Kloi," from the Greek "Kuklos," a band or circle. On the mention of this name someone cried out, "Call it Ku Klux." Nearly all the men present were Tennesseans, with only one or two from farther south. On the name being pronounced, a Georgia man present remarked : "Ku Klux, that sounds like "Cocletz," our old society, called the "Lost Clan of Cocletz." The Cocletz Indians were a clan, not a tribe, that had existed some 200 years previously. On being admitted into the far larger and powerful tribe of the Uchees, Cocletz, their chief, had fallen in love with the Uchee chief's daughter. The daughter reciprocated his affection, but the old chief was obdurate and peremptorily forbade the union. The lovers attempted to elope, but were discovered, and Cocletz sentenced to be burnt alive. He was tied to the stake, and the pine knots were already kindled, when his mistress, who had escaped her guards, flew with a few faithful adherents of his clan to his rescue. Bounding forward, she cut the thongs which bound him to the stake, while his followers poured a volley of arrows on the surprised Uchees. In the confusion the lovers escaped, and Cocletz became a mighty piratical chief ; like Ishmael, his hand was against every man, and at widely varying distances he and his band appeared with fire and sword. Throughout the Southern States to this day he is supposed by the negroes to gallop like the phantom horseman of the Hartz Mountains, with his crew of skeleton riders, through the swamps and savannahs of the sugar and cotton belts ; and when the cyclones and tornadoes tear their way through the forests, the trembling negroes still say, "There go Cocletz and his men." This legend was generally known to the assembled party, and the name Ku Klux, as being a happy combination of Greek mysticism and sound semblance to the ghostly American chief, was adopted with enthusiasm.

In addition to the "Lost Clan of Cocletz" there were many other clubs existing in the South before the commencement of the war under various high-sounding names. Amongst them were "The Knights of the Golden Circle," "Knights of the White Camelia," "Centaur's of Caucasian Civilization," "Angels of Avenging Justice," &c. As the Ku Klux Klan spread, these all became useful as rallying points for their former members after returning from the war, and ultimately they all became merged in the Klan. And as the Ku Klux

Klan grew and recognised and accepted the destiny that was thrust by the anomalous state of society upon it, Southerners recollected and saw what the Abolitionists, at first a little despised faction, had effected by means of their secret societies, of which the famous "Underground Railway" had been the outcome, and profited by the recollection. Further, as time went on, in addition to the whole power of the United States Government and troops they found such secret bodies as "The Red String Band," "The Union League," and "The Black Avengers of Justice" actively arrayed against them, and that in addition to the iron sway of the government and the shameless local rule of the carpet-baggers, not only the Ku Klux Klan but the whole of Southern society was being attacked by the Freedmen, and by means of these, in a new and embarrassing manner; as if a ward who had been reared in one's house had been made frantic with drink and then set upon his guardian; and it was these conditions of the body social and politic that welded the Ku Klux Klan into the mighty "Invisible Empire" it rapidly became. The name "Ku Klux" having been thus fortuitously adopted with acclamation, the adjunct "Klan" at once suggested itself and was added to complete the alliteration. So instead of adopting a name, as was at first intended, which had a definite meaning, they chose one which to the proposer of it and to every one else was absolutely meaningless.

This trivial and apparently accidental incident had a most important bearing on the future of the organisation so singularly named. Looking back over the history of the Klan and at the causes under which it developed, as partially enumerated above, it is difficult to resist the conclusion that the order would never have grown to the proportions which it afterwards assumed, or wielded the power it did, had it not borne this name or some other equally as mysterious and meaningless—mysterious because meaningless. In this case there was a weird potency in the very name Ku Klux Klan. Let the reader pronounce it aloud. The sound of it is suggestive of bones rattling together. It is a singular fact that the members of the Klan were themselves the first to feel its weird influence. So when the report of the Committee on rules and ritual came up for consideration the recommendations were modified to adapt them to the idea.

The report as finally adopted provided for the following officers; a Grand Cyclops or President; a Grand Magi or Vice President; a Grand Turk or Marshal; a Grand Exchequer or Treasurer; and two Lictors. These were the outer and inner guards of the "Den" as the place of meeting was designated.

The one obligation exacted from members was to maintain pro-

found and absolute secrecy with reference to the order and everything pertaining to it. This obligation prohibited those who assumed it from disclosing that they were Ku Klux or the name of any other member, and from soliciting any one to become a member. This last requirement was a singular one. It was enacted for two reasons. First, it was in keeping with the determination to appear as mysterious and to be as secret as possible. Secondly and mainly, it was designed to prevent unpleasantness following initiations. They wished to be able to say to novices: "You are here on your own solicitation and not by invitation from us." They desired accessions; to have them was indispensable; but they knew human nature well enough to know that if they made the impression that they wished to be exclusive and select, then applications for membership would be numerous. The result showed they reasoned correctly. Each member was required to provide himself with the following outfit. A white mask for the face, with orifices for the eyes and nose; a tall, fantastic cardboard hat, so constructed as to increase the wearer's apparent height and in shape like those placed on the heads of the heretics formerly burnt in the Portuguese and Spanish auto de fés; a gown or robe of sufficient length to cover the entire person. The colour and material were left to the wearer's fancy, and each selected what would in his judgment be most hideous and fantastic. Each member carried also a small whistle, with which, by means of a code of signals agreed on, they held communications with one another.

The initiations were at first conducted in the law office where the Klan was first mooted. But it was unsuitable. The room was small. It was near the business portion of the town, and while in session there they never felt free from apprehensions of interruption. They soon found a place in every respect better adapted to their purposes.

On the brow of a ridge that runs along the outskirts of Pulaski there used to stand a handsome and commodious residence. The front building was of brick, the "L" of wood. In December 1865 the brick portion of this house was demolished by a cyclone. The "L" remained standing, but tenantless. It consisted of three rooms. A stairway led from one of them to a large cellar beneath. No other houses stood near. Around these ruins were the storm-torn limbless trunks of trees which had once formed a magnificent grove. Now they stood up grim and gaunt like spectre sentinels. A dreary, desolate, uncanny place it was. But it was, in every way, most suitable for a "den," and the "Klan" appropriated it. When a meeting was held one Lictor was stationed near the house, the other fifty yards

from it on the road leading into Pulaski. These were dressed in the fantastic regalia of the order and bore tremendous spears (in later times revolvers and repeating rifles) as the badge of their office. When an eligible candidate desired to join, the Ku Klux who proposed him and the candidate approached the sentinel Lictor. They were hailed and halted and questioned. Having received the assurance that they desired to become Ku Klux, the Lictor blew his whistle for his companion to come and take charge of the novices. The candidate, for in no case did a candidate know that his companion was a Ku Klux, under the impression that his companion was similarly treated, was blindfolded and led to the "den." I need not trouble the reader with the initiations; they were at first puerile, as the Klan was formed for amusement only, but of such a nature as to ensure secrecy, which from the very first was so much insisted on. For this reason, rash and imprudent men and those known to be addicted to the frequent use of intoxicants were excluded. Later, when the Ku Klux Klan assumed the terrible rôle it did, the initiatory ceremonies were of a Draconic nature and they were less careful of the characters of the men they admitted. Objectionable candidates who persisted were brought into the woods to the presence of the Grand Cyclops who was standing on a tree stump. The tall hat, the flowing robe, and the elevated position made him appear not less than ten feet. After a few irrelevant questions the Cyclops, turning to the Lictors, said, "Blindfold the candidate and proceed." The procedure in this case was to place the would-be Ku Klux in a barrel provided for the purpose and send him whirling down hill.

These details have an important bearing on the subsequent history of the Ku Klux Klan. They show that the originators of the Klan were not meditating treason to the Re-United States or lawlessness in any form. Yet the Klan grew naturally out of the measures and methods which characterised this period of it. Its originators thought it "would have its little day and die;" it lived, and grew to vast proportions.

The devices for attracting attention were eminently successful. During the months of July and August 1866 the Klan was much talked about by the citizens of Pulaski. Every issue of the local papers contained some notice of these strange gentry, but in less than six weeks curiosity was on the wane and the Klan would have fallen to pieces but for the following circumstances. By the time the eligible material in Pulaski had been used up the young men from the country, suffering equally from the enforced idleness and reaction from the scenes of the late war, whose curiosity had been inflamed

by these newspaper notices, began to come in and apply for admission to the Klan. Some were accepted. In a little while the members from the country asked permission to establish "dens" at various points in the country, and as the ritual followed by the Pulaski Klan could not be conveniently carried out in the country, various modifications and changes (ever growing in sternness) were made. But the strictest injunctions were laid in regard to secrecy, mystery, and, at first, the character of the men admitted. The growth in the rural districts was more rapid than it had been in the town. Applications for permission to establish "dens" multiplied rapidly, and the newspaper press bristled with notices in the "infected regions" (vide Reports of the U.S. Committee) of "the fantastic gentry."

During the fall and winter of 1866 the growth of the Klan was rapid. It spread over a wide extent of territory. Sometimes by a sudden leap it appeared in localities far distant from any existing "dens." A stranger from West Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Virginia, or Texas, visiting in a neighbourhood where the order prevailed, would be initiated, and on his departure carry with him permission to establish a "den" at home, and by a sort of tacit agreement the Pulaski Klan was regarded as the source of power and authority, and the Grand Cyclops of this "den" was virtually the ruler of the order.

Such was the formation of the Ku Klux Klan in the first period of its history from June 1866 to April 1867. Yet all this time it was gradually in a very natural way taking on new features not at first remotely contemplated by the originators of the order; features which finally transformed the Ku Klux Klan into a band of "Regulators."

This transformation was effected by the combined operation of several causes: (1) the impressions made by the order upon the minds of those who united with it; (2) the impressions upon the public by its weird and mysterious methods; (3) the anomalous and peculiar position of affairs in the South at this time.

The prevalent idea was that the Klan contemplated some great and important mission. This idea aided in its rapid growth, as the Southern people felt that their state could not possibly be worse. And, on the other hand, the rapid extensions of the Klan confirmed this idea of its purpose, and this impression was ineradicable, and the attitude of many of its members continued to be that of expecting great developments.

It was an unhealthy and dangerous state of mind for men to be in; bad results in some cases very naturally followed from it.

The impression made by the Klan on the public was the second cause which contributed to its transformation into a band of "Regulators." When the meetings first began to be held in the dilapidated house on the hill, passers by were frequent. Most of them passed the grim and ghostly sentinel on the roadside in silence, but always with a quickened step. Occasionally one would stop and ask "Who are you?" In awfully sepulchral tones, the invariable answer was, "A spirit from the other world. I was killed at Chickamauga."

Such an answer, especially if given to a superstitious negro, was extremely terrifying, and, if in addition he heard the noises issuing from the "den," he had the foundation for a most awe-inspiring story; and in fact the common belief later among the negroes of the South was that the Ku Klux Klan was composed of the spirits of dead Confederate soldiers, who could not rest in their graves, but had returned to protect their living kindred. From the country came similar stories, and the feeling with which the Ku Klux Klan came to be regarded was one of awe and terror. In a short time the Lictor of the Pulaski "den" reported that travel along the road on which he had his post had almost entirely stopped. In the country it was noticed that the nocturnal perambulation of the turbulent coloured population diminished or entirely ceased wherever the Ku Klux appeared. In many ways there was a noticeable improvement in the habits of a large class who had hitherto been causing great annoyance. In this way the Klan gradually realised that the most powerful devices ever constructed for controlling the ignorant and superstitious were in their hands. Even the most cultured were not able wholly to resist the weird and peculiar feeling which pervaded every community where the Ku Klux appeared. Each week some new incident occurred to illustrate the amazing power of the unknown over the minds of the whole community.

Circumstances made it evident that the measures and methods employed might be effectually used to preserve the public welfare, to suppress lawlessness, and preserve property. And, as before explained, no body politic and social had ever needed such protection more or were in such dire straits; so that by the beginning of the autumn of 1867 it was virtually, though not professedly, a band of regulators, honestly, but in an injudicious and dangerous way, trying to protect property and preserve peace and order.

The depredations on property by theft and by wanton destruction for the gratification of petty revenge had become to the last degree harassing and annoying. A large part of these depredations were the work of bad white men (some demoralised by the late war,

others the usual floating criminal population in society, and protected by the absence of civil law), who expected that their lawless deeds would be credited to the negroes. But perhaps the most potent of all the causes that transformed the Ku Klux Klan into the protective power it became was the existence in the South of the "Union League," with its concomitants "The Red String Band" and "The Black Avengers of Justice." It was partly, I may say chiefly, to resist these aggressive and belligerent organisations that the Ku Klux transformed themselves into a protective organisation.

Whatever may be the judgment of history, those who know the facts will ever remain firm in the conviction that the Ku Klux Klan was of immense service at this period of Southern history. Without it, in many sections of the South, life to decent folks would not have been tolerable. Wherever the Ku Klux appeared the effect was salutary. For a while the robberies ceased. The lawless assumed the habits of good behaviour. The "Union League" relaxed its desperate severity and became more moderate. Under the fear of the dreaded Ku Klux the negroes made more progress in a few months in the needed lessons of self-control, industry, and respect for the rights of property and general good behaviour, than they would have done in as many years, but for this or some other equally powerful impulse. In fact, "The Order of the Ku Klux Klan" did more to prevent terrible crimes, and to tide the civilisation of the negroes over the fearful period of anarchy referred to than could have been done by the Freedman's Bureau and all the United States' troops, or thrice the number stationed in the South, even if all the officials had been wise men and Christians and patriots, which was very far from being the case. The mere fact that the country from Chesapeake to the Rio Grande, particularly the sugar and cotton belts, were not drenched with the blood of riots and assassinations, during this period of reconstruction and rehabilitation, proves the Southern white people, through the "Invisible Empire," to be possessed of a civilisation having certain qualities of excellence, which, no matter what may be the brilliant destiny of the leading races of the future, can never be surpassed while man shall continue to be frail and fallible.

The new revolution that had begun went on. The Klan increased in numbers and in power, an "imperium in imperio," until its decrees were far more potent and its power more dreaded than that of the visible Commonwealths which it either dominated or terrorised. Until the beginning of the year 1867 the movements of the Klan had, in the main, been characterised by prudence and discretion; but latterly

attempts had been made to correct evils by positive means which menaces had not been sufficient to remove. The danger which the more prudent and thoughtful had apprehended as possible was now a reality. Had it been possible to do so, some of the more timid of the leaders would have been in favour of disbanding. This could not well be done because, at that time, the tie that bound them was too shadowy to be cut or untied. They had evoked "a spirit from the vasty deep." It would not down at their bidding. And, besides, the Klan was more and more needed. The only course which seemed to promise any satisfactory solution of the difficulty was this: To recognise the Klan on a plan corresponding to its size and present purposes; to bind the isolated "dens" together; to secure unity of purpose and concert of action, and to distribute the authority among prudent men at local centres, and exact from them a close supervision of those under their charge.

With these objects in view the Grand Cyclops of the Pulaski den sent out a request to all the dens scattered over the South to appoint delegates to meet in convention at Nashville, Tenn., in the early summer of 1867. At the time appointed this convention was held. Delegates were present from the Carolinas, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, and other Southern states. A plan of reorganisation previously prepared was submitted to the Convention and adopted, and the delegates returned to their various States as secretly as they had come. At this Convention the territory covered by the Klan was designated as the "Invisible Empire." This was subdivided into "realms" coterminous with the boundaries of States. The "realms" were divided into "dominions" corresponding to congressional districts; the "dominions" into "provinces" coterminous with the counties, and the "provinces" into "dens."

To each of these departments officers were assigned. One "chief commander" for each "realm," several "division commanders," a "camp commander" for each province, and officers for the subdivisions down to "chiefs of ten."

Coloured men, faithful body slaves throughout the late war, &c., were admitted under certain conditions, but the voting had to be unanimous, one black ball in fifty (a camp) causing the question to be carried into the "next moon."

The unanimous vote of "ten," sitting as a court, with its chief as judge advocate, would advocate and decree slight punishments, but a death sentence could be pronounced only by a regularly organised court-martial of a "camp," and must have the approval of the "realm commander." There were only two death penalties, viz., hanging

and shooting, and each accused was defended (of course entirely unknown to him) by an advocate appointed by the "realm commander."

Except in the case of the supreme officer the duties of each were minutely specified. At the Pulaski Grand Den and the leading centres these officers were :—

"The Grand Wizard of the Invisible Empire and his ten Genii. The powers of this officer were almost autocratic.

The Grand Dragon of the Realm and his eight Hydras.

The Grand Titan of the Dominion and his six Furies.

The Grand Cyclops of the Den and his two Nighthawks.

A Grand Monk. A Grand Exchequer. A Grand Lictor.

A Grand Scribe. A Grand Turk. A Grand Sentinel.

The Genii, Hydras, Furies, Goblins, and Night Hawks, were staff officers. The gradation and distribution of authority was perfect.

But for one source of weakness the Klan, under the new organisation, was one of the most perfectly organised orders that ever existed in the world. It was vulnerable, and failed because of the character of its methods. Secrecy was at first its strength. It afterwards became its greatest weakness. As long as mystery was conjoined with it it was strength. When masks and disguises ceased to be mysterious, secrecy was weakness.

One of the most important things done by this Nashville convention was to make a positive and emphatic declaration of the principles of the order. It was in the following terms :

"We recognise our relations to the United States Government ; the supremacy of the Constitution ; the constitutional laws thereof ; and the union of the States thereunder."

If these men were plotting treason, as the Republican party persistently tried to make out, it puzzles us to know why they should make such a statement as that in setting forth the principles of the order. The statement above quoted was not intended for general circulation and effect. So far as is known, it was given to the American public, for the first time, by Messrs. Lester and Wilson in 1884, and now to the British people for the first time. We must regard it, therefore, as accurately describing the political attitude the Ku Klux Klan proposed and desired to maintain. Every man who became a member of the Klan really took an oath to support the constitution of the United States. This Nashville convention also defined and set forth the peculiar objects of the order as follows :

(1.) To protect the weak, the innocent, and the defenceless from the indignities, wrongs, and outrages of the lawless, the violent, and

the brutal; to relieve the injured and the oppressed; to succour the suffering, and especially the widows and orphans of Confederate soldiers.

(2.) To protect and defend the constitution of the United States and all laws passed in conformity thereto, and to protect the States and people from all invasion from any source whatever.

(3.) To aid and assist in the execution of all constitutional laws, and to protect the people from unlawful seizure, and from trial except by their peers in conformity to the laws of the land.

This last clause was the result of the infamous and barbarous legislation of the day. On the 3rd June, 1865, the 34th General Assembly of Tennessee revived the sedition law and restricted the right of suffrage. A negro militia, ignorant and brutal, were afterwards put over the State, and spread terror throughout its borders. They were persecuted if they dared to complain, and the same state of affairs was occurring with even more intensity farther South. It was no strange thing if they resorted to desperate measures for protection. The emergency was desperate. Taking all the circumstances and aggravations into consideration, one cannot but be surprised that men so persecuted and oppressed, remained so moderate and forbearing. But under any circumstances, the natural tendency of an organisation such as this is to violence and crime—much more under such circumstances as those then prevailing.

Excesses had been committed, whether justly so or not they were credited to the Klan. And it was foreseen and feared that if such things continued or increased, the hostility of State and Federal Governments would be kindled against the Klan, and active measures, as soon became the case, taken to suppress it. At first the hope was entertained that the legislation undertaken by the Convention would not only enable the Klan to enact its rôle of Regulators with greater success, but would keep its members within the prescribed limits, and so guard against the contingencies referred to. In each direction the success was but partial.

A few new features were added by the reorganisation, the essential features of mystery, secrecy, and grotesqueness were retained, and they attempted to push to the extreme limits of illustration the power of the mysterious over the minds of men. Henceforth they courted publicity as assiduously as they had formerly appeared to shun it. They appeared at different points at the same time, and always when and where they were least expected. Devices were multiplied to deceive people in regard to their numbers and everything else, and to play upon the fears of the superstitious.

As it was now the policy of the Klan to appear in public, an order was issued by the Grand Dragon of the Realm of Tennessee to the Grand Genii of the Provinces for a general parade in the capital town of each "Province" on the night of the 4th of July, 1867. It will be sufficient to describe that parade as witnessed by the citizens of Pulaski. Similar scenes were enacted at most of the chief towns of the South. On the morning of the 4th of July, 1867, the citizens of Pulaski found the side-walks thickly strewn with slips of paper bearing the printed words, "The Ku Klux will parade the streets to-night."

This announcement created great excitement. The people supposed that their curiosity, so long baffled, would now be gratified. They were confident they would now discover who were the Ku Klux.

Soon after nightfall the streets were lined with an expectant and excited throng of people. Many came from the surrounding country. The members of the Klan in the country left their homes in the afternoon, and travelled alone or in squads of two or three with their paraphernalia carefully concealed. If questioned they said they were going to Pulaski to see the Ku Klux parade. After nightfall they assembled at designated points near the four main roads leading into town. Here they donned their robes and disguises, and put covers on their horses. A sky-rocket sent up from the town was the signal to mount and move. The different companies met and passed each other on the public square in perfect silence; the discipline appeared to be admirable. Not a word was spoken. Necessary orders were given by means of the whistles. In single file, in death-like stillness, with funeral slowness, they marched and counter-marched throughout the town. While the column was headed north on one street it was going south on another. By crossing over on opposite directions the lines were kept up in almost unbroken continuity. The effect was to create the impression of vast numbers. This marching and counter-marching was kept up for about two hours, and the Klan disappeared as noiselessly as they came. The public were mystified and more curious than ever. All had failed to discover who they were. One gentleman from the country, a great lover of horses, who claimed to know every horse in the country, was confident that he would be able to identify the riders by the horses. But the horses were disguised as well as the riders. Determined not to be baffled, during a halt of the column he lifted the cover of a horse that was near him, the rider offering no objection, and recognised his own steed and saddle upon which he had ridden into town.

The young men of the town who were Ku Klux did not attend

the parade, but appeared openly as disinterested spectators. This demonstration had the effect for which it was designed. Perhaps the greatest illusion produced by it was in regard to the numbers participating in it. Reputable citizens were confident that the number was not less than three thousand. Others, whose imaginations were more easily wrought on, were positive there were ten thousand. The truth is, the Ku Klux on that occasion did not exceed between four and five hundred.

This delusion in regard to numbers prevailed wherever the Ku Klux appeared, and illustrates how little the testimony of even an eye-witness is worth in regard to anything which makes a terrifying impression through its mysteriousness.

The Klan had a very large membership, it exerted a vast, terrifying, and wholesome power, but its influence was never at any time dependent on or proportioned to its membership. Gen. Forest before the Investigating Committee placed the number of Ku Klux in Tennessee at 40,000, and in the entire South at 550,000. He overshoots the mark in both cases. It is an error to suppose that the entire white population of the South were Ku Klux. To many of them the Ku Klux Klan was as vague, impersonal, and mysterious as to the people of the North, or of England. Those in the South who were not members were in active sympathy with it, as they had attributed to it great good, and to this day remember with gratitude the protection it afforded them in the most trying and perilous period of their existence, when there was no other earthly source to which to appeal.

One or two illustrations may be here given of the methods resorted to to play upon the superstitious fears of the negroes and others. At the parade in Pulaski while the procession was passing a corner on which a negro man was standing, a tall horseman in hideous garb turned aside from the line, dismounted and stretched out his bridle rein towards the negro as if he desired him to hold his horse. Not daring to refuse, the frightened African extended his hand to grasp the rein. As he did so the Ku Klux took his own head from his shoulders and offered to place that also in the outstretched hand. The negro stood not upon the order of his going, but departed with a yell of terror. To this day he will tell you "He done it, suah, Boss, I seed him do it." The gown was fastened by a draw string, over this was worn a skull. This with the hat could be readily removed, and the man would then appear to be headless. This and many other tricks (including specially imported fireworks) gave rise to the

belief among the negroes—still prevalent among them—that the Ku Klux could take themselves all to pieces whenever they wanted to.

Some of the Ku Klux carried skeleton hands, with what effect when gripped can be readily imagined. A trick of frequent perpetration was for a horseman spectral and ghastly-looking to stop before the cabin of some turbulent negro and call for a bucket of water. The dipper was declined and the whole bucket demanded. As if consumed by raging thirst the horseman grasped it and pressed it to his lips. He held it there till every drop of the water was poured into an oiled bag contained beneath the Ku Klux robe. Then the empty bucket was returned to the amazed negro with the remark, "That is good. It is the first drink of water I have had since I was killed at Shiloh." Then a few words of counsel as to future behaviour made an impression not easily forgotten or likely to be disregarded.

Under ordinary circumstances such devices are unjustifiable. But in the peculiar state of things then existing they served a good purpose. It was not only better to deter the negroes from theft and other lawlessness in this way than to put them in the penitentiary, but it was the only way at this time they could be controlled. The jails could not contain them. The civil courts could not, and would not if they could, try them. It was only in rare exceptional cases till the end of the summer of 1867, and these the most aggravated, that it undertook to punish.

But even while it appeared to be a tower of strength in the land, its decline was at hand. For a while after the reorganisation of the Klan, those concerned for its welfare and right conduct congratulated themselves that all was now well. Closer organisation and stricter official supervision had a restraining influence upon the members, and many things seem to indicate that the future work of the Klan would be wholly good. These hopes were rudely shattered. Ere long official supervision grew less rigid, or was less regarded. The membership was steadily and rapidly increasing and, as "misfortune creates strange bed-fellows," so amongst the new material added, there were men who could not be—at least, were not—controlled.

In the winter and spring of 1867 and 1868 many things were done by members or *professed* members of the Klan which were the subjects of universal regret and condemnation, and occasion, long sought for, was given its enemies to petition the intervention of the government to suppress it. The end came rapidly.

We must now try and trace the causes which wrought the decay and downfall of the "Invisible Empire."

We have seen that the Klan was in the main composed of the very best men in the Southern States—peaceable, law-loving, and law-abiding men—men of good habits and character, men of property and intelligence.

We have seen that the organisation had no political significance; they expressly, and in solemn secret compact, declared their allegiance to the constitution of the United States and all constitutional laws, and pledged themselves to aid in the administration of all such laws.

The transformation of the Ku Klux Klan from a band of regulators honestly trying to preserve peace and order into the body of desperate men who, in 1869, convulsed the country and set at defiance the mandates of both State and Federal Governments, is greater than the transformation I have already endeavoured to trace.

These causes have never been fully and fairly stated in America until 1884, and now in England I believe for the first time.

They may be classed under three general heads: (1) unjust charges; (2) misapprehension of the nature and objects of the order on the part of those not members of it; (3) unwise, cruel, and Draconic legislation. As mentioned the order contained within itself, by reason of the methods practised, sources of weakness. The devices and devices by which the Klan mystified outsiders, enabled all who were so disposed to practise deception on the Klan itself. It placed in the hands of its own members the facility to do deeds of violence for the gratification of personal feeling, and have them credited to the Klan, and deeds of violence were done by men who were Ku Klux; but who, acting under cover of their connections with the Klan, were not under its orders. But because these men were Ku Klux, the Klan had to bear the odium of their wrong-doing. In addition to this, the very classes which the Klan proposed to hold in check and awe into good behaviour, soon became wholly unmanageable.

Those base white men who had formerly committed depredations to be laid to the charge of the turbulent negroes, after a brief interval of good behaviour, assumed the guise of Ku Klux and returned to their old ways but with less boldness and more caution, showing the salutary impression which the Klan had made upon them. In some cases the negroes played Ku Klux. Outrages were committed by masked men in regions far remote from any Ku Klux organisations. The parties engaged took pains to assert that they were Ku Klux, *which the members of the Klan never did.* After the passage of

the Anti-Ku Klux Statute by the State of Tennessee, several instances occurred of parties being arrested in Ku Klux disguises ; but in every instance they proved to be either negroes or "radical" Brownlow Republicans. This occurred so often that the Republican party in power, animated with a virulent hatred against all late Confederates, allowed the law to become a dead letter before its repeal. It bore too hard on "loyal" men when enforced. The same thing occurred in Georgia and many other states. (Vide testimony of General Gordon and others, before the Investigating Committee.) *No single instance occurred of the arrest of a masked man who proved to be, when stripped of his disguise, a Ku Klux.*

The Klan felt that the charge of wrong was unfairly brought against them. To clear themselves of this charge they did worse wrong than that alleged against them. The Klan from the first shrouded itself in deepest mystery. They wished people not to understand; they tried to keep them profoundly ignorant. The result was, the Klan and its objects were wholly misunderstood and misinterpreted. Many who joined the Klan and many who did not were certain it contemplated something far more important than its overt acts gave evidence of. The negroes and those whose consciences made them the subjects of guilty fears were sure it boded no good to them.

When the first impressions of awe and terror which the Klan had inspired to some extent wore off, a feeling of intense hostility towards the Ku Klux followed. This feeling was the more bitter because founded, not on overt acts which the Ku Klux had done, but on vague fears and surmises as to what they intended to do. Those who entertained such fears were in some cases impelled by them to become the aggressors. They attacked the Ku Klux before receiving from them any provocation. The negroes formed bands of a military character, with the avowed purpose "of making war upon and exterminating the Ku Klux Klan." In some places the state of things was little short of open warfare. Each party felt that its cause was a just one. Each justified its deeds by the provocation.

The question naturally arises, Why, under these embarrassing circumstances, did not the Klan disband and close its operations? The answer is that the members felt that there was now more reason than ever for the Klan's existence. They felt that they ought not to abandon their important and needful work because they encountered unforeseen difficulties in accomplishing it. It is a fatuity that they did not see that a part of the evils the Klan was combating grew out of their own methods, and might be expected to continue as long as

the Klan existed. Matters grew worse and worse, till it was imperative that there should be interference on the part of the Government of the United States.

In September, 1868, the Legislature of Tennessee, in obedience to the call of Governor Brownlow, assembled in extra session and passed a most stringent and bloody anti-Ku Klux Statute, and the other States of the late Confederacy followed suit with enactments of similar severity.

In Tennessee it was the culmination of a long series of the most infamous enactments that ever disgraced a Statute-book. It began in 1865, as we have seen, in the passage of the alien and seditious Act, and grew worse and worse till the passage of the anti-Ku Klux Statute in 1868. To give the reader some insight into the legislation directed against the Ku Klux the mention of these features will be sufficient: (1) The anti-Ku Klux Statutes were *ex post facto*. (2) They presented no way a man could relieve himself from liability except by turning informer, and, as an inducement to do this, a large bribe was offered. (3) They encouraged strife, by making every inhabitant of a State an officer extraordinary, with power "to arrest without process" when he had ground to suspect. (4) It must be remembered in those days "to be loyal" had a very limited meaning. It meant simply to be a subservient tool and supporter of the carpet-bag and negro governments. If a man were not, no matter what his past record or what his political opinion, he was not "loyal." (5) While the law professed to be aimed at the destruction of all lawlessness, the "Union League," "Red String Band," and "Black Avengers of Justice," were never molested, though their members appeared day and night armed, threatening and molesting the property of peaceable and quiet citizens. No attempt was made to arrest men except in Ku Klux disguises. But, as before remarked, there is no instance on record of a Ku Klux being arrested, tried, and convicted. Invariably the party arrested while depredating as a Ku Klux turned out to be, when stripped of their disguises, "loyal" men.

In some States a perfect reign of terror followed these anti-Ku Klux Statutes. The members of the Ku Klux were now in the attitude of men fighting for life and liberty. Thousands of them were not lawbreakers and did not desire to be, but they were placed in a position that gave them no hope except on terms which, to men of honour and right principle, were more odious than death.

These men through the whole Southern States were made infamous, made liable to fine and imprisonment, exposed to arrest

without process by any malicious negro or mean white man ; and even their wives and children were outlawed and exposed to the same indignities; and it is no strange thing if they were driven to the very verge of desperation. They did many things to be deeply regretted, but history is challenged to furnish an instance of a people bearing gross wrong or brutal outrage, perpetrated in the name of law and loyalty, with patience, forbearance, and forgiveness comparable to that exhibited by the people of the Southern States during what was called the "reconstruction period," and since to the happy election for all parties of President Cleveland and the return of the democrats to power. The final disbandment was now looming in the near future. On the 20th day of February, 1869, Governor Brownlow resigned his position as Governor of the State of Tennessee to take his seat in the United States Senate. In a short while his resignation was followed by a proclamation from "The Grand Wizard of the Invisible Empire" to his subjects.

This proclamation recited the legislation directed against the Klan, and stated that the order had now, in large measure, accomplished the objects of its existence. At a time when the civil law afforded inadequate protection to life and property throughout the South, when robbery and lawlessness were unrebuked, when all the better elements of society were in constant dread for the safety of their property, persons, and families, the Klan had afforded protection and security to countless hearths and in many ways contributed to the public welfare. But deeds of violence had been done by some members of the Klan against positive orders, others under the name and disguises of the organisation and for which the Klan was held responsible.

"The Grand Wizard has been invested with the power to determine questions of paramount importance to the interests of the order. Therefore in the exercise of that power the Grand Wizard declared that the organisation known as the Klux Klan was dissolved and disbanded."

Members were directed to burn all regalia and paraphernalia of every description and to desist from any further assemblies or acts as Ku Klux. This proclamation was directed to all realms, dominions, provinces, and "dens" in the empire. Where it was promulgated obedience to it was prompt and implicit. This proclamation terminated the Klan's organised existence as decisively and completely as General Lee's last general order on the morning of the 10th of April, 1865, disbanded the army of Northern Virginia.

When the office of Grand Wizard was created and its duties

defined, it was explicitly provided that he should have "the power to determine questions of paramount importance, and his decision shall be final."

To continue the organisation or to disband it was such a question. He decided in favour of disbanding, and so ordered. Therefore the Ku Klux Klan had no organised or recognised existence by its late members after March 1869.

Thus lived, so died this strange order. Its birth was an accident, its growth was a comedy, its death a tragedy. It owed its existence wholly to the anomalous condition of social and civil affairs in the South during the years immediately succeeding the hapless contest in which so many gallant men in blue and grey fell martyrs to their convictions.

Ah, realm of tombs, but let her bear
This blazon to the last of times ;
No nation rose so white and fair,
Or fell so free from crimes.

The victor may forget, but the vanquished who have tasted the bitterness that is worse than death remember. A passion for their South still glows in every Southern breast, and a myriad hearts beating as one mourn with proud regret for her noblest sons. The South in its full flush of prosperity, its hour of pride, humbled to the dust, has passed away ; but, struggling now to rise to a higher and nobler height than it has ever reached, industry and thrift have taken the place of luxury and idleness.

It is nobler, far nobler now than in its hour of pride ; there are no puerile regrets, no useless looking back ; their motto is "Excelsior," and with undaunted spirit they are making one grand effort to raise their country to the old heroic height ! A dignified gravity seems set like a seal on their lives, whence all light frivolous things have been cast out, replaced by high hopes and noble aspirations born of a past agony. There is a look of preoccupation on their faces, as though their thoughts and desires had outstripped their powers of action, and they are pushing the world's work forward that they may come up with them and realise the state of the holy ambition of all.

SAUMAREZ DE HAVILLAND.

VICTORIAN LITERATURE.

PART II.

THE same spirit of movement, of alacrity, and of hope permeates the work of Dickens. He is peculiarly the offspring of the first Reform Bill period. He is full of confidence in himself and his age. He was fond of declaring his reliance on Demos. "My faith in the people governing," he said, and said more than once, "is, on the whole, infinitesimal; my faith in the People governed is, on the whole, illimitable." And the busy, sanguine temper and radiant optimism of his youth were in him to the last. He attacked in his novels various existing evils with vigour and with considerable success. Thus the "Pickwick Papers," "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Bleak House," "Little Dorrit," were all in part inspired by a reforming purpose. I am not saying they are the better works of art on this account; the artist and the reformer have very different natures and functions, and their characters cannot be compounded and confounded with impunity. But, happily for Dickens' success as a novelist, the reforming instinct in him was always subordinate to the artistic. Still it was there, and serves at least to remind us of the atmosphere in which his genius grew up. In Macaulay, too, may be heard to the end the same cheerful, sanguine tone. To him his age seemed the best of ages; he was never tired of dilating upon its virtues and glories; indeed there never was such an age. Its material advances were unrivalled, and he delighted to celebrate them; and he celebrated them with an eloquence and a wit that placed him amongst the masters of language and style. He is the great trumpet-blower of his age, and blows with a will, and with such a power and resonance that we still listen with pleasure to his splendid blasts. But far other did this same vaunted age seem to the eyes of Carlyle—eyes of much deeper insight and penetration than those of Macaulay. For indeed Macaulay saw little beneath the surface of life. He had the quickest sense of the picturesque and the external, both in the past and the present; but of the inner meaning of things and their real significance he has not much to tell us. He could have described in an incomparable way the handwriting on the wall in that old Baby-

lonian palace, but he could never have suggested the interpretation. He never dreamt of the insoluble, or at least utterly tangled and intricate, problems that were awaiting the society which seemed to him to be such a glorious success. Carlyle looked deeper and further. It is perhaps true that he did not sufficiently recognise what was good and promising in his age ; the effusive optimism of Macaulay and such zealots may have impelled him in the opposite direction ; also, there was in his disposition a certain tendency to acerbity and censoriousness ; for in this respect, as in so many others, Carlyle is a striking contrast to Macaulay, whose sweetness of nature it would be difficult to overpraise. "Thomas," as his mother frankly said, "was gay ill to live wi' ;" and the accuracy of this maternal verdict his age experienced no less than individuals. But to speak of Carlyle as a mere sharp-tongued dyspeptic anathematiser would be to commit a shameful injustice. Rather he was a great prophet-like figure, not able, indeed, to prophesy smooth things like his buoyant-hearted contemporary, but in the inmost heart of him, to use his own way of speaking, with a profound admiration for what was really noble and worshipful. To him the glories that were so loudly lauded and hymned seemed of but slight and fleeting splendour. To him society seemed profoundly disorganised, and rapidly travelling towards mere anarchy. The aims and triumphs of the prevailing legislature seemed of trivial moment. It was as if a fire brigade should attempt to extinguish Vesuvius, or as if one exposed to a shower of bullets should protect himself with an umbrella. He saw, and saw most truly, as we now too well know, that much of the prosperity that made such a show around him was "like a green bay tree," that it would not and could not last. In "Past and Present" there is a remarkable passage that may justly be called prophetic, in which he predicts that a wide expansion of commerce and a great increase of wealth will follow the removal of certain oppressive laws, but that this expansion and this increase will soon reach their limit, and difficulties and distresses will recur, which is precisely what has happened. Since about the year 1870 these difficulties and distresses have direly beset us. As I have never seen these pertinent words pointed out or quoted in this connection, let me here repeat them. They were written in 1843. "Yes, were the corn laws ended to-morrow, there is nothing yet ended ; there is only room made for all manner of things beginning. The corn laws gone, and trade made free, it is as good as certain this paralysis of industry will pass away. We shall have another period of commercial enterprise, of victory and prosperity, during which it is likely much money will again be made, and all the people may by the

extant methods still for a space of years be kept alive and physically fed. The strangling band of famine will be loosened from our necks; we shall have room again to breathe; time to bethink ourselves, to repent, and consider! A precious and thrice precious space of years, wherein to struggle as for life in reforming our foul ways, in alleviating, instructing, regulating our people, seeking, as for life, that something like spiritual food be imparted them, some real governance and guidance be provided them. It will be a priceless time. For our new period, or paroxysm of commercial prosperity, will and can, on the old methods of 'Competition and devil take the hindmost,' prove but a paroxysm—a new paroxysm, likely enough, if we do not use it better, to be our *last*. In this, of itself, is no salvation. If our trade in twenty years, flourishing as never trade flourished, could double itself, yet then also, by the old *laissez-faire* method, our population is doubled. We shall then be as we are, only twice as many of us, twice and ten times as unmanageable." Surely this is the voice of a prophet, whether we accept all its utterances or not. And it is a voice that was heard and heeded. Much has been done in that very way of popular instruction that Carlyle advocates and enjoins—much but for which our confusion at this hour would certainly have been worse confounded, our darkness yet thicker and deeper and dawnless. If this prophet could have perceived how the generation to which he preached was not altogether 'perverse and viperous'—that it did in some sort answer to his awful warnings, and made some efforts to flee from the wrath to come of his denunciation, he might have been saved from the rank pessimism to which he abandoned himself in his latter days. While Macaulay complacently blew the trumpet of the age, here was Carlyle, "his hoary hair" streaming "like a meteor to the troubled air," kindling the alarm beacons on the hill tops, and with their fierce blaze and wild roar startling the age from its security and self-satisfaction. But if Macaulay trusted too much, Carlyle trusted too little. Great and grand as he was, there was yet something of the cynic in Carlyle. He would have been greater had he been humbler, less wilful, more tolerant. With respect to much that was excellent in his age he lived in obstinate isolation, and I do not think it can be said he grew wiser as he grew older. He certainly did not understand the capacities and potentialities of his age. He saw with the keenest eyes its dangers and its vices, but the only remedy he could imagine was that of the strong-handed ruler. He was for ever insisting on complete obedience to the God-sent hero as the panacea for all evils, and he declared that this hero would always be sent in time of need. This was Carlyle's great faith,

but it cannot but be pronounced transcendental. Is it never the case that an afflicted people scan the heavens in vain for the star that is to indicate the presence of "a Saviour of society?"—that in the east, whose space they so wistfully and earnestly explore, they can descry no Epiphany? Can an age do nothing for itself? Must it merely pray and wait till its Great Man appears? Does God fulfil himself only in one way? Is it not a gross misstatement to say, as is said in the lectures on Hero-Worship, and as Kingsley echoingly and impetuously says, that "Universal History is at bottom the history of the Great Men who have worked there?" If it may be asserted that a great man makes his age what it becomes, it may also be asserted that his age makes him what he is. It is great ages that produce great men; and in a highly important sense the great man is the offspring of his age. He is the special heir of the past, out of which that age has proceeded, the special exponent of its mind, the special representative of its character. We cannot, indeed, fully explain the genesis of genius—there remains something that escapes our present analysis; we cannot thoroughly understand all the circumstances and conditions under which the genius of the age concentrates and culminates in some select individual. But that a vital relation exists between the individual and his age seems beyond question. And yet Carlyle treats with contempt and derision the notion that a great man is "the creation of his time."¹ Tennyson's phrase, "O thou wondrous mother-age," in the lines referred to above, reminds us of the great truth Carlyle perversely ignored. Certainly it was not without detriment that "the Sage of Chelsea" stood aloof from the scientific impulses of his time—that he wrapt himself in his virtue, and fed on his intuitions and visions, despising the Darwins and the humble plodders along the paths of reason and research. The study of society—of men in combinations and masses—attracted him not at all. Such investigations as Mr. Herbert Spencer has formally initiated in his "Sociology" and other works seemed to him frivolous. What interested him was the individual man of ability and force. Most men, he maintained, were fools, and the greater number of men you get together, the greater the heap of folly. That the average of intelligence and wisdom might be raised was not one of his leading conceptions. The idea of a people, as a whole, educated and cultured was not one of his day dreams. He only thought of the masses as something to be controlled and managed. In short, he was devoid of sympathy with the democratic movement.

¹ See *Lectures on Heroes*, Lect. I.

And yet the democratic movement is the one great social and political movement of these latter days, and cannot for one instant be ignored by any competent thinker. In some minds it excites no overwhelming fears ; it is but a natural evolution of society ; it is but a new order, a new system, inevitably arriving. There may be some confusion during its coming and its establishment, but in due time this confusion will cease, and the world will settle down under the new régime, not less composedly than under the old, till this, too, shall become old, and in its turn be superseded. But, however we may regard democracy—with horror, or with misgiving, or with confidence, or with exultation—all practical thinkers must accept it. It is one of those facts which Carlyle so eloquently proclaimed it is the mark of greatness to recognise. It cannot be annihilated by the most persistent indifference, or the profoundest disgust, or shutting one's eyes with the utmost pertinacity. In one of Dickens's novels—in "*Our Mutual Friend*"—there is a certain Mr. Podsnap who has the, for him, happy faculty of believing that what he does not wish to exist does not exist. To ignore a distasteful thing is as good as extirpating and demolishing it. And that gentleman, though perhaps somewhat extravagantly and grotesquely portrayed, as is often the case with Dickens's pictures, is certainly in some degree true to nature. Podsnappery is, in fact, uncommonly common. It is wonderful how many people there are who think that if they will not look at a thing the thing vanishes, and is not. And often enough they only learn better when the said thing falls upon them, and is crushing them. He that hath eyes to see, let him close them—that is perilous advice.

One most striking mark of the democratic movement, to use the phrase in the broadest sense, is the extent to which the people, in the more limited application of the term, have been the subject-matter of literature during the present century, and especially the last fifty years. What a contrast our literature presents in this respect to that of the last century. What different social interests are represented by Pope and by Tennyson. It is true that in one well-known passage it does occur to Pope whether it is quite right that "the great" should monopolise the poets, and he does proceed to celebrate somebody without a title, but this somebody is what we should call a private gentleman of limited means, which he uses beneficently :

Yet all our praises why should lords engross?
Rise, honest Muse, and sing the Man of Ross.

It is true that the heroine of the first novel, properly so called, is a servant-girl ; but this was accidental, as could be easily shown ; and, moreover, Pamela is in the end married to a lord. In Cowper may be noticed sympathies that comprehend the poor and the humble. The rise of Burns gave a quite new attraction to the "labouring classes." That a ploughman should be one of the sweetest and brightest song-writers of his age, and of all ages—here was an amazing phenomenon. Then came Wordsworth with his humble heroes and heroines, to make us feel how in the most ordinary and least illustrious person there may be the possibility, and the reality, of all that makes life noble, and to be desired, and to be admired. And so our interests and sympathies have been broadened and deepened. And this is, perhaps, the supreme distinction of the Victorian period. The sense of brotherhood has been quickened within us. The vast multiplication of manufactures, the huge increase of population, the rapid growth of democracy have inevitably brought before us a knowledge of forms and states of life and experience that has deeply affected the natural conscience, and has widely and variously aroused both shame and pride, condolence and congratulation, both terror and delight. Partitions and walls have been removed ; and the different classes of society know each other better than they did, and, let us hope, judge each other more justly. Dives and Lazarus have conversed together. The east and the west of our great towns have interchanged visits. And, if their relations are yet far from being all that could be wished, yet it is something that they are in correspondence, and that they meet. To this deepened and broadened feeling our current literature has given noble utterance. The writings of Dickens, Hood, Tennyson, Thackeray, "George Eliot," Mrs. Browning, Charlotte Brontë, Carlyle, and of many others whom I would fain name if space permitted, have all in one way or another, directly and indirectly, worthily interpreted and inspired their age in respect of this "enthusiasm of humanity." What fine passion and compassion glow in Carlyle's noble words concerning "the toilworn craftsman that with earth-made implement labouring conquers the earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand, crooked, coarse ; wherein, notwithstanding, lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the sceptre of this planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face, all weather tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence ; for it is the face of a man living manlike. O ! but the more venerable for thy rudeness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee ! Hardly entreated brother ! For us was thy back so bent, for us

were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed ; thou wert our conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. For in thee lay a God-created form, but it was not to be unfolded ; encrusted must it stand, with the thick adhesions and defacements of Labour ; and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet toil on, toil on ; *thou* art in thy duty, be out of it who may ; thou toilest for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread." Hood might well be content to have inscribed on his tombstone : "He wrote the Song of a Shirt." That touching cry has assuredly not been heard in vain, though yet far away seems the time when the "Song of a Shirt" shall be a song of gladness. Our hearts are deeply stirred, as through the night it goes up to heaven from yonder attic. But the great writer, who has done most to enable the rich and well-to-do classes to understand the poorer, is certainly Charles Dickens. This is, from our present point of view, which is not the purely artistic, his highest glory, his best jewelled crown. He undoubtedly fails when he paints the aristocracy, which, happily, he has had the good sense seldom to attempt. Such a character as Lord Verisopht is a mere idiotic puppet. Nor, strangely enough, does he succeed in portraying satisfactorily his own class—the class in which he moved when grown up. His ladies and gentlemen are not exactly the ladies and gentlemen of society in the special sense. They have their merits, but amongst these is not that indefinite something, that precise mark of breeding and manner, which essentially distinguishes this social species. Nor is Dickens happy in his delineation of the artisan. "Stephen Blackpool," truly says Mr. Ruskin, is "a dramatic perfection instead of a characteristic example of an honest workman." It cannot be said that Dickens understood the industrial problem in all its intricacy, as it lies before us nowadays ; it was, indeed, in its earlier phases, and not yet completely articulate when he wrote ; and he is not at ease and in full command when he approaches it. But he had a real fellow-feeling with the industrial classes. "Ah !" he said to his friend Forster, after visiting Venice, "when I saw those places, how I thought that to leave one's hand upon the time, lastingly upon the time, with one tender touch for the mass of toiling people that nothing could obliterate, would be to lift oneself above the dust of all the Doges in their graves, and stand upon a giant's staircase that Samson could not overthrow." "In varying forms," adds Forster, "this ambition was in all his life." "The Chimes" (1844), "Bleak House" (1853), "Hard Times" (1854), are the books in which he specially exhibits this sympathy with the working-man. But his sympathetic knowledge of the poor, of the struggles of men of

humble position, of the outcasts of society, is displayed in all his writings. He had in his own youth endured many hardships, and been brought into close contact with much distress and poverty. He knew by bitter experience what a truceless wrestle with troubles life is for many people. But happily he knew also how, on the whole, this battle was fought bravely and manfully. He keenly and heartily recognised the kindness and the goodness that survived, and even flourished, amidst what might have seemed, and perhaps used to be thought to be, quite fatal surroundings. Thus his pictures of what one may call the East End and the Central district of life—pictures painted with the same consummate intimacy which marks Thackeray's pictures of the West End—have real value for their truth and their humanity. He does not visit the regions of Rotherhithe and Saffron Hill in the spirit of a patron, or as some superior being ; he goes amongst the people as a man amongst men, as one ready and eager to teach, but not less ready and eager to be taught.

And gladly would he learn, and gladly teach.

The Pharisee in the parable thanked God he was not as other men, and he draws up a sufficiently forbidding list of what other men are. But should we not rather be thankful we are as other men ?—be proud to be the fellows of other men, when mankind is judged generously and with a sympathetic insight ? Dickens joins the East and the West together in a true human league. Even in the criminal class that finds a place everywhere—in the West as well as the East—he makes us all remember that there are seeds and even growths of nobleness, though the seeds have not always ripened, and the growths are sadly stunted. He unseals in us the fountains of pity ; if he kindles indignation, it is not against nature, but it is against the evil arrangements and conventions that so often pervert nature. Probably no writer, in England at least, has ever done more in the way of acquainting us with the proletariat—with their manners and customs, their sorrows and their joys, their genuine kindness and wonderful generosity to each other ; and thus no man has ever done more to remove the barriers that ignorance and estrangement set up between the classes of society, and to make us really sensible of our common lineage—to show us how slight are the differences between men, whatever their birth and condition, as compared with the points of likeness and identity. Mrs. Gaskell, and many others, have followed faithfully in the steps of Dickens. And Thackeray too, in a different way, has helped to impress on the world the same lesson.

If Dickens has told us of the goodness and the excellence that bloom in humble quarters, of the love to be found "in huts where poor men lie," Thackeray has mercilessly exposed the meanness and selfishness that abound in the circles of wealth and rank. He has led his readers along the streets and amidst the booths of Vanity Fair, and shows them how much that looks like gold is the merest tinsel. He is not so utterly perverse and inhuman as to forget that even in Vanity Fair truth has its dwellings, that even there nature is not extinct. Happily nature is not easy to extinguish, or no doubt conventionalism would have extinguished her long ago. Even in Vanity Fair, as Thackeray describes it, there is something generous and sincere ; the booths do sometimes contain what the showman outside announces, and promises are not always lies. But undoubtedly the general result of Thackeray's work was to disperse the glamour which had been vulgarly—by such writers as Theodore Hook, for instance—thrown around the tenants of mansions and palaces. He exhibited these tenants as they really were, good, bad, and indifferent, even as other men. And thus he, too, proved there is "a good deal of human nature in man," whatever his social status, and reinforced and vivified the old common-place, that rank and fashion are not invariably associated with goodness and virtue—that, to use Tennyson's phrases, "kind hearts" and "coronets" are not always found together, nor yet "simple faith" and "Norman blood," and that, after all—

'Tis only noble to be good.
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

Not that Thackeray despised rank and fashion, or that rank and fashion are to be despised—why should they be?—but that they should be estimated at their proper worth—should not be worshipped blindly and grossly. Amongst his most effective portraits are the figures of those who so worship such comparatively trivial things—of the parasites and hangers on and slaves of "society ;" and here he shows us what real vulgarity is, and that it is not a mere ignorance of etiquette, or some inaccuracy of grammar and language.

Much more might be said of the influence of the democratic movement on literature ; I have only dwelt upon its influence on the subject-matter of it, and the ethical spirit in which that subject-matter has been handled. But to discuss, or try to discuss, the matter more fully—as, for instance, the general relation of democracy and art, how art is likely to thrive in a democratic atmosphere, it being remembered that the modern form of democracy is essentially

different from the ancient, from that under which art flourished at Athens—would far exceed our present limits of time and space. And I must now very briefly speak of the scientific movement and its influence.

I do not propose here to celebrate the triumphs of science in the Victorian period, to catalogue the new sciences that have arisen—as, for example, geology and biology—to record the extraordinary advances they have made, and point out the immense influence they have exercised upon all departments of thought; I wish rather, most briefly, to refer to the influence of the scientific spirit outside the domain of what is commonly known as science. Not only have many of the special ideas and discoveries of science, cosmical and others, acted upon our general conception of things, but this scientific spirit has made and is making itself felt everywhere. Let me mention one of those ideas—perhaps the one that has been most active and influential—the idea of evolution. In biology that idea had been forming in men's minds from the beginning of the century; except to correct a popular error, I need not say it is not due to Darwin. It was already in the air, and had already been repeatedly stated years before the "*Origin of Species*" appeared in 1859, which made a great epoch, not by announcing the doctrine of evolution, but by explaining the method by which evolution was brought about. One may catch echoes of the doctrine in Tennyson's "*In Memoriam*" (1850, written as we have seen in the thirties); as where the poet sketches the gradual formation of the solid earth from "*tracts of fluent heat*," till at the last arose the man, "*the herald of a higher race*," if only he

Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die;

or in the passage when he again looks forward to a yet higher development of humanity to

The crowning race

Of those that eye to eye shall look
On knowledge; under whose command
Is Earth and Earth's, and in their hand
Is Nature like an open book;

No longer half akin to brute,
For all we thought and loved and did,
And hoped, and suffer'd, is but seed
Of what in them is flower and fruit;

Whereof the man, that with me trod
This planet, was a noble type
Appearing ere the times were ripe.

Observe how this idea of evolution is pervading all our studies—our study of history, of language, of society. But, as I have said, let us notice not only the influence of single and special ideas, but of the scientific spirit. What is the scientific spirit? What does the term “science” mean? Let us remember that science meant originally only knowledge. It is only quite recently that the term has acquired a special and technical sense; when Gray uses it in his “Elegy,” he uses it in the old general sense. But it has come to mean knowledge of a special quality—knowledge that is thorough, systematic, complete, so far as it goes, absolutely and finally demonstrated, wholly sifted from clever conjecture and assumption. In “In Memoriam” Tennyson uses the term knowledge in this sense, when he says

Let knowledge grow from man to man.

If such is the meaning of the term science, we can now realise what is meant by the scientific spirit; and this is a dominant and sovereign spirit in our time. Observe how it is telling on the aims and methods of history. Macaulay, with all his vivid style, is falling from the high place he once held, because he did not study and write in this spirit; and so such a work as Carlyle’s “French Revolution,” with all its picturesque splendour, though we hear the thunder roll as we read it, and are dazzled by the lightning flashes, fails to satisfy the modern requirements of what a successful historical work should be. Let the historian describe and narrate graphically if he can; it is no slight service to make the past live again in this way. But this is not his highest duty; it is not his chief glory to rival or surpass the current novelist, and supply our mental gallery with pictures. His real work is to interpret the past—not only to make us realise that it existed, but to explain how and why it existed, what it inherited, how it administered its inheritance, and what it bequeathed—not only to show us what it was externally, but what it was essentially—not only to describe its customs, and to chronicle its attitudes and its gestures, but to analyse its mind, to discover precisely the special problems with which it had to grapple. In short, by knowing an age we mean something different and something more than used to be meant. In other words, the scientific spirit has taken possession of the department of historical study. Observe again, how it is influencing the study of philology. Not so long ago etymology was regarded as a mere matter of guesswork. One derivation was thought as good as another. The changes in word forms were held to be purely arbitrary. Voltaire remarked

that the consonants went for nothing, and the vowels were of no importance. The application of the scientific spirit to this province of study makes such a witticism curiously groundless. In all these letter changes that so transform and disguise words, the reign of law is being discovered.

“So free” they “seem, so fettered fast” they “are.”

And one of the most conspicuous of the progresses made by the century in England—the linguistic and philological progress—is now being magnificently illustrated in the appearance of the “New English Dictionary,” which, when completed, bids fair to be not only a noble monument of English scholarship, but one of the completest and best dictionaries the world has yet seen. And in many other areas of thought and life the presence of the historical spirit might readily be indicated.

So much, and only so much, our space permits us to say of the general character of the middle period of the nineteenth century.

This period may be said to have closed, as I remarked above, about the year 1867. The great race whom we saw arise about the year 1832, by that time, with a few honoured exceptions, had in its turn passed, or was passing, away. Charlotte Brontë died in 1856, Macaulay in 1859, Thackeray in 1863, Mrs. Browning in 1861, Whewell in 1866, Faraday in 1867, Dickens and Murchison in 1870, Sir John Herschell in 1871, Mill and Sidgwick in 1873, Sir Charles Lyell in 1875, Darwin in 1882, Matthew Arnold in 1888. Tennyson, now a poet amongst the peers, as always a peer amongst the poets, is still amongst us, and long may he be! But it may be doubted whether his reputation, either as a thinker or a poet, has been materially raised by any of his later writings, though seldom indeed has a poetic career extending over some sixty years been so nobly maintained with such constant energy. Browning, too, is still productive and vigorous; but it is probably by his earlier works—his “Men and Women,” and “Dramatis Personæ”—that Browning holds his honoured and distinguished position. Carlyle, who died in 1880, produced little of note after his “Life of Frederick,” concluded in 1865, except his “Reminiscences”—a work which shows indeed that his hand has not lost its cunning, but which, written in a morbid hour, by no means fairly reflects the nature or the conduct of the author. Possibly enough he had much to blame himself for—what honest person has not many charges to bring against himself? But certainly, as he places himself before us sheeted to do his penance, we can only sadly and humbly bow our heads before so pathetic a spectacle—an

old honoured leader in so strange a guise. "George Eliot's" "Middlemarch" (1871) was the last of the great works that charmed the general public. "Daniel Deronda," though full of thought and power, and increasing the writer's already great influence over certain minds, yet failed to excite a very general interest.

Meanwhile, new forces were beginning to act upon the age, or rather, perhaps, the forces and movements I have mentioned were intensified and accelerated. For the last quarter of the century seems likely to behold those earlier forces in yet fuller expansion and energy. As vitally affecting the political and social area, we have to note the foundation of the International Working Men's Association in 1864, the death of Lord Palmerston in 1865, the second Reform Bill in 1867, the great agricultural movement that started in 1872, and the third Reform Bill enfranchising the peasantry in 1884. In 1866 the first Atlantic cable was laid. In 1861 was effected the final abolition of taxes on knowledge, "with the removal of the Paper Duties, which were so oppressive that they amounted to £20,000 on Charles Knight's 'Encyclopædia;' and the effect of their abolition was such that the newspaper circulation, which averaged 800,000 copies *weekly* at the time of the Queen's accession, rose to 10½ millions in 1864, and is now 32 millions. Cheap editions of the best English authors have found their way into every cottage in the three kingdoms."¹ But the pre-eminent opening glory of this new period is the establishment, in 1870, of a national system of popular education. That great Act, far too long delayed, disgracefully delayed indeed to the latest moment, has already produced, or helped to produce, results most beneficial and most significant and potent. For instance, juvenile crime since 1869 "has fallen 53 per cent.;" and adult crime has strikingly diminished; "instead of building new prisons," says Mr. Mulhall, "we have recently seen eleven sold by auction." For, let obstructionists urge what they will, there is some real alliance between cultivation and honesty, and ignorance and crime are close confederates.

Such facts as these sufficiently mark the ushering in of a new era, and a new era must have a new literature—a literature to embody its characteristic ideas and ambitions. Of this new literature it would be premature yet to speak. One may venture, perhaps, to say that the current age is one of great intellectual activity, and that literary ability abounds. It may be questioned whether ever before have lived at the same time so many writers, both of prose and of poetry, of such brilliancy and skill. It would be invidious to select names

¹ Mulhall's *Fifty Years of National Progress*.

from such a crowd of distinguished *littérateurs*. But also, as we have already suggested, it may be seriously questioned whether we can boast of any writer of consummate genius: whether amongst our poets we can point to anyone who is for us, in any comparable degree, what Tennyson and Browning were for the last generation—anyone of at all equal originality and power; and in imaginative prose, whether we have any novelist of the highest creative faculty, or of the finest penetration and insight—anyone whose survey of our time is both broad and deep. And this absence of superior genius in the region of literary art is probably due to the character of our age. While there is much to encourage and to cheer us when we look around, there is undoubtedly much to perturb and to scare. If the sun shines on us, there are frowning clouds also—clouds black and threatening. Institutions that we have regarded as firm and fast for ever are trembling to their base. There is a sense of uncertainty and of revolution. Some ears already catch the roar of Niagara, as they think, and are persuaded we are rapidly drifting towards the fatal precipice; and others, that are less timorous and hysterical, yet warn us of breakers ahead. And, indeed, even the lightest-hearted are conscious of strange disquiets and disturbances, in the encircling atmosphere. It is a time of profound agitations and commotions, of spiritual and moral mutinies and rebellions which may at any time translate themselves into action—a weary and heavy-laden time.

In the midst of such rumblings and uproars, no wonder if men fancy themselves on the verge of some portentous earthquake, and their hearts fail them for fear. No wonder if they forget how great are the restorative forces of nature, or how merciful and moderated her processes may be. The storm breaks, and the labours of men and oxen lie in wreck and ruin; but the landscape is soon recruited and revived. The changes from summer to winter and to summer again are immense, but are not abrupt. Still, no wonder if our age is perplexed and distressed when its best statesmanship seems baffled by the problems that beset it, and, at so many points, inscrutable difficulties face and obstruct us. Hence the pessimism of our time, which presents in this respect a curious contrast to the buoyancy and sanguineness of the century in some of its earlier years. "It is very wonderful to me now," says Mr. Ruskin in a note to his "*Fronde Agrestes*"—a series of selections from his "*Modern Painters*"—"to see what hopes I had once; but Turner was alive then; and the sun used to shine and rivers to sparkle." He, too, had some joy in his time, and some hope of it in his old days. "Instead of supposing the love of nature necessarily connected with the faithlessness of

the age, I believe it is connected with the benevolence and liberty¹ of the age." So he writes in the passage in a note to which appear the first quoted words. But he cannot sufficiently abuse the present age. Neither Carlyle nor he could or can find vials large enough to contain all their disgust and wrath. They exhaust all the resources of objurgation and anathema. And lesser men feel, or assume, a like horror and desperation. A poet is the mouthpiece of his time ; and how can sweet or harmonised sounds issue from him when the time is out of temper or out of heart ?

But the republic is not to be despaired of. It has passed through dark days before, days not less dark than are ours ; it has weathered storms not less malignant and dire. The flood may rise yet higher, but the ark shall go over the face of the waters—that is, if we keep it taut and trim, and steer warily and wisely, if the English breed is not degenerate ; and why should we suspect so terrible a decay ? And when the present tyranny is overpast it shall set forth on a fresh career of enterprise and success and honour. In other words, when the evolution, whose throes we are now suffering, is complete, and society is once more satisfactorily adjusted and settled, we may trust that the spirit of depression that now invades and usurps us will be exorcised, and poetry will recover its heart and its mind and its voice.

So Milton, amidst the confusion and antagonisms of his middle life, was unable to sing. He could only dream of a day when he should be free to give poetic expression to the thoughts that arose in him. To a noble recital of some of these thoughts he adds these concluding words : "With such abstracted sublimities as these it might be worth your listening, readers, as I may one day hope to have ye *in a still time, when there shall be no chiding: not in these noises.*"

JOHN W. HALES.

¹ Mr. Ruskin says he forgets what he meant by "liberty" here : did he mean liberty-loving spirit ?

THE MONASTERIES IN THE AIR.

AT the extremity of the vast plain of Thessaly, divided from the ranges of Pindus and Othrys by the river Peneus, there rises a perfect forest of quaint, pinnacle-shaped rocks ; they seem to come straight out of the flat plain as if they were needles piercing the earth's crust, and projecting beyond it to an almost uniform height of 1,000 feet. Several of these pinnacles are crowned by monasteries, the wooden balconies of which overhang space, and, as we drew near, the red, parasol-shaped roofs of these monkish dwellings were burnished by the feeble rays of a winter's sun, whilst all around us was a field of snow melting, indeed, fast, and swelling to a dangerous extent the many streams which feed the Peneus and water the Thessalian plain. Other pinnacles are honeycombed with the cells where hermits once dwelt like rabbits, in the by-gone days of strict asceticism, and visiting as we did this weird spot in the depth of winter, with everything bare and chill around us, we were enabled to realise the supreme sacrifice of those lives devoted to religion in the wild eyries of "the Thebaid of Stagi," as it was called. But the times are greatly altered now ; the pinnacles no longer re-echo with the groans of self-tortured anchorites, only a few sleek monks remain to superintend the ruins of the past.

Once there were twenty-four monasteries, now there are only five inhabited ones, containing at the most fifty monks, whilst the rest are in hopeless ruins, or have disappeared altogether. They say that the conscription, which is now law in modern Hellas, has been the deathblow of monasticism, and no young novices can be got to take the vows after they have tasted the sweets of a wider life. The present prime minister of Greece, Mr. Tricoupis, is likened to Henry VIII., and by a system of disestablishment, taxation and appropriation of the monastic lands, he will soon have destroyed all but the larger ones, and rumour says that he has his eye on these Thessalian eyries for convict prisons. And it is more than probable that before the close of this century this radical change will have been effected.

We halted at the village of Kalabaka, which lies at the foot of the pinnacles, to refresh and warm ourselves as best we could with a charcoal brazier, before ascending to the monastery of St. Stephen, which was to be our temporary home ; behind us towered the forest of impenetrable rocks, dark against the surrounding snow, looking for all the world as if the monkish legend was correct, that God in his mercy had created them especially as a refuge for ascetics, and for the perpetuation of that strange, self-sacrificing community of the Stylites.

Kalabaka is the see of a certain portly bishop, who greeted us warmly, and took occasion to show us, as a fitting prelude to our monastic expedition, the reproduction of some curious old bulls of the Byzantine emperors, telling the tale of their foundation in the troublous times of the 14th century. These bulls, together with all the old manuscript books, which once formed the pride and glory of the Meteora, have been removed to the museum at Athens, a significant intimation of the beginning of the end ; for last year the superior of the monastery of Varlaam decamped with all the most valuable books out of his library, all the silver plate out of his church, and the grand old vestments in which superiors of Varlaam had for centuries officiated. With this booty he crossed the Turkish frontier, and sold them to a grocer in a town in Macedonia for what he could get, and I have since seen several of the missing volumes, need I say, in the hands of Englishmen ! The naughty monk foolishly returned to Greek soil, was recognised, and condemned to eight years' penal servitude, and, if events move quickly, may perhaps pass a portion of his sentence in the monastery of which he was once superior. But the books and treasures are hopelessly scattered, and the Greek Government has done wisely in collecting at Athens the treasures which the other monasteries of the Meteora contained.

The bulls which the bishop placed before us revealed much interesting material concerning the foundation of these communities during the troublous times when the Eastern Empire was tottering and near its fall. From them we learned that a monk Athanasios was the original founder of the system, and left in his will laws and regulations for his followers, one of which rather alarmed my wife, for it stated "that women are not to be allowed beyond a certain mark, and that nothing is to be given them to eat of the food belonging to the monks, even if they are at the point of death from hunger," not a pleasant prospect for a female visitor to these monasteries in the depth of winter !

Furthermore we learnt that a disciple of this monk Athanasios

was a king, the hermit Joseph, a nephew of the celebrated Servian Emperor Stephen. This king ruled over the plain of Thessaly, and was induced by the preaching of the monk to become a stylite of Meteora, where from his lofty retreat he continued to exercise his royal sway over his kingdom. The bull speaks of him as "the very Holy King Joseph, most venerable amongst monks," and to one of the documents he signed his name in the following highflown strain : "John Ouresis Paleologus, called according to the divine and angelic order, Joseph the Monk." He it was who first brought into notoriety the Thebaid of Stagi, and he it was who founded the church on the summit of the rock of Meteora, and made this monastery the central head of the religious community, as those who ascend to this dizzy height may read for themselves on a stone let into the wall on the outside of the church and bearing the date of 1388.

Some of the bulls amused us vastly from the absurd titles that ecclesiastics of those days took to themselves ; a bishop speaks of himself as "my humility," an archbishop tries to convince the world that he thought of himself only as "my mediocrity," and the term always used to express the monasteries we were about to visit was always "our Thebaid."

The bishop bade us God speed when we left, and gave us a bundle of introductory letters to the superiors of the various monasteries, but he expressed only lukewarm interest in their welfare. He had not so much as visited them, he said, though he had lived for years beneath their shadow, he was afraid of the ascent to them by rickety ladders and nets attached to ropes.

I think we were rather glad to find, after half an hour's climb on muleback, on reaching the entrance to St. Stephen's, that it was easy of approach, for our feet were numb with cold and our courage not equal to ascending by a net. The rock on which this monastery is built is lower than the hill which rises behind it, and a chasm which separates them, and which has rightly been called "Chaos," has been bridged over. An ill-favoured monk opened to us after we had knocked many times, and he had shouted many inquiries and given us careful scrutiny from a loop-hole above the door, for robbers are not uncommon visitors to these parts, who cross over from the adjacent Turkish territory. He conducted us forthwith to the monastic kitchen, where huddled together with monks, farm-labourers and strange visitors from the hills, we could thaw. The pot was simmering on the fire, and the smoke which was intended to escape from a hole in the domed roof, hung around and blackened everything, and now and again a bright flame lit up the swarthy faces of

our strange companions, who were seated on their haunches gazing listlessly at the fire.

To her infinite comfort my wife found herself admitted into this circle, for two of the mid-air monasteries have in these latter days decided to be gallant, and now St. Stephen and the Holy Trinity admit females within their walls. Two years ago King George of Greece visited the Meteora with two of his daughters, but even for royal maidens the austere monks of Varlaam and Meteora would not relax the rigour of their rule ; in some respects, however, they are not such severe misogynists as their brethren on Mount Athos, for they keep a few cocks and hens for the production of eggs, and a sheep which grazes on the top of Varlaam has somehow been guilty of having a lamb.

That evening we looked from the height of St. Stephen down—deep down—a thousand feet on to the snow-clad plain of Thessaly, and across to the white heights of Othrys and Pindus. The window of our cell overlooked an abyss of dizzy height, and as the air was clear and keen a view of surpassing beauty and extent was spread before us, but during the night the wind howled around us, and shook with terrific violence our ill-fitting windows. The snow turned into rain, and we arose next morning to find ourselves enveloped in a mist so dense that we could not see a yard before us, a miserable mist which never lifted for one instant for several days, and which kept us fast prisoners within the walls of St. Stephen, with nought to do save wander amongst the passages of our strange home, and chat with the monks in their common room and their cells.

Sophronios, “the holy vice-principal,” took upon himself the duties of host, for the superior was absent at the time, and a delicate novice, terribly marked with smallpox, Koutelos by name, and aged seventeen, was ordered to attend to our immediate wants, or rather to appear in our bedroom whenever he was not wanted, to my wife’s infinite discomfort. He was the only young novice in St. Stephen’s, in fact the only monk who had not taken the vows, except a tottering old man of seventy, who looked as if he would not live till the days of his probation were over. Koutelos constantly impressed upon us that he was not bound as yet by any vows, and that if he could gain health and strength he did not intend to take any. In fact, monasticism in Greece is decaying with such rapidity that no novices can be obtained to replace the older generation when they die.

We dined on the evening of our arrival with Sophronios in the guest room, round which ran a wide divan spread with mattresses and carpets, and with pillows against the walls ; there was a pro-

jecting stone hearth in the centre of one side, on which blazed and crackled a fire of wood. St. Stephen's is by rights a cenobite institution, that is to say, the monks live and eat in a common room, a certain large vaulted chamber, with for its floor the living rock ; but inasmuch as it was as chilly as a cavern in a glacier that night, we were permitted to have our provisions served near the fire. A small table first made its appearance, which was to our surprise turned upside down; on the inverted legs of this a large round copper tray was placed for us to dine off. Our food was served to us on nice old copper tinned plates, and after much hunting knives and forks were found. But Sophronios helped himself from the dish with his fingers, and I think he was wise, for knives and forks when cleaned with a lick and a wipe on the shirt tail are luxuries which can be dispensed with.

We discussed freely the topics of the day, and soon discovered how hateful to the monks is the new order of things in Thessaly. "Better far was it," said the holy Sophronios, "when we were under no government at all, and when we paid black mail to brigands. We had no taxes then, now we can scarcely live for them. When I first came to the monastery, at the age of eleven, it was rich, it had lands in Roumania and lands in Bulgaria ; now these have been taken from us, and the land we have around us is burdened with taxation."

We had an instance of the ill feeling between the monks and the powers that be that very evening, for after dinner there came in, wet to the skin, two Greek soldiers of the "well girded" regiment the *εὐζωνοί*, whose uniform is the Albanian dress, with wide starched petticoats and blue fez. Nine of these regiments are always kept in Thessaly to guard the frontier, for they are the best soldiers Greece has, having been born and bred in the wild mountains.

The two soldiers looked in a sorry plight with their dripping petticoats ; they had been up in some of the mountain villages in search of brigands, and having been overtaken by the snowstorm, they had sought a refuge at St. Stephen's. They complained to us bitterly that the porter had kept them standing for nearly two hours in the snow before he would let them in ; but when we went into the kitchen an hour afterwards we found them in a much better frame of mind, discussing the contents of the simmering pot, and prepared to pass the night wrapped in their thick damp cloaks, with their feet turned towards the fire.

Next day we struggled through the mist to the various points of interest in our elevated quarters amongst the clouds ; we went to church once instead of three times, as it behoves good monks to do ; we looked into the common room, where the monks were eating

their frugal fare with shivering teeth, and we inspected the knotted rope which hung close to the door, and which naughty monks are told to take down and hold in their hands in the middle of the room whilst the others are enjoying their meal ; at each knot they have to say a prayer with many genuflections, instead of partaking of food. We particularly requested Sophronios to send for us if this humiliating performance was to take place during our stay ; but unfortunately no monk was naughty, and our curiosity was not gratified.

These monasteries are just like miniature villages on the top of the rocks ; narrow passages lead from the courtyard or village square to the cells, for all the world like the narrow streets in some hill-set Italian village, half village, half fortress. Sophronios kept us most of the afternoon in his own dingy cell, asking us absurd questions about England and feeding us on grapes that had hung from his ceiling since August and were now musty ; he made for us coffee on his own charcoal brazier whilst we reclined on his bed, that is to say, on a carpet spread on the floor, which served him in that capacity ; he showed us his possessions—some interesting books and some fine inlaid chests, which we coveted, and then laughingly produced his “ wooden wife,” as these monks, who are by no means devoid of wit of a low order, call a long and prettily carved instrument with a spoon-shaped rubber at one end and a carved representation of a fish at the other. The use of this instrument is to scratch the human frame when the vermin decide on making their meals in some inaccessible place. “ I have two wooden wives,” said he jocosely, when I admired it extremely ; “ I will give you one.” I accepted the present gladly, remarking as I did so, that a wooden wife would be more desirable than a living one under those trying and in Greece oft-recurring circumstances, inasmuch as she would never disturb me by her own sufferings, and would always be awake to perform whatever office I might deem necessary.

In the church we much admired the screen which shuts off the Holy Table from the vulgar gaze, with its open-work carving, consisting of foliage, birds, and raised flowers, cut out of a light-coloured wood in the most delicate manner. Some day, I feel quite sure, there will be a great demand for these Greek carved screens, for, as carvings alone, they are lovely, and when looked upon as frames to the quaint old sacred pictures of the Byzantine school, with their silver crowns and limbs, they offer a charming novelty for the *bric-à-brac* collectors.

The mist lent a weird feeling to our surroundings ; out from it would plunge a monk hurrying on his way to Compline at the sound

of the wooden gong or *semandron*, which hangs at the gate of all monastic churches, and which, when struck with a wooden mallet, sends forth a shrill clear sound, as different as possible to any summons to worship we can hear elsewhere ; into the mist would charge an unkempt, petticoated Wallachian, three of whom act as hewers of wood and drawers of water to the monks of St. Stephen. And then Sophronios took us to the tiny cemetery, where dead monks repose for three years, until their bones are sufficiently decayed to be thrown into the charnel house, and this edifice is naught but a small building erected over space, into which the exhumed bones are hurled for the wolves and the eagles to extract from them whatever virtue the black earth may have left.

Next day we visited the oldest church of the monastery, very small and very rich in its profusion of quaint old frescoes. Report says that the Emperor Cantacuzene was its founder, but of this we could obtain no documentary proof. Finally, after two days of enforced imprisonment, and when it appeared as if the mist would never rise, we put on our mackintoshes and obliged the holy Sophronios, much against his will, to conduct us to the neighbouring monastery of the Holy Trinity, a matter of no small difficulty in the thick impenetrable atmosphere.

At the end of a twenty minutes' scramble we were somewhat taken aback when the holy Sophronios uttered a penetrating shriek, and on looking up we saw the faint outline of one of those strange pinnacle rocks towering above us, from the top of which came shrieks in answer to our guide's. Much to my wife's disappointment they would not let down the net, alleging that the floor of the tower in which the capstan was worked was too slippery for their feet, and we did not press the matter further, being far from anxious to take a drop from these high latitudes. So, as she had no prospect of admittance into Varlaam or the Meteora, my wife had to abandon her wish to try this novel ascent. What a climb it was, too, by the rickety ladders, a series of which hung loose on the bare rock, in a cleft something like a chimney, and our toilsome progress heavenwards was certainly up the narrowest and straightest path I have ever trodden.

At an iron trapdoor the Superior of Holy Trinity was waiting to welcome us. He is a very stout, jovial old man, too stout now to descend by the ladders in the chimney, and too heavy for the net, and is consequently condemned to pass the rest of his days in his aerial kingdom. Our visit must have been a perfect godsend to him, for he never ceased questioning us concerning our country and its

peculiarities. In fact, he got far more out of us than we got out of him, for he had but little to show us in his monastery, save the same conglomeration of buildings confined in a still smaller space than those of St. Stephen. For Holy Trinity has no garden, and covers the whole summit of its rock with the monastic buildings, and, as our view extended for only a few yards before us, we found it impossible to admire the scenery with the enthusiasm that was required of us.

The morning of the fourth day showed signs of improvement, and the mist from time to time rolled away sufficiently for us to gaze down some hundreds of feet from our window at St. Stephen's, so I started off for a tour of the monasteries with Koutelos, the novice, as my guide. Never shall I forget the wonderful effect produced by the clearing away of the mist from those curious pinnacles. As we approached the monastery of Varlaam it suddenly appeared before us upon its peak amidst a perfect wilderness of rocky needles around which the mist swirled in tenacious rings as the wind arose which was to free us from our enemy. Each needle was of a rich green colour after the rain, and was garlanded with moss and ivy ; on two or three of those were perched the monasteries with their red roofs, yellow-stained walls and tall cypresses ; the mountain slopes around us were red with the dried leaves of the small oak trees which cover them, the plain of Thessaly, which extended beneath us, was flooded for miles by the Peneus, and across this expanse of water rose the blue snow-covered heights of the classic Pindus. The remembrance of such a scene as this is a perpetual pleasure.

A few lusty shouts brought the monks of Varlaam to their windows ; they beckoned to the ladders, not liking the trouble of pulling me up by the net, but I flatly refused to attempt an ascent by aid of loose ladders hung over a yawning abyss, with slippery steps and long stretches between each ladder. "If they wish to see me," I told Koutelos to scream "they must let down the net." This they at length did, and when it had been spread on the muddy ground I was fastened into it by means of a hook attached to the rope, which ran through each of the loops at the outer edge of the net, and drew it together over my head. Then the signal was given, and like a huge fish very much out of water, I was drawn up the distance of 250 feet in a very few minutes, and after being hauled in I was ignominiously unpacked by a crew of chattering monks.

I first examined the capstan and the rope, which was a stout one, with considerable interest, and inquired timorously, "Do you ever have any accident?" "Never," was the reply, "for we constantly

test the rope, and when it breaks with a load of wood four times the weight of a man, we think it time to get a new one."

Here at Varlaam the superior is rather deaf, very ignorant, and almost bedridden. I suppose they found the last superior, who decamped with the treasures, too clever and too active, so they have chosen a complete contrast for his successor. The monks of Varlaam were exceedingly reticent, and particularly so concerning the robbery, about which I was wholly unsuccessful in obtaining further information. It would seem almost past belief, but, nevertheless, it is a fact, that the superior of Varlaam put the following embarrassing question to me, "Where is England?" With such slender knowledge to work upon I found it almost hopeless to explain, but at last, after sundry futile attempts, a light shone in his old eyes, and he exclaimed—"Ah! now I remember; first comes Spain, then France, and England on the top of it."

Varlaam has a tidy garden of herbs on the extreme edge of the rock, with no wall to protect the monks engaged in tilling it from falling over; nevertheless, they assured me that no monk within the recollection of the present generation, had committed suicide. After visiting the church, rich in frescoes, and the refectory rich in smells, I was ready to be let down again, not without unpleasant misgivings I must own, for it requires practice to be hurled into space in a net without a qualm, and then the downward journey is accompanied by so many jerks and twists that the bravest of novices in this method of travelling must feel relieved when he reaches the ground in safety, though it is inches deep in mud, and the position of hopelessly sprawling in the mire until the net is opened, is, to say the least of it, undignified.

Our next visit was to the monks of the great Meteora, who are near neighbours to Varlaam, and think themselves immeasurably superior to all the rest, since theirs is the chief monastery of the group, where the representative Synod sits, and before the establishment of the present government in Thessaly, theirs was the capital of a small monastic republic, corresponding to that which still exists on Mount Athos. In former years these monasteries paid only a trifling tribute to the Turks, but in other respects they enjoyed complete autonomy. Some of the papers which relate the proceedings of the Synod in Meteora are very amusing, and prove to us that even the holiest of men are prone to contentions. The Synod decided, when two hermits chose to quarrel bitterly over the possession of a hole in a rock in which to spend their ascetic lives; when two monasteries fought for the possession of a rocky pinnacle,

or for a patch of green at the bottom of an abyss, and during the latter days of this autonomy the history of these monasteries, as told by the minutes of the Synod, is one of keen jealousies and rapid decadence.

Again I accomplished the ascent by net, and with more confidence this time, for I saw a monk and a lot of wood go up before me, and this time my confidence was required to keep myself from bumping against the wall. Again the crowd of excited monks hauled me in and unpacked me, and then after being conducted through endless passages, I was safely deposited in the guest chamber to partake of refreshments before commencing my inspections.

Everything on the great Meteora is, as I had found it in the other monasteries, only on a much larger scale. The church is about three times as large as those in the other monasteries, the wooden gong is in proportion to the church, and the pictures of devils and saints which adorn the interior are about three times as ghastly. There are cells for at least two hundred monks, most of them now falling into ruins, for they can only muster about twenty in these degenerate days. Of all I saw in this vast wandering pile of buildings the kitchen pleased me most; it is perched on the extreme edge of the cliff, so that the cook has no difficulty with the disposal of his rubbish. It is about twenty feet square with a steep stone roof open at the top, and supported by four columns. These columns stand on a platform, where the fire is lighted for cooking things on a large scale, and I need hardly say that now this is seldom used; round this central hearth is a stone dresser for the preparation of the viands, and all round the wall are receptacles for smaller charcoal fires for the dishes of inferior importance; of course when built this kitchen was intended to cook feasts for the whole assemblage of two hundred monks, and grand times they must have had. It is an interesting specimen of mediæval culinary architecture, but I fear that if they do not quickly do something to keep it in repair, it will soon be lost to the world; the monk who acted as my cicerone told me that the central hearth was only used once a year to cook the Easter lambs, and that most of the charcoal ovens are out of order. The refectory of the Meteora is correspondingly magnificent, being a vast domed building of Byzantine architecture supported by rows of pillars, and containing rows of now unused stone tables, at one end of which stands a round marble table at which the Superior of the superior monastery of the Meteora sits in solitary grandeur and consumes his food.

The monks of the great Meteora have delightful recreation grounds; covered walks of considerable extent are provided for wet

weather, and on a large grass-grown plateau, several acres in extent, they can enjoy the fresh mountain breezes in summer time. This rock, though just like the rest in being perfectly abrupt all round, offers on its summit a large area of undulating ground, which relieves one from the unpleasant sensation of being stuck high up in the air on the point of a needle.

No words can give an adequate idea of the sea of rocks, as seen from the summit of the Meteora. Hard by is the pinnacle of the Holy Monastery, towards which we bent our steps after being again let down in the net from on high ; it is built on the summit of so tapering a needle that to obtain space to live in, the monks have projected balconies and bow windows all the way round, which gives it the appearance of a vast mushroom. We screamed at the foot of it for some time, but got no response, so we went on our way and learned on our return home that it had been uninhabited for some time past. Another slender peak goes by the name of Aphrodite's Leg, though I can only attribute the choice of this simile to the necessary ignorance of monks on the subject of the female form ; it has never been inhabited by hermit or by monk, and was put there, Koutelos thought, as a perpetual temptation. Another peak hard by is crowned by the monastery of St. Nicholas, where the monks invited us to ascend by a thin rope, used for hauling provisions up, the thick one being temporarily disabled ; to this invitation we shouted a polite refusal, as also I did, when begged to ascend by the ladders, the top half of which looked very rickety, as the monks draw them up every night for fear of the shepherds who are living in a "mandra" or mountain dairy just below. Koutelos, however, ran up to speak to a friend of his, and as he ascended I thought the resemblance to a blue bottle climbing a wall very remarkable.

Whichever way we turned in this marvellous valley of rocks, some new wonder met our eyes ; here and there, high up on the rock side, we saw cells in which the frescoes are still preserved bright and clear, but to which there is now no approach whatsoever, only the holes in the rock are still visible in which the ladders were fixed up, which the hermit once climbed to his eyrie. Another massive rock is perfectly honeycombed with cells, and Koutelos told me that in former years it was the prison of the monastic republic, where refractory monks were confined and fed on bread and water ; now it is quite deserted, save by countless pigeons. Another rock just behind Kalabaka has on it what the monks are pleased to term a natural cross, but requiring an imagination to realise as keen as that required to see in the above-mentioned rock a resemblance to

Venus's leg. On the summit of it they told me the Emperor Andronicos had his hermitage, and certainly from below it is easy to see that a monastery once stood thereon, for the walls are visible, but it has been inaccessible for generations.

Behind this rock nestles a miserable village called Kastraki, so placed that in winter not a ray of sunlight can penetrate into it. Up every cleft and valley we saw vultures hovering over some dainty morsel, either the carcase of a dead animal, or, as I suggested to Koutelos, the bones of some dead monk cast forth from on high ; these uncanny, long-necked creatures looked very angry with us for disturbing them in their repast, and with hoarse screams retreated to some lofty pinnacle ; the shepherds of these parts make flutes of the leg bones of these birds of prey, which sound delightfully sweet and bucolic when played on the mountain side. I possessed myself of two of them, which rank in my estimation as only second to my "wooden wife" amongst my Meteora curiosities.

On our return to St. Stephen's, we passed close beneath the nunnery of Roosana, built on a much lower pinnacle than the rest, and approached by a wooden bridge which looked exceedingly shaky ; the nuns have disappeared from this part of the world altogether, and the first traveller, whom curiosity tempts to cross this bridge, will, I feel confident, end his days in the chasm below. We had another peep at the monastery of the Holy Trinity, as we neared the end of our day's tramp, and in the clear light of day we investigated the geography of the place which had so much puzzled us the day before in the mist, and, at length, wearied with our long day we reached our home just as the sun was about to set. Poor Koutelos was dreadfully knocked up, owing to a violent fit of ague, which had come upon him whilst waiting for me in the damp at the foot of Varlaam. It is a curious fact, that intermittent fevers and ague are very prevalent on these lofty peaks, and whenever the wind is from the plain of Thessaly, the monks are smitten by the malarious blast which passes over the villages below without doing much serious harm.

That evening Sophronios and his brethren were very chatty when I visited them in the common room, and were very eager to hear my opinion of their famous monasteries ; the conversation then turned on miraculous pictures, prophecies, and priestly excommunications, which showed to us the exceeding superstition of these holy men. Their great guide in life is a sort of Greek old Moore's almanac, called Agathangelos, which points out to the credulous all the lucky and unlucky days, all things that are to be avoided and

the things that you should do. One prophecy they brought before our notice amused us much; it states that during the eighties, a great European war will take place, that the first king of a regenerated Constantinople will be a Constantine; and that king George will return to his own place. Some ingenious individuals explain this by asserting that the Danish royal family is directly descended from the Paleologi, and that the Crown Prince Constantine will, in the eighties be restored to his ancestral throne. Such is the gossip in vogue in a monastic common room, and after listening to the story of a robber, whom the late superior had excommunicated, and who, after death, had turned into a vampire, I thought it time to go to bed.

The following day was exceedingly brilliant, so I took my wife on muleback the same round I had been before, that at least she might see the exterior of the monasteries. At Varlaam we signalled the monks, and pointed to my wife, and to the net in a very distinct manner; they obviously grasped our object in doing so, and stood looking down upon us as they shook their heads to the imminent danger of their tall hats. It was our last and brightest day amongst the Meteora; on the morrow we bid Sophronios adieu, and descended once more to Kalabaka.

The Bishop was delighted to see us when we called at "the palace," and begged us to accompany him to his cathedral, which I am bound to say is one of the most interesting mediæval Greek churches I have seen out of Constantinople. There, in the out-porch, emblazoned in large letters and surrounded by quaint old frescoes, was the bull of the Emperor Andronikos, the founder of the church; within the nave stood a magnificent pulpit, the gift of the same emperor; it is approached on back and front by marble steps, the balustrades of which are decorated with the florid profusion of the Byzantine school, and over the centre was an octagon dome to cover the preacher, supported by verde antique pillars, which said pillars are miracle-working, the bishop told us, and water, which has come in contact with them has curative powers, and is sold to the poor. The belief of Greek peasants in these strange waters is remarkable; the priest, after the celebration of the Holy Mysteries always washes his hands, and this is sold to the poor, who drink it eagerly, and firmly believe it does them good.

Behind the screen rich in wood carving and sacred pictures is the Holy Table, in white marble, in front of the seats for the Synod, where before the days when the hermit king removed the government of the monasteries to the Meteora, sat the assembly of the Thebaid.

This church was an interesting and fitting conclusion to our experiences amongst these rocks, a sort of sacred oasis in a wild desert, which will, I fear, soon lose those associations which bind it to the past, and as we traversed the great Thessalian plain, we cast many glances back on the peaks and pinnacles which had afforded us so much interest during our stay amongst them.

J. THEODORE BENT.

SUESS OPPENHEIM.

ON December 16, 1733, Charles Alexander, Duke of Würtemberg entered Stuttgart in state. It was a brilliant though brief winter day. The sun streamed out of a cloudless heaven on the snowy roofs of the old town, and the castle park trees frosted as though covered with jewels. The streets were hung with tapestries, crimson drapery, and wreaths of artificial flowers. Peasants in their quaint costume poured in from all the country round to salute their new prince. From the old castle towers floated the banners of the Duchy and the Empire—for Würtemberg three stag-horns quartered with the Hohenstauffen black lions. The Duke was not young : he was hard on fifty—an age when a man has got the better of youthful impetuosity and regrets early indiscretions—an age at which, if a man has stuff in him, he is at his best.

The land of Würtemberg is a favoured and smiling land. At the period of which we write, it was not so ample as the present kingdom, but fruitful, favoured, and called the Garden of the Empire. For twenty years this duchy had been badly governed ; the inhabitants had been cruelly oppressed by the incompetent Duke Eberhardt Ludwig, or rather by his favourites. The country was burdened with debt : the treasury was exhausted. It had, as it were, lain under winter frost for twenty years and more, and now though on a winter day laughed and bloomed with a promise of spring.

And every good Würtemberger had a right to be glad and proud of the new duke, who had stormed Belgrade under Prince Eugene, and was held to be one of the bravest, noblest-minded, and most generous of the German princes of his time.

As he rode through the streets of Stuttgart all admired his stately form, his rich fair hair flowing over his shoulders, his bright commanding eye, and the pleasant smile on his lip ; every Würtemberger waved his hat, and shouted, and leaped with enthusiasm. Now at last the Garden of Germany would blossom and be fruitful under so noble a duke.

But in the same procession walked, not rode, another man whom

none regarded—a handsome man with dark brown hair and keen olive eyes, a sallow complexion, and a finely moulded Greek nose. He had a broad forehead and well arched brows. He was tall, and had something noble and commanding in his person and manner. But his most remarkable feature was the eye—bright, eager, ever restless.

This man whom the Würtembergers did not observe was destined to play a terrible and tragic part in their history—to be the evil genius of the Duke and of the land. His name was Joseph Suess Oppenheim.

Joseph's mother, Michaela, a Jewess, had been a woman of extraordinary beauty, the only child of the Rabbi Salomon of Frankfort. She had been married when quite young to the Rabbi Isachar Suess Oppenheim, a singer. Joseph was born at Heidelberg in 1692, and was her child by the Baron George of Heydersdorf, a soldier who had distinguished himself in the Turkish war, and with whom she carried on a guilty intrigue. From his father Joseph Suess derived his dignified, almost military bearing, and his personal beauty from his mother.

The Baron's romance with the lovely Jewess came to an end in 1693, when he held the castle of Heidelberg against the French. He surrendered after a gallant defence ; too soon, however, as the court-martial held on him decided ; and he was sentenced to death, but was pardoned by the Emperor Leopold, with the loss of all his honours and offices, and he was banished the Empire.

Suess had a sister who married a rich Jew of Vienna, but followed her mother in laxity of morals, and, after having wasted a good fortune in extravagance, fell back on her mother and brother for a maintenance. He had a brother who became a factor at the court of Darmstadt. They lived on bad terms with each other, and were engaged in repeated lawsuits with one another. This brother abjured Judaism, was baptised, and assumed the name of Tauffenberg. Joseph Suess was connected, or nominally connected, through Isachar, his reputed though not his real father, with the great and wealthy Jewish family of Oppenheim. The branch established in Vienna had become rich on contracts for the army, and had been ennobled. One member failed because the Emperor Leopold I. owed him many millions of dollars and was unable to pay. Joseph began life in the office of the court bankers and army contractors of his family at Vienna. Here it was that he obtained his first ideas of how money could be raised through lotteries, monopolies, and imposts of all kinds. But though Joseph was put on the road that led to wealth, in the Oppenheim house at Vienna, he missed his chance there, and

was dismissed for some misconduct, the particulars of which we do not know.

Then, in disgrace and distress, he came to Bavaria, where he served a while as barber's assistant. Probably through the influence of some of the Oppenheims, Joseph was introduced into the court of the family of Thurn and Taxis, which had acquired vast wealth through the monopoly of the post-office. Thence he made his way into an office of the palatine court at Mannheim.

This was a period at which the German princes were possessed with the passion of imitating the splendour and extravagance of Louis XIV. Everyone must have his Versailles, and crowd his court with functionaries, and maintain armies in glittering and showy uniforms.

Germany, to the present day, abounds in vast and magnificent palaces, for the most part in wretched repair, if not ruinous. The houses of our English nobility are nothing as compared in size with these palaces of petty princes, counts, and barons.

To build these mansions, and when built to fill them with officials and servants, to keep up their armies, and to satisfy the greed of their mistresses, these German princes needed a good deal of money, and were ready to show favour to any man who could help them to obtain it—show where to bore to tap fresh financial springs. All kinds of new methods of taxation were had recourse to, arousing the bitter mockery of the oppressed. The tobacco monopoly was called the nose-tax; it was felt to be oppressive only by the snuff-takers and smokers; and perhaps the stamp on paper only by those who wrote; but the boot and shoe stamp imposed by one of the little princes touched everyone but those who went barefoot.

Joseph Suess introduced the stamp on paper into the palatinate. He did not invent this duty, which had been imposed elsewhere; but he obtained the concession of the impost, and sold it to a sub-factor for 12,000 florins, and with the money invested in a speculation in the coinage of Hesse-Darmstadt. All the little German princes at this time had their own coinage, down to trumpery little states of a few miles in diameter, as Waldeck, Fulda, Hechingen, and Montfort; and Germany was full to overflow of bad money, and barren of gold and silver. Suess, in his peregrinations, had obtained a thorough insight into the mysteries of this branch of business. He not only thoroughly understood the practical part of the matter—the coinage—but also where the cheapest markets where to purchase the metals to be coined. Now that he had some money at his command, he undertook to farm the coinage of Hesse-Darmstadt; but almost

immediately undersold it, with a profit to himself of 9,000 florins. He took other contracts for the courts, and soon realised a comfortable fortune. Even the Archbishop of Cologne called in his aid, and contributed to enrich him in his efforts to get a little more for himself out of the subjects of his palatinate. In the summer of 1732 Joseph Suess visited the Blackforest baths of Wildbad, for the sake of the waters. At the same time Charles Alexander of Würtemberg and his wife were also undergoing the same cure. Oppenheim's pleasant manners, his handsome face, and his cleverness caught the fancy of Charles Alexander, and he appointed him his agent and steward; and as the Prince was then in want of money, Suess lent him a trifle of 2,000 florins. Charles Alexander had not at this time any assurance that he would ascend the ducal throne of Würtemberg, though it was probable.¹ The reigning duke, Eberhardt Louis, had, indeed, just lost his only son; but it was not impossible that a posthumous grandson might be born. Charles Alexander was first-cousin of the Duke. It is said that Suess on this occasion foretold the future greatness of the Prince, and pretended to extract his prophecy from the Cabala. It is certain that Charles Alexander was very superstitious, and believed in astrology, and it is by no means improbable that Suess practised on his credulity. He had at his disposal plenty of means of learning whether the young Princess of Würtemberg was likely soon to become a mother—her husband had died in November—and he was very well aware that the old Duke was failing. The loan made by Suess came acceptably to Prince Charles Alexander just as a Jewish banker, Isaac Simon of Landau, with whom he had hitherto dealt, had declined to make further advances.

When the Prince returned to Belgrade, where he resided as stadtholder of Servia, under the Emperor, he was fully convinced that he had discovered in Suess an able, intelligent, and devoted servant. His wife was a princess of Thurn and Taxis, and it is possible that Suess, who had been for some time about that court at Ratisbon, had used her influence, and his acquaintance with her family affairs, to push his interests with the Prince, her husband.

On October 31, 1733, died the old Duke Eberhardt Louis, and Charles Alexander at once hastened from Belgrade to Vienna, where, in an interview with the Emperor, without any consultation with the Estates, or consideration for the treasury of Würtemberg, he promised Leopold a contingent of 12,000 men to aid in the war against France. Then he went on to Stuttgart.

Poor Würtemberg groaned under the burdens that had been

¹ There was some idea of a younger brother being elected.

imposed on it ; the favourites had been allowed to do with it what they liked ; and Charles Alexander's first public declaration on entering his capital was : " From henceforth I will reign over you immediately, and myself see to the reform of every grievance, and put away from my people every burden which has galled its shoulders. If my people cry to me, my ears shall be open to hear their call. I will not endure the disorder which has penetrated everywhere, into every department of the State ; my own hand shall sweep it away."

And as a token of his sincerity he ordered every office-holder in Church and State to put on paper and present to him a schedule of every payment that had been made, by way of fee and bribe, to obtain his office. This was published on December 28, 1733. The older and wiser heads were shaken ; the Duke, they said, was only heaping trouble on his shoulders ; let the past be buried. He replied, " I must get to the bottom of all this iniquity. I must get inured to work."

But the hero of Belgrade had all his life been more accustomed to the saddle than the desk, and to command in battle—a much simpler matter—than to rule in peace. The amount of grievances brought before him, the innumerable scandals, peculations, bewildered him. The people were wild with enthusiasm, but the entire bureaucracy was filled with sullen and dogged opposition.

Württemberg enjoyed a constitution more liberal than any other German principality. The old Duke Eberhardt with the Beard, who died in 1496, by his will contrived for the good government of his land by providing checks against despotic rule by the dukes his successors. On the strength of this testament the Estates deposed his successor. The provisions of this will were ratified in the Capitulation of Tübingen, in 1514, and every duke on assuming the reins of government was required to swear to observe the capitulation. Duke Charles Alexander took the oath without perhaps very closely examining it, and found out after it was taken that he was hampered in various ways, and was incapacitated from raising the body of men with which he had undertaken to furnish the Emperor, independent of the consent of the Parliament. It may here be said that there was no hereditary house of nobles in Württemberg ; the policy of the former dukes had been to drive the hereditary petty nobles out of the country, and to create in their place a clique of court officials absolutely dependent on themselves. By the constitution, no standing army was to be maintained, and no troops raised without the consent of the Estates ; the tenure of property was guaranteed by the State,

all serfage was abolished, and no taxes could be imposed or monopolies created without the consent of the Estates.

The Estates consisted of fourteen prelates, pastors invested with dignities which entitled them to sit in the House, and seventy deputies—some elected by the constituencies, others holders of certain offices, who sat *ex officio*. The Estates had great power; indeed the Duke could do little but ask its consent to the measures he proposed, and to swallow humble pie at refusal. It not only imposed the taxes but the collectors were directly responsible to the Estates for what was collected, and paid into its hands the sum gathered. Moreover, any agreement entered into between the Duke and another prince was invalid unless ratified by the Estates.

When Duke Charles Alexander, who had been accustomed to the despotic command of an army as field-marshal, found how his hands were tied and how he was surrounded by impediments to free action on all sides, he was very angry, and quarrelled with the Ministers who had presented the capitulation to him for signature. He declared that the paper presented for him to sign had not been read to him in full, or had the obnoxious passages folded under that he should not see them, or that they had been added in after his signature had been affixed.

He became irritable, not knowing how to keep his promise with the Emperor, and disgusted to find himself a ruler without real authority.

Now, as it was inconvenient to call the Assembly together on every occasion when something was wanted, a permanent committee sat in Stuttgart, consisting of two parts. This committee acted for the Estates and were responsible to it.

Wanting advice and help, unwilling to seek that of the reliable Ministers—and there were some honest and patriotic—the Duke asked Joseph Suess to assist him, and Suess was only too delighted to show him a way out of his difficulties. The redress of grievances was thrust aside, abuses were left uncorrected, and the Duke's attention was turned towards two main objects—the establishment of a standing army, and the upsetting of the old constitution.

Württemberg was then a state whose limits were not very extensive, nor did they lie within a ring fence. The imperial cities of Reutlingen, Ulm, Heilsbronn, Weil, and Gmünd were free. It might not be convenient for the Emperor to pay for the troops the Duke had promised to furnish with hard cash, but he might allow of the incorporation of these independent and wealthy cities in the duchy. Moreover, it was a feature of the times for the princes to seek to conquer fresh districts and incorporate them. France had recently

snatched away Mompelgard from Württemberg, and Charles Alexander recovered it. The duchy had suffered so severely from having been overrun by French troops that the Estates acquiesced, though reluctantly, in the Duke's proposal that a standing army should be maintained. Having obtained this concession, Suess instructed him how to make it a means of acquiring money, by calling men to arms who would be thankful to purchase their discharge. The army soon numbered 18,000 soldiers. His general-in-chief was Remchingen, a man who had served with him in the Imperial army and was devoted to his interests. The Duke placed his army under officers who were none of them Württembergers. At the head of an army officered by his own creatures the Duke hoped to carry his next purpose—the abrogation of the capitulations, and the conversion of the State from a constitutional to a despotic monarchy. Suess now became the Duke's most confidential adviser, and, guided by him, Charles Alexander got rid of all his Ministers and courtiers who would not become the assistants in this policy, and filled their places with creatures of his own, chief of whom was a fellow named Hallwachs. In order to paralyse the Assembly the Duke did not summon it to meet, and managed to pack the committee with men in his interest; for, curiously enough, the committee was not elected by the delegates, but itself elected into the vacancies created in it. By means of the committee the Duke imposed on the country in 1736 a double tax, and the grant of a thirtieth of all the fruits; and this was to last "as long as the necessities of the case required it."

Suess himself was careful to keep in the background. He accepted no office about court, became Minister of no branch of the State; but every Minister and officer was nominated by him and devoted to him. Towards these creatures of his own he behaved with rudeness and arrogance, so that they feared him almost more than the Duke. If the least opposition was manifested, Suess threatened the gallows or the block, forfeiture of goods, and banishment; and as the Duke subscribed every order Suess brought him, it was well known that his threats were not idle.

Suess employed Weissensee, a pastor, the prelate of Hirsau, as his court spy. This worthless man brought to the favourite every whisper that passed within his hearing among the courtiers of the Duke, everything that was said in the committee, and advised whether the adhesion of this or that man was doubtful.

Suess so completely enveloped the Duke in the threads of the web he spun about him, that Charles Alexander followed his advice blindly, and did nothing without consulting him.

In 1734 Suess farmed the coinage of Würtemberg, with great profit to himself, and, having got it into his own hands, kept it there to the end. But there is this to be said for his coinage, that it was far better than that of all the other states of Germany ; so that the Würtemberg silver was sought throughout Germany. There was nothing fraudulent in this transaction, and though at his trial the matter was closely investigated, no evidence of his having exceeded what was just could be produced against him.

It was quite another matter with the "Land Commission," a well-intentioned institution with which the Duke began his reign. Charles Alexander was overwhelmed with the evidence sent in to him of bribery under the late Duke, and, unable to investigate the cases himself, he appointed commissioners to do so, and of course these commissioners were nominated by Suess. The commission not only examined into evidence of bribery in the purchase of offices, but also into peculation and neglect of duty in the discharge of offices. Those against whom evidence was strong were sentenced to pay a heavy fine, but were not necessarily deprived. Those, on the other hand, who had acquired their offices honourably and had discharged their functions conscientiously were harassed by repeated trials, terrified with threats, and were forced to purchase their discharge at a sum fixed according to an arbitrary tariff. Those who proved stubborn, or did not see at what the commissioners aimed, were subjected to false witnesses, found guilty, and fined. These fines amounted in some instances to £2,000.

After the commission had exhausted the bureaucracy, and money was still needed, private individuals became the prey of their inquisitorial and extortive action.

Any citizen who was reported to be rich was summoned before the tribunal to give an account of the manner in which he had obtained his wealth ; his private affairs were investigated, his books examined, and his trial protracted, till he was glad to purchase his dismissal for a sum calculated according to his income as revealed to the prying eyes of the inquisitors.

But as this did not suffice to fill the empty treasury, recurrence was had to the old abuse which the Land Commission had been instituted to inquire into and correct. Every office was sold, and to increase the revenue from this source fresh offices were created, fresh titles invented, and all were sold for ready money. Every office in Church as well as State was bought ; indeed, a sort of auction was held at every vacancy, and the office was knocked down to the highest bidder.

This sort of commerce had been bad enough under the late duke, but it became fourfold as bad now under the redresser of abuses, for what had before been inchoate was now organised by Suess into a system.

Not only were the offices sold, but after they had been entered upon the tenant was expected to pay a second sum, entitled the gratuity, which was to go, it was announced, towards a sustentation fund for widows and orphans and the aged. It is needless to say that none of this money ever reached widows, orphans, or aged.

A special bureau of gratuities was organised by decree of the Duke, and filled with men appointed by Suess, who paid into his hands the sums received ; and he, after having sifted them, and retained what he thought fit, shook the rest into the ducal treasury. This bureau was founded by ducal rescript in 1736.

Side by side with the Office of Gratuities came the Fiscal Office into being, whose function it was to revise the magisterial and judicial proceedings of the courts of justice. This also was filled by Suess with his creatures. The grounds given to the world for its establishment was the correction of judicial errors and injustices committed by the courts of law. It was the final court of revision, before which every decision went before it was carried into effect. Legal proceedings, moreover, were long and costly, and the Fiscal Court undertook to interfere when any suit threatened to be unduly protracted to the prejudice of justice. But the practical working of the Fiscal Court was something very different. It interfered with the course of justice, reversing judgments, not according to equity, but according to the bribes paid into the hands of the board. In a very short time the sources of justice were completely poisoned by it, and no crime, however great and however clearly established, led to chastisement if sufficient money were paid into the hands of the court of revision. The whole country was overrun with spies who denounced as guilty of imaginary crimes those who were rich, and such never escaped without leaving some of their gold sticking to the hands of the fiscal counsellors.

As usual with Joseph Suess, he endeavoured to keep officially clear of this court, as he had of the Office of Gratuities, and of all others. But the Duke nominated him assistant counsellor. Suess protested, and endeavoured to shirk the honour ; but as the Duke refused to release him, he took care never once to attend the court, and when the proceedings and judgments were sent him for his signature he always sent them back unsigned ; and he never was easy till relieved of the unacceptable title. For Suess was a clever rogue. In every transaction that was public, and of which documentary evidence was

producible that he had been mixed up with it, he acted with integrity ; but whenever he engaged on a proceeding which might render him liable to be tried in the event of his falling into disfavour, he kept himself in the background and acted through his agents ; so that when, eventually, he was tried for his treasonable and fraudulent conduct, documentary evidence incriminating him was wholly wanting.

After the death of the Duke, it was estimated from the records of the two courts that they had in the year 1736-7 squeezed sixty-five thousand pounds out of the small and poor duchy.

Suess had constituted himself jeweller to the Duke, who had a fancy for precious stones, and knew nothing of their relative values. When Suess offered him a jewel he was unable to resist the temptation of buying it, and very little of the money of the Bureau of Gratuities ever reached him ; he took the value out in stones at Suess' estimation. When some of his intimates ventured to suggest that the Jew was deceiving him as to the worth of the stones, Duke Charles Alexander shrugged his shoulders and said with a laugh, " It may be so, but I can't do without that coujon " (*cochon*).¹

At the beginning of 1736 a new edict for wards was issued by the Duke, probably on Suess' suggestion, whereby he constituted a chancery which should act as guardian to all orphans under age, managing their property for them, and was accountable to none but the Duke for the way in which it dealt with the trust. Then a commission was instituted to take charge of all charitable bequests in the duchy ; and by this means Suess got the fingering of property to the amount of two hundred thousand pounds, for which the State paid to the Charities at the rate of three per cent.

Then came the imposition of duties and taxes. Salt was taxed, playing-cards, groceries, leather, tobacco, carriages, even the sweeping of chimneys. A gazette was issued containing decrees of the Duke and official appointments, and every officer and holder of any place, however insignificant, under Government was compelled to subscribe to this weekly paper, the profits of which came to the Duke and his adviser. Then came a property and income tax ; then in quick succession one tormenting edict after another, irritating and disturbing the people, and all meaning one thing—money.

Lotteries were established by order of the Duke. Suess paid the Duke £300 for one, and pocketed the profits, which were considerable. At the court balls and masquerades Suess had his roulette tables in an adjoining room, and what fell to the *croupier* went into his pocket.²

¹ In three years Suess gained a profit of £20,000 out of the sale of jewelry alone.

² The Duke, at Suess's instigation, wrote to the Emperor to get the Jew factotum ennobled, but was refused.

At last his sun declined. The Duke became more and more engrossed in his ideas of upsetting the constitution by means of his army, and listened more to his general, Remchingen, than to Suess. He entered into a compact with the elector of Bavaria and with the Bishops of Würzburg and Bamberg to send him troops to assist him in his great project, and, as a price for this assistance, promised to introduce the Roman Catholic religion into Württemberg.

The enemies of Suess, finding that he was losing hold of the Duke, took advantage of a precious stone which the Jew had sold him for a thousand pounds, and which proved to be worth only four hundred, to open the eyes of Charles Alexander to the character of the man who had exercised such unbounded influence over him. Suess, finding his power slipping from him, resolved to quit the country. The Duke stopped him. Suess offered five thousand pounds for permission to depart; it was refused. Charles Alexander was aware that Suess knew too many court secrets to be allowed to quit the country. Moreover, the necessities of the Duke made him feel that he might still need the ingenuity of Suess to help him to raise money. As a means of retaining him he granted him a so-called "absolutorium"—a rescript which made him responsible to no one for any of his actions in the past or in the future. Furnished with this document, the Jew consented to remain, and then the Duke required of him a loan of four thousand pounds for the expenses of a journey he meditated to Danzig to consult a physician about a foot from which he suffered. The "absolutorium" was signed in February 1737.

On March 12 following Charles Alexander started on his journey from Stuttgart, but went no farther than his palace at Ludwigsburg.

Although the utmost secrecy had been maintained, it had nevertheless transpired that the constitution was to be upset as soon as the Duke had left the country. He had given sealed orders to his general, Remchingen, to this effect. The Bavarian and Württemberg troops, to the number of 19,000 men, were already on the march. The Württemberg army was entirely officered by the Duke's own men. Orders had been issued to forbid the Stuttgart Civil Guard from exercising and assembling, and ordering that a general disarmament of the Civil Guard and of the peasants and citizens should be enforced immediately the Duke had crossed the frontier. All the fortresses in the duchy had been provided with abundance of ammunition and ordnance.

At Ludwigsburg the Duke halted to consult an astrologer as to the prospect of his undertaking. Suess laughed contemptuously at the pretences of this man, and, pointing to a cannon, said to Charles Alexander, "This is your best telescope."

The sealed orders were to be opened on the 13th, and on that day the stroke was to be dealt. Already Ludwigsburg was full of Würzburg soldiers. A courier of the Duke with a letter had in a drunken squabble been deprived of the despatch ; this was opened and shown to the Assembly, which assembled in all haste and alarm. It revealed the plot. At once some of the notables hastened to Ludwigsburg to have an interview with their prince. He received them roughly, and dismissed them without disavowing his intentions. The consternation became general. The day was stormy ; clouds were whirled across the sky, then came a drift of hail, then a gleam of sun. At Ludwigsburg the wind blew in whole ranges of windows, shivering the glass. The alarm-bells rang in the church towers, for fire had broken out in the village of Eglosheim.

The Assembly sent another deputation to Ludwigsburg, consisting of their oldest and most respected members. They did not arrive till late, and, unable to obtain access through the front gates, crept round by the kitchen entrance, and presented themselves unexpectedly before the Duke at ten o'clock at night, as he was retiring to rest from a ball that had been given. Dancing was still going on in one of the wings, and the strains of music entered the chamber when the old notables of Würtemberg, men of venerable age and high character, forced their way into the Duke's presence.

Charles Alexander had but just come away from the ball-room, seated himself in an armchair, and drunk a powerful medicine presented him by his chamberlain, Neuffer, in a silver bowl. Neuffer belonged to a family which had long been influential in Würtemberg, honourable and patriotic. Scarce had the Duke swallowed this draught when the deputation appeared. He became livid with fury, and though the interview took place with closed doors the servants without heard a violent altercation, and the Duke's voice raised as if he were vehemently excited. Presently the doors opened and the deputation came forth, greatly agitated, one of the old men in his hurry forgetting to take his cap away with him. Scarcely were they gone when Neuffer dismissed the servants, and himself went to a further wing of the palace.

The Duke, still excited, suddenly felt himself unwell, ran into the antechamber, found no one there, staggered into a third, then a fourth room, tore open a window, and shouted into the great court for help ; but his voice was drowned by the band in the illumined ball-room, playing a valse. Then giddiness came over the Duke, and he fell to the ground. The first to arrive was Neuffer, and he found him insensible. He drew his knife and lanced him. Blood flowed.

The Duke opened his eyes and gasped, "What is the matter with me? I am dying!" He was placed in an armchair, and died instantly.

That night not a window in Stuttgart had shown light. The town was as a city of the dead. Everyone was in alarm as to what would ensue on the morrow, but in secret arms were being distributed among the citizens and guilds. They would fight for their constitution. Suddenly, at midnight, the news spread that the Duke was dead. At once the streets were full of people, laughing, shouting, throwing themselves into each other's arms, and before another hour the windows were illuminated with countless candles.¹

Not a moment was lost. Duke Charles Rudolf of Würtemberg-Neuenstadt was invested with the regency, and on March 19 General Remchingen was arrested and deprived of his office.

For once Suess' cleverness failed him. Relying on his "absolutorium," he did not fly the country the moment he heard of the death of the Duke. He waited till he could place his valuables in safety. He waited just too long, for he was arrested and confined to his house. Then he did manage to escape, and got the start of his enemies by an hour, but was recognised and stopped by a Würtemberg officer, and reconducted to Stuttgart, where he was almost torn to pieces by the infuriated populace, and with difficulty rescued from their hands. On March 19 he was sent to the fortress of Hohenneuffen; but there he almost succeeded in effecting his escape by bribing the guards with the diamonds he had secreted about his person.

At first Suess bore his imprisonment with dignity. He was confident, in the first place, that the "absolutorium" would not be impeached, and in the second, that there was no documentary evidence discoverable which could incriminate him. But as his imprisonment was protracted, and as he saw that the country demanded a victim for the wrongs it had suffered, his confidence and self-respect left him. Nevertheless, it was not till the last that he was convinced that his life as well as his ill-gotten gains would be taken from him, and then he became a despicable figure, entreating mercy, and eagerly seeking to incriminate others in the hopes of saving his own wretched life thereby.

There were plenty of others as guilty as Suess—nay, more so, for they were natives of Würtemberg, and he an alien in blood and religion. But these others had relations and friends to intercede for

¹ On the following night a confectioner set up a transparency exhibiting the Devil carrying off the Duke.

them, and all felt that Suess was the man to be made a scapegoat of, because he was friendless.

The mode of his execution was barbarous. His trial had been protracted for eleven months ; at length, on February 4, 1738, he was led forth to execution—to be hung in an iron cage. This cage had been made in 1596, and stood eight feet high, and was four feet in diameter. It was composed of seventeen bars and fourteen cross-bars, and was circular. The gallows was thirty-five feet high. The wretched man was first strangled in the cage, hung up in it like a dead bird, and then the cage with him in it was hoisted up to the full height of the gallows-tree. His wealth was confiscated.

Hallwachs and the other rascals who had been confederated with him in plundering their country were banished, but were allowed to depart with all their plunder.

Remchingen also escaped ; when arrested, he managed to get rid of all compromising papers, which were given by him to a chimney-sweep sent to him down the chimney by some of the agents of the Bishop of Würzburg.

Such is the tragic story of the life of Suess Oppenheim, a man of no ordinary abilities, remarkable shrewdness, but without a spark of principle. But the chief tragedy is to be found in the deterioration of the character of Duke Charles Alexander, who, as Austrian field-marshal and governor of Servia, had been the soul of honour, generous and beloved ; who entered on his duchy not only promising good government, but heartily desiring to rule well for his people's good ; and who in less than four years had forfeited the love and respect of his subjects, and died meditating an act which would have branded him as perjured—died without having executed one of his good purposes, and so hated by the people who had cheered him on his entry into the capital, that, by general consent, the mode of his death was not too curiously and closely inquired into.

S. BARING GOULD.

ABOUT SOME ORATORS.

THERE is no gift so rare as that of oratory, and Philip of Macedon did not estimate its power a whit too highly when he offered a town of ten thousand inhabitants for one orator. Where we can enumerate a long list of masters in every other art, we can count on our fingers those who attained the highest success in public speaking. Greece can boast her three great dramatic poets, besides her epic ; but the mantle of Demosthenes lies where it fell. In like manner Roman oratory, which is upheld by Cicero alone. It is the orator who in all ages has revolutionised the world. Demosthenes with his burning eloquence roused the Athenian populace to rise in arms against Philip ; and the tyrant himself bore an eloquent tribute to the influence of the great orator, for he said, "Had I been there he would have persuaded me to take up arms against myself." This—or what was equal to it—was actually accomplished by Cicero, who not only confounded Catiline, and silenced Hortensius, but made the trembling Cæsar acquit the man he had determined to condemn. With the great enchanter of speech the same experience occurs frequently. "For half an hour," said Warren Hastings in describing his trial, "I looked up at the orator [Burke] in a reverie of wonder, and actually felt myself to be the most culpable man on earth."

A man who has left to history but the simple name of Peter the Hermit roused thousands—kings and peoples—to engage in the Crusades ; and two centuries later arose the

Solitary monk that shook the world,

to quote Montgomery's line, referring to Luther. Later still, and history was made by the defiant tones of the French Demosthenes, Mirabeau, as he cried to the messenger of the king, "Slave, go tell your master that we are here by the will of the people, and that we will depart only at the point of the bayonet !" But for this defiant interposition, the spirit of the *Tiers-Etat* would have been broken, the National Assembly would have dispersed, and despotism would have continued to exercise its fell sway.

It is encouraging to young speakers to know that there never has been, and never will be, such a thing as a "born orator." There has never yet been an instance of an orator becoming famous who did not apply himself assiduously to the cultivation of his art. Many even had to overcome great physical infirmities that rendered it almost hopeless for them to adopt the career of a public speaker. The best-known instance is that of Demosthenes, who passed some months in a subterranean cell, shaving one side of his head so that he could not appear in public. He there practised with pebbles in his mouth to overcome a defect in his speech, and gesticulated beneath a suspended sword to rid himself of an ungraceful movement of the shoulder. Even then he was hissed from the bema in his early efforts, but he persevered—the world knows with what success. When Robert Walpole first spoke in the House he paused for want of words, and continued only to stutter and stammer.

Curran was known at school as "stuttering Jack Curran," and in a debating society which he joined, as "Orator Mum." Everyone will also readily recall Disraeli's failure when he rose to make his maiden speech. Cobden's first effort was also a humiliating failure.

But one should not conclude from these instances that every speaker who breaks down is sure to blossom into fame subsequently. We have been quoting the exceptions to the general rule. More frequently speakers' mishaps are like that of the Earl of Rochester. "My lords," said he, on one occasion, "—I—I—I rise this time, my lords, I—I—I divide my discourse into four branches." Here he came to a woful pause; and then he added: "My lords, if ever I rise again in this House, I give you leave to cut me off root and branch for ever."

Many of the best orators have, even to their latest efforts, felt a tremor on rising to speak. Erskine said that on his rising to plead for the first time he should have sat down in confusion had he not felt his children tugging at his gown. The Earl of Derby, "the Rupert of debate," always knew when he was going to speak well by his nervousness on rising. This was also a characteristic of Canning. At a dinner given by the Mayor of Liverpool, he was so nervous before being called on to speak that he had twice to leave the room to collect his thoughts.

This may have been, however, owing to the comparative novelty of his position. Many an orator outside his accustomed haunts is completely lost. Lord Eldon said he was always somewhat nervous in speaking at the Goldsmiths' Dinner, though he could talk before

Parliament as though he were addressing so many rows of cabbage-plants. Mr. Cobden, speaking of Lord John Russell, said, "On the boards of the House of Commons Johnny is one of the most subtle and dangerous of opponents ; take him off these boards and I care nothing for him." To few was it given as to O'Connell to succeed equally with all audiences. Before he entered the House he was declared to be a mere "mob orator" ; but in 1830 he was returned, and in 1831 he was recognised as a leader. Whether in swaying a multitude on a hill-side, appealing to the more educated assembly in Parliament, or in persuading a jury in a court-house, he was equally at home.

We have referred to the conquerable defects that operated against some famous orators at first ; but some have succeeded in spite of disadvantages that could not be overcome. Wilberforce, for instance, had but a pigmy body, and a voice both weak and shrill. Boswell, who heard him at York in 1784, described him in the following characteristic terms : "I saw what seemed a mere shrimp mount upon the table ; but as I listened, he grew and grew until the shrimp became a whale." Richard Lalor Sheil was called the "silver-tongued," because of the magical influence he exerted over the Irish people ; but this was in spite of a diminutive stature, an ungraceful action, and a harsh voice that sometimes rose into a positive shriek.

No doubt it was the earnestness and sincerity of the speakers that appealed to the hearts of their listeners and made them gauge the effect by their sympathies. The earnest speaker who has at heart the cause he advocates will always stand a far greater chance than he who relies on his mere command of words and the art of rhetoric.

"A fine speech is a fine thing," said O'Connell," but *the verdict* is the thing." This is a maxim which will be found lying at the root of every reputation made by an orator. People will always judge by effect and not by temporary sensations.

Louis XIV. after hearing the eloquent Father Massillon preach at Versailles, said to him, "Father, I have heard many great orators in this chapel ; I have been highly pleased with them ; but for you, whenever I hear you, I go away displeased with myself, for I see more of my own character."

Two things are absolutely necessary to the public speaker ; the first is the art to conceal art, and the second is that he should throw a suitable warmth and vigour into the delivery of his words.

A reviewer in the *Quarterly* found fault with the celebrated scene

in "The Heart of Midlothian"—Jeanie's interview with Queen Caroline—because the queen is made to say, referring to Jeanie's speech, "This *is* eloquence." "Had it *been* eloquence," says the reviewer, "the queen would not have perceived it." It was by the *celare artem* that Sir James Scarlett won all his triumphs at the bar. The Duke of Wellington declared that when he addressed a jury he became the thirteenth jurymen. A countryman once said that he "thought nowt of Lawyer Scarlett."

"But you have been giving him all the verdicts," said the person he addressed in surprise.

"Oh, there's nothing in that," said the juror; "he be so lucky, he's *always on the right side*."

The orator secures but a poor success who makes people exclaim, "What a fine speech!" but he is entirely successful who persuades them to his thinking. This is what Fénelon meant in his "Dialogues of the Dead" when he represents Demosthenes as saying to Cicero, "Thou madest people say, 'How well he speaks!' but I made them say, 'Let us march against Philip!'" That an orator will create no impression who does not seem to feel his words is a certainty. The languid manner of Marcus Callidius in accusing one of an attempt to poison him was urged by Cicero as an argument in proof of the falsity of the charge.

Pleads he in earnest?—Look upon his face,
His eyes do drop no tears; his prayers are jest;
His words come from his mouth.

Richard II.

A man asked Demosthenes to be his advocate against a person from whom, he alleged, he had suffered an assault.

"Not you!" said Demosthenes; "you have suffered no such thing."

"What!" exclaimed the man passionately. "Have I not received these blows?" exhibiting the traces of his injuries.

"Ay, now," said the great orator, "you speak like a man that has been really injured."

Nothing stands an orator in better stead than wit. Canning was simply dreaded in the House for his polished irony. It was said that Pitt "could dispose of an adversary by a sentence or a single phrase, or, without stepping aside, get rid of him in a parenthesis." The wit of Curran and O'Connell was so inexhaustible that sufficient of it is recorded to alone make a volume. Lord North appeased even his most violent opponents by his homely but keen wit. When a petition from Billingsgate was presented by Alderman Sawbridge,

who improved the occasion with much vituperation of the Minister, Lord North began his reply thus: "I will not deny that the worthy alderman speaks the sentiments, nay, the *very language*, of his constituents." On another occasion he appeared to be asleep during a violent denunciation of the policy of the Government. His opponent, exasperated, denounced him as capable of "sleeping over the ruin of his country—asleep at such a time as this!" "I wish to heaven I was," muttered North, which took all the edge off the attack. Some of Lord Beaconsfield's witticisms have passed into proverbs; for instance, his hits at Peel as one who had "caught the Whigs bathing and run away with their clothes," and as a politician who had always "traded on the ideas of others, whose life had been one huge appropriation clause." Frequently an experienced speaker, gauging accurately the feeling that pervades his audience, can destroy by a sentence the effects created by his opponent with infinite toil and skill.

The eloquent American advocate William C. Preston on one occasion addressed the court and jury for three days, in a speech of unexampled power and beauty. Mr. George Wood began thus in reply: "May it please the court and gentlemen of the jury, if you propose to follow me, you will come down from the clouds where you have been for the last three days, and walk on the earth." The effect of this opening is said to have been like a sudden shower on fireworks. A similar effect, but by somewhat different methods, was attained by Lord Stanley in the House of Commons in 1833. An Irish Coercion Bill was, as usual, under consideration; and O'Connell had made such a powerful speech against it that it seemed as though he were about to secure a triumph. Lord Stanley (afterwards Earl of Derby), in reply, recalled to the recollection of the House that O'Connell at a recent meeting had referred to them as 658 scoundrels. This had more effect than argument, and, according to Lord Russell, "The House, which for two hours before seemed about to yield to the great agitator, was now almost ready to tear him to pieces." Lord Althorp, in replying to an opponent, said composedly, "I do not recollect now the reasons which prove his objections to be perfectly groundless; but I know that those reasons were perfectly satisfactory to my own mind." Lord John Russell, who relates the anecdote, adds, "The House, by an overwhelming majority, voted against the plausible arguments, and in favour of the unknown replies." But the House of Commons has had some curious criticisms passed on it by many of its most celebrated members. "A learned man in that body," says Sir Henry L. Bulwer,

"is more likely to be wrong than any other As he commences, the listeners are convinced he is a bore ; and before he concludes, he is satisfied that they are blockheads." "It would be as idle," says Macaulay, "in an orator to waste meditation and long research on his speeches as it would be in the manager of a theatre to adorn all the crowd of courtiers and ladies who cross over the stage in a procession with pearls and diamonds." Sir Robert Peel says they "are forcibly struck only by that which they can instantly comprehend without much trouble."

Lord Chesterfield said he entered the House with awe, but soon found that of the 560 members not over thirty could understand reason. Macaulay, in a letter to Professor Whewell, sums it up in a characteristic manner, "as the most peculiar audience in the world. A place where Walpole succeeded, and Addison failed ; where Dundas succeeded, and Burke failed ; where Peel now succeeds, and where Mackintosh fails ; where Erskine and Scarlett were dinner-bells ; where Lawrence and Jekyll, the two wittiest men, or nearly so, of their time, were thought bores,—is surely a very strange place."

Wit stands an orator frequently in good stead, when but for it he would break down. Curran, for instance, struggling for an illustration of his client's innocence, got to "It's as clear as — as — [at that moment the sun shone into the court] clear as yonder sunbeam that now bursts upon us with its splendid coruscations." Father Taylor, the sailors' missionary in Boston, got so hopelessly entangled on one occasion in a complex sentence that the starting-point was quite out of sight. He got out of the dilemma by saying : "Brethren, I don't exactly know where I went *in* in beginning this sentence, and I don't in the least know where I'm coming out ; but one thing I do know : *I'm bound for the Kingdom of Heaven !*" So he "took a new departure and left the broken-backed centipede of a sentence lying where it might in the track behind him."

The celebrated passage in Patrick Henry's speech against the Stamp Act in the Virginia House of Burgesses is, perhaps, unexampled as an instance of self-possession. As he uttered the words "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third"—the cry of "Treason !" was heard from the Speaker, and "Treason ! treason !" was echoed from every part of the House. But Henry continued with the firmest emphasis : "*may profit by their example.* If this be treason, make the most of it." Coleridge, during one of his democratic lectures at Bristol, made a very neat retort to some expressions of disapproval : "I am not at

all surprised that, when the red-hot prejudices of aristocrats are suddenly plunged into the cool element of reason, they should go off with a *hiss*."

Some of the most experienced orators have, however, been disconcerted by very trivial circumstances. Daniel Webster, rising to speak at a poultry show, was unable to continue in rivalry with a giant Shanghai which began to air its lungs at the same moment, and had to resume his seat in confusion. Erskine was always extremely sensitive to a lack of interest by his audience. "Who can get on with that wet blanket of a face of yours before him?" he said once to Garrow, who was engaged with him in a cause. His first speech in the House of Lords was a humiliating failure, owing to the action of Chatham, who, as the speaker began, took up a pen and made a few notes as if with the intention of replying; but, after listening a few moments, he dashed pen and paper upon the floor with a contemptuous smile. This indifference, real or pretended, completely upset Erskine, whose "voice faltered; he struggled through the remainder of his speech, and sank into his seat dispirited, and shorn of his fame." Burke was also extremely sensitive. Selwyn relates that he rose on one occasion to speak, holding a bundle of papers in his hand, when a rough-hewn country member started up and said: "Mr. Speaker, I hope the honourable gentleman does not mean to read that large bundle of papers, and to bore us with a long speech into the bargain." Burke was so suffocated with rage as to be incapable of speech, and rushed out of the House. "Never before," says Selwyn, "did I see the fable realised of a lion put to flight by the braying of an ass."

There is no doubt that one of the most useful qualifications of an orator is a good voice. Burke failed in the House through the lack of it; while William Pitt, through the possession of it, was a ruler there at the age of twenty-one. Mr. Lecky says that O'Connell's voice, rising with an easy and melodious swell, filled the largest building, and triumphed over the wildest tumult, while at the same time it conveyed every inflection of feeling with the most delicate flexibility. The great majority of celebrated orators have been aided by the possession of a good voice. Webster's voice, on the occasion of his reply to Senator Dickinson, had such an effect that one of his listeners felt, all the night afterwards, as if a heavy cannonade had been resounding in his ears. Garrick used to say that he would give a hundred guineas if he could say "*Oh!*" as Whitefield did. Mr. Gladstone's voice has the music and the resonance of a silver trumpet.

In conclusion, we may refer to the hard and continuous study to which great orators have subjected themselves—we think we may add necessarily. Demosthenes, who *could* speak extemporaneously, bestowed so much pains on the preparation of his public discourses that his enemies declared they smelt of the lamp. Lord Chesterfield translated much from French into English, and from English into French. Lord Chatham turned and re-turned the pages of Demosthenes into English; and, to perfect his use of language, read Bailey's Dictionary twice over, and articulated before a glass. William Pitt, his son, translated for years aloud to himself and to his tutor. By his father's advice, he read and re-read Barrow's Sermons to secure copiousness of language; and the finest parts of Shakespeare he learned by heart. Erskine was so familiar with Shakespeare that it was said he could, like Porson, have conversed in Shakespearian phrases. Bossuet almost knew the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" by heart. Lord Mansfield turned everyone of Cicero's orations into English a second time; and, like Chatham, practised articulation before a glass. Lord Brougham, in a letter to Macaulay's father in 1823, when he was forty-four, wrote: "I composed the peroration of my speech for the Queen in the House of Lords after reading and re-reading Demosthenes for three or four weeks, and it certainly succeeded in a very extraordinary degree, and far above any merits of its own." Canning always drew up a paper (which he used in the House) with the heads in their order of the several topics on which he meant to touch. These he numbered, "and the numbers sometimes extended to *four or five hundred*." Curran was passionately enamoured of the classics, especially of Virgil. Once during a storm at sea he was found crying over the fate of Dido, when everyone else on board was fearing a shipwreck. Every great orator was a diligent student, and Gladstone fittingly carries out the traditions of his high order.

AUSTIN FRYERS.

A REVERIE OF JAPAN.

SEVENTEEN years ago we out in Japan just saw the very fag-end of the old order of things, and it has ever been since a source of the greatest satisfaction to the writer that he so fully availed himself of every opportunity offered of seeing, noting, and sketching the shreds of what may be fitly termed the last remnant of the old-world romance left in the civilised world.

We did not then possess one quarter of the advantages which are enjoyed by the modern tourist. There was but one railway—if the existence of a railway in a romantic country be deemed an advantage—that between Yokohama and Yedo, opened in 1872. The law concerning Treaty Limits was rigidly enforced, and our field of exploration was limited to a circle of twenty miles around Yokohama. There was not a reliable map of the country in existence, much less a guide-book. The roads, never constructed for wheel traffic, were just as they had been for centuries ; and it was not always safe to be out after dark, in certain towns or villages where the old jealousy of, and hatred to, foreigners still lingered.

But all this was more than counterbalanced by the charm of exploring a country as yet but tinged with change after long ages, and not yet robbed of its ancient characteristics, and, moreover, there was a certain zest given to the pastime of discovering and ferreting out by the difficulties in the way, which is absent when all is plain-sailing and nothing remains to the traveller but to read his guide-book and use his eyes.

It is true, Japanese soldiers were dressed in the French uniform—we believe they are now equipped in the German fashion—and that their military bands were beginning to struggle with the difficulties of western music ; that kerosine lamps and blucher boots were to be found occasionally in remote villages ; that the Yokohama Japper was beginning to discard his national method of dressing the hair ; that all officials were in European costume (and droll little masqueraders they looked) ; that the telegraph system was tolerably complete, and that at the tea-houses, in sundry places much affected by

the Anglo-Saxon blue-jacket, comparatively fluent blasphemy might be heard on the lips of native damsels, but, once beyond the limit of foreign influences and the old Japan lay before us.

I have seen, amongst other things that will never be seen again, two-sworded men in the streets of Yokohama ; I have met processions on the great road Tocaïdo—not processions of the ancient feudal style when immediate obeisance at the shout “*Sh’la n’vis !*” (kneel down !) was enforced at the sword point, but fair imitations—the “*norimon*” or palanquin containing the great man of the occasion, surrounded by his henchmen in their quaint liveries, and bearing his quaint insignia. I have seen his Imperial majesty’s mails carried in packets on the shoulders of running postmen. I was witness of the last public execution by the sword on the plateau of Tobé Hill, and have seen the body of a crucified woman at the same spot ; and the ceremony of opening the Yokohama-Yedo railway, of which I was a spectator, must have been one of the last occasions when the great nobles and state-officers publicly appeared in the ancient court costume, familiar enough to us now, from figures on fans, lacquer work, and bronze. At any rate, I never saw what I believe may be frequently seen now, a Japanese woman in western costume, the nearest approach being at the above-alluded-to ceremony of opening the railway, when it was observed that some of the ladies of the imperial court wore men’s boots, and—may I say it?—white stockings, which were evidently ungartered.

As for the places of interest, which are now regularly visited by every traveller who has a month at his disposal, half of them were rigorously shut away from all but the most privileged eyes, and the other half bore their primitive appearance.

To ascend Fuji-Yama, that peerless cone upon which the Japanese have bestowed a score of loving and reverent epithets, was reserved for a very few Europeans. I am open to correction, but I believe that by the year 1871, the number of Europeans who had reached the summit might have been easily counted on the fingers of the two hands, and amongst these only one lady, the wife of the late Sir Harry Parkes.

I made the attempt, duly fortified, as I fondly believed, with a document which, to my illiterate eyes, looked like one big signature and seal ; but something was irregular, and from the village of Subashiri, at the very foot of the mountain, I should have been marched back under escort to within Treaty Limits, had I not outwalked my guards, and left them far behind. Everybody, male and female, goes up Fuji now without let or hindrance.

Men who had been to Kujoto and Nikko and Isé were regarded as having done something out of the common. There were rumours that a British legation man had ascended Asamayama, and had seen the collection of old swords cast down the crater as ex-votos, and some Royal Marine officers had been along the Nagasendo, the other great road of Japan, but further than this exploration did not go.

But there was a charm about exploration then which can never be enjoyed again. More than once, under the very shadow of O Yama I arrived at a village where no European had ever been seen before within living memory, where the boots we left according to custom outside the tea house doors, were examined by the entire community as objects of mysterious curiosity. It was delightful to arrive at a place where one became invested at once with some sort of importance, where even the sunburnt European skin was regarded as dazzling white, where the old-world Japanese politeness and courtesy came forth spontaneously, and where one could choose a spot for a midday siesta, without eye-insults in the shape of empty meat tins and broken Bass's ale bottles. Even at Totanka, the Tocaïdo village best known to the casual visitor, and at Kanasawa, on the much frequented road to the huge statue of Daibutz, there were tea-houses to which the foreigner could gain no access, for love or money, whilst at Hachoji, not thirty miles from Yokohama, he ran a very good chance of being mobbed and ill-treated.

Even in those days the romantically inclined amongst us used to lament the spread of Western influences, and wish that we had seen the country a few years earlier, but from accounts of more recent travellers it seems that we were exceedingly lucky to see even what we did.

One especial red-rag to us was the Minatoya tea-house (or the Wataiya, was it?) at the favourite summer resort on the beautiful shores of Lake Hakoni. The proprietor of this establishment was a gentleman of the advance school, so what did he do, in the fond belief that his European visitors would thank him for it, but rip up the good old-fashioned Japanese matting from the floors of his house, replace it with a cheap night-mare of a carpet, cover the same with rickety chairs and tables, and as a crowning effort affix the following astounding notice to the doors of his hostelry:

"Great accommodations for English and American gentlemen and lady and good bier kep in this by Mr. Kikuchi."

Hakoni, I hear, is now full of these hybrid establishments, an impulse to the erection of which has been given by the building on the shores of the lake, by the Mikado, of a huge European summer

palace. What the Tocaïdo between Yokohama and Yedo was after the railway had been built and the road traffic subsequently diverted, it now is, I believe, as far as Odawarra in the other direction. It reminded me forcibly of the aspect of our great English coach roads before bicycling and driving tours became fashionable—huge hostelrys, deserted and falling to decay, lines of empty houses, utter absence of life and movement, and a general forlorn air over all—a very regrettable state of things from the point of view of the student of Japanese manners and customs, for along this great highway flowed an ever-varying stream of native life and character, and a walk in it was worth all the book descriptions ever published.

Yedo, or as it is called and anciently was called, Tokio, has probably changed even more than the country. Do those quaint old "Yashikis," or fortress palaces, of the old nobles, with their long white walls, their moats, and their curiously carved, heavy-eaved gateways, still exist? Probably not, for they were being gradually swept away or adapted to the requirements of the new order of things even sixteen years ago. Have the omnibus, the tram, and the cab supplanted the modest "jin-ricki-sha's" which used to be the only conveyances at the disposal of the traveller on his arrival at the railway terminus? I remember one enterprising Japper started an omnibus in the streets of Yedo, but we learned that it killed and maimed more people than it carried. At any rate it was taken off and did not re-appear in our time.

Is the suburb of Shinagawa still dangerous after dark? Does the old Nihon—Bashi—the Bridge of Japan, that quaint old semi-circular, many-timbered structure which used to be to Japan what London Stone used to be to Roman Briton, the centre of measurement for all roads in the country—still exist?

Has that pleasant old festival of the Sumida-gawa fallen into disuse? It used to be *de rigueur* to start forth under the starry midsummer sky in a boat decked with lanterns and provided with music, to glide about for two or three hours amidst hundreds of other similarly furnished craft, and to end the evening at one of the great riverside tea-houses with a banquet which commenced with sea-weed sweets, and ended with that king of fish, the "tai," washed down with copious libations of the wine of the "Three Virtues," drawn from a straw-bound cask marked with the sign of a blood red "carp saltant," the whole usually terminating with a performance by dancing girls.

Is that beautiful festival of the cherry blossoms held in the fair park of Uweno extinct? Is the burial ground of the Forty-seven Rōdins still tended with loving and reverential care? Has the

humble grave of poor Komurasaki and her lover Gompachi, whose sad history is so eloquently told by Mr. Mitford in his "Tales of Old Japan," at Meguro, been degraded into a tourist's show-place? Do the gardens at Oji still exist? Does the guide-book tout hang about the burial-place of the old Shogûns at Shiba? Are there still the silent, grass-grown court-yards of quiet old temples hidden away in dark corners? Or has all been swept away before the remorseless broom of the improver, and might we look as vainly in the Tokio of to-day for relics of Tokio of the past, as we shall soon look in London city for memorials of her old citizen princes?

He who would explore Japan seventeen years ago had to work hard. Once off the Tocaïdo, and very little comfort was to be derived from any other conveyance than "Shanks's mare." The jinricki-sha literally chawed me up after a few miles over the rough, deeply-rutted country tracks. The "kago," or palanquin, was to the European unaccustomed to squat for hours on the calves of his legs a species of "Little Ease." The pack-horse was terribly slow, and by no means sure.

But to the eyes of the pedestrian, untold delights unfolded themselves. For him were reserved those winding by-paths, through azalia-walled valleys, by pine knolls and bamboo woods, past brown thatched farms and red-roofed temples, those sudden bursts of beautiful scenery, those ever-changing panoramas of light and shade and tints innumerable. He, and he alone, saw the charming side of Japanese rural life, shorn of its old bloodthirstiness and suspicion, but retaining its old features of unaffected courtesy and even dignity, its simplicity, its amusing curiosity, its readiness to oblige, and, so far as my experience, extending over three years, went, its invariable honesty. Perhaps the marvellous changes wrought during the last few years may have blotted out some of these pleasant characteristics, but the beautiful, romantic country still remains, and we have never met a "globe-trotter" yet, who has not picked out his rural wanderings in Japan as the chief of his pleasant experiences.

Undoubtedly much the same amount of change has been wrought during these seventeen years in the aspect of European society at Yokohama.

In 1871, speaking from memory, I think there were not more than twenty English and American ladies in the Settlement, and, as might be imagined, these were made much of. Social intercourse was limited to quiet dinners; balls were unknown, and lawn-tennis had not yet penetrated so far east.

Still we were never at a loss for amusement. We made a cricket

ground, the seeds for the grass of which had to be brought from America, for, as is well known, there is nothing but bamboo grass in Japan ; and I well remember the vast concourse which assembled to see the first football match ever played in Japan. Previous to the establishment of the cricket-ground, aquatics were the chief pastime in summer. We boasted of two running clubs : we had outrigged, sliding-seat racing craft sent out from England, and the Annual International Race between members of the English, Scottish, American and German communities was the great event of the year. But I think that canoeing was even taken up with greater vigour than was running. We had a fleet of twenty canoes : and constant practice in the ever-changing waters of Mississippi Bay ; frequent regattas at which prizes were given for sailing, paddling and the art of capsizing and regaining the tiny craft ; weekly expeditions across the bay to Tomioka or Yokoska ; made us rather plume ourselves upon our proficiency in this phase of marine navigation.

The old rifle range was converted into a regular athletic ground with cinder path, dressing rooms, etc., and the annual sports formed another of the great events of the year.

Everybody, of course, in Japan, must be, or had to be then, a horseman, and out of the hard-mouthed, wilful, sure-footed little native ponies we got a good deal of sport. Pony paper-hunts were a popular pastime in winter, and a very large and influential section of the community devoted itself to racing, for we had a splendid race-course about three miles beyond the Bluff, and the excitement during the training period can only be realised by those who can appreciate the importance of such an institution as a race meeting amongst a small community of exiled Britons.

Foot paper-chasing, too, was very popular, and for this sport no stiffer and better adapted country than that which lay around Yokohama can be found, for, with the exception of the valley extending inland behind the settlement, there is hardly an acre of level ground. Uphill and downhill, along treacherous paddy-field paths, down sheer precipices clothed with scanty herbage, through bamboo thickets, racing through amazed villages, leaping streams and ditches, we often covered a space of ten or eleven miles on a Saturday afternoon.

Of sport there was plenty, pheasant and snipe shooting in particular, whilst in the lagoons round Yedo, wild duck were to be found. The Sunday early train invariably carried a motley crew of "gunnists" to Kawasaki, many of them Frenchmen, marvellously got up with horns and embroidered bags, who shot at anything

and everything, and went into ecstasies over a brace of sparrows or iarks, as the result of a long day's stalking by the banks of the Logo river.

It was for evening amusements that we were most hardly pressed. Dinner entertainment followed by loo, and "Van John," was our chief resource, until the A.D.C. was started. This proved a marvellous attraction, and there are many yet, perhaps, who can recall the unprecedented success of the burlesque of "Braganjio the Brigand," and of the "Critic," in aid of the gas fund. Occasionally we had visits from wandering troupes of actors and singers, and circus proprietors, but the announcement of a performance by the A.D.C. generally occasioned the greatest excitement. The allusion to the gas reminds me that in those days the Settlement was absolutely dark after sunset, and I well remember the strange effect produced on me, a "griffin," at the sound throughout the night of the wooden clappers which the watchmen of the various "hongs" employed to scare away chance thieves, and, perhaps, devils.

Strange as it may sound, during the winter months we had to depend upon one of the greatest scourges of Japan, I mean the frequent fires which arose from the native carelessness in their use of inflammable oils for lighting purposes, for our excitement and amusement. Almost every European and American was a fireman. We had two English brigades, the "Victoria" and the "Relief," each with its Shand and Mason steamer, and the Americans were equally proud of their dainty machine with its painted panels and its silver eagle.

The rivalry between the companies, the excitement and danger of the fires—for a fire in Japan rarely stops until it has cleared the ground for a few acres—all helped to convert what is generally regarded as an unpleasant duty into a pleasant variation of the card-playing routine of a long winter's night. It was at these fires that we saw of what sterling stuff the Japanese were made. For purposes of putting out the flames their antiquated squirts, in spite of an imposing *entourage* of mounted officers and standard bearers, were absolutely useless, but for their pluck and coolness and agility Japanese firemen have no superiors elsewhere in the world, and the childish delight with which they obeyed the order to dash into a veritable gehenna of flame, for the purpose of pulling down half-a-dozen houses with their long fire-hooks, found only a parallel in the behaviour of our own blue-jackets.

When the order came from home for the final withdrawal from Japan of all European troops, a great blank was made in our little

community. Perhaps no body of men ever so entirely won the respect and affection of a civilian community as did Colonel Richard's battalion of Royal Marines. Without them it seemed impossible for us to organise any movement of public recreation and entertainment. They were guests at every table, and their own weekly guest-night was quite an institution. Of course we sent them away in style—a banquet to the men and a ball to the officers—and the remembrance of that last night march through the settlement, to a favourite air, entitled "The Old Saki Tub," is only approached in clearness by the recollection of the scene the next day, when the whole force embarked on board the *Adventure* troopship for England. The French Marines left at the same time, but somehow or other, their presence had never exercised quite the influence over our society that did the presence of the English battalion, and I never remember to have met any of their officers out.

To walk up the camp hill, minus the familiar figures on either side, of the stalwart English West countryman—nearly all the battalion hailed from Devonshire and Cornwall—and of the shabby, louching little French sentry opposite—became strange after that, and, during the remaining year of my stay, there was a very perceptible deadness and slackness in the social atmosphere, which could only be accounted for by the absence of those who had contributed so much to its brightness and elasticity.

H. FRANK ABELL.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE "VESTIGES."

ON turning over some old letters I find one from the late George Combe, dated November 6, 1848, and addressed to me from Edinburgh, in which is the following passage :—

"The liberal politico-religious cause here has sustained a new check. Mr. Robert Chambers came forward as candidate for the office of head magistrate in this interest. His opponents charged him with Socinianism, the authorship of the 'Vestiges,' &c. He lost courage and withdrew, against the wishes of his friends and supporters."

Here in London the authorship of the "Vestiges" by Robert Chambers is regarded as a recent discovery. The Edinburgh friends of Mr. Chambers perfectly understood it at about the date of this letter, but, being faithful friends, and knowing that he desired the secret to be kept, they were scrupulously reticent. Their conviction was based on the fact that although he never admitted the authorship he never denied it, even to his most intimate friends, and that he never joined in any of the discussions respecting its authorship which were so prevalent at about the time of its publication.

The above quotation does not *fully* explain the motives of Robert Chambers's withdrawal from the candidature of the Lord Provostship. Had he continued he would have been publicly and persistently questioned as to the imputed heresy. He must have replied. He was not the man to perpetrate any subterfuge, much less to deny the truth, while disclosure of the guilty secret would—at that time—have seriously injured not only himself but his brother William, as partner in the business, and have also injured a considerable number of their employés, the book being then widely regarded as a criminally atheistic production, written with the deliberate purpose of undermining the foundations of religion and morality. Had one of the members of the firm of W. & R. Chambers been convicted of its authorship, that house would have been boycotted as a source from which none but polluted streams of literature could flow.

What a change has since been consummated ! Robert Chambers

expounded and illustrated with great literary ability a popular, amplified, and modified version of Lamarck's theory of the development or evolution of new species by progressive variation. This mere hypothesis of evolution constituted the pernicious heresy.

Further amplified, further modified, and hugely illustrated, this idea of evolution has now become a general scientific fact as firmly established as Galileo's heresy of the earth's rotation. It has not only effected a revolution in general biology, but is opening up new and widely expanded views in social and moral science, and even of religion itself, yet nobody whose opinions are worth notice is now at all alarmed.

THE LIGHT OF THE FUTURE.

A RECENT work by Mr. C. F. Holder on "Living Lights" is reviewed in *Nature*, and the reviewer says that the author is a genuine enthusiast, and, like all such, sees the salvation of his race in his own hobby, for he gives it as his opinion that "the discovery of the secret of phosphorescence, and its practical application to the wants of mankind, would result in revolutionizing present systems, a heatless, inexpensive, inextinguishable light being the perfection of possibilities in this direction."

In a note in this magazine (September 1883) I expressed the same opinion, and, quite as strongly, am therefore glad to meet with a companion in my solitude, especially as further reflection confirms the anticipation.

The primary fault of all our lights, electric light included, is that there is so great a waste of energy in the form of heat. The glow-worm, the fire-fly, and a multitude of other animals show that light may be obtained without any more heat than that of the animal body, and without any such danger as that so terribly displayed in the burning of theatres.

My note referred more especially to the researches of Radziszewski, who found that animal light is due to the oxidation of two kinds of organic matter, one containing hydrocarbon and the other aldehydes, or something yielding aldehydes, when treated with alkalis. The isolation of these compounds is but another step, and their application in the manner I suggested but one more; both of them being steps that are but small compared with many that have been made in the chemistry of this generation.

All our existing artificial lights have another common fault. They are concentrated foci of glare. But for its cost the best of all is the wax or paraffin candle. A room lighted with twenty candles,

well distributed, is incomparably better lighted than by one twenty-candle gas light or electric light ; with the luminous upholstery I suggested the diffusion would be still more complete than with the candles ; it would correspond as nearly as possible to diffused daylight, and might be made to produce most charmingly artistic effects.

THE SUBSIDENCE OF MOUNTAINS.

ACCORDING to "*La Gazette Géographique*," the Cordillera of the Andes are gradually sinking. In 1745 the city of Quito was 9,596 feet above sea level ; in 1803 it was only 9,570 ; in 1831, 9,567, and scarcely 9,520 in 1867. This amounts to a lowering of seventy-six feet in 122 years, or at the rate of about seven and a half inches per annum. We are also told that the farm of Antisana has sunk 165 feet in sixty-four years, or more than two and a half feet per annum. This is the highest inhabited spot on the Andes—about 4,000 feet higher than Quito, the highest city on the globe. The peak of Pichincha was, according to the same authority, 218 feet lower in 1867 than in 1745, a sinking of nearly two feet per annum.

Assuming the accuracy of these figures, they present a curious geological problem, especially as there is no record of a corresponding change at sea level, or at the foot of these same mountains, which descend rather steeply to the Pacific.

If the plasticity or viscosity of the earth's crust be such as I have contended in this magazine, it follows almost of necessity that such a mass of mountain land as that in this region of Quito and Chimborazo must be squeezing itself downwards into the sub-crust of the globe by its own enormous weight. Although the highest of these peaks are not quite so high as the highest of the Himalayas, the concentration of elevation in a given area, or, otherwise stated, the mass standing above sea level in proportion to the base on which it stands, is greater than can be found in any other part of the world, and its downthrust is similarly pre-eminent.

Such down squeezing and sinking must be accompanied with corresponding lateral thrust, or elbowing that should produce earthquake disturbances on every side. The facts fully satisfy this requirement of the theory, as the country all around the region in question is the very fatherland of terrible earthquakes.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

TABLE TALK.

A NEW GAME.

A SPECIAL niche in the Temple of Fame has always been reserved for the man who enriches the world with a new pleasure. I do not know how far a game can be regarded as a pleasure, but I should be disposed to hold that one who like Major Wingfield practically gave the world an amusement such as lawn-tennis is entitled to a civic crown. I decline to admit on this or any other question a so-called argument which confounds abuse with use. It may be that some indulge in lawn-tennis to excess. Nevertheless, a healthy bracing exercise which keeps men out of billiard-rooms and girls in the open air, has been invented to the notable gain of British health and physique. Solo whist, which has come lately under my notice, can put in no similar claims. It does not take one out to exercise in the sunshine ; on the contrary, it tempts one to remain reposefully indoors. Still it is in a way a novelty, and under conditions it may be a new pleasure. I am glad accordingly to see it take its place among recognised games, and to find its method, principles, and rules expounded and laid down in the new volume of Messrs. Wilks and Pardon.¹ In some respects this game stands, so far as I know, unique. With the solitary exception of Patience, all games, so far as I know them, are either made for two players or for four or more. It is, I believe, possible for three players to sit down to some so-called "round games." No game, however, with which I am acquainted, except solo whist and "dummy," is intended for three players. When three men meet in the card-room they are driven to such devices as *faisant la chouette* at Piquet or Bézique. I do not claim to have mastered the intricacies of solo whist, nor will I accept it as "a patch upon" regular whist. I would, however, immeasurably sooner play it than admit a bad player, as has sometimes to be done, into a good rubber, and I

¹ *How to Play Solo Whist.* By Abraham S. Wilks and Charles F. Pardon. Chatto & Windus.

commend its study to all card-players, and there are many such, who do not care for "dummy," and are not certain to make up a daily rubber.

LONGEVITY OF WRITERS.

MUCH has been written of late concerning the long lives of those who follow literary pursuits, and some interesting statistics as to the age of writers have seen the light. With the familiar instances of Goethe, Voltaire, and a score or two more of past days, and with the more modern cases of the Laureate, Mr. Browning, and Mr. Bailey, the author of "*Festus*"—long may they all live—I am not inclined to concern myself. With a full sense of my own incompetency to deal scientifically with the subject, I wish nevertheless to place matters on a scientific basis. In point of fact all professions are healthy as compared with trades. What men are longer lived than scientists, archæologists—there is no profession of archæology, but let that pass—lawyers, clergymen, physicians, actors? In some professions, notably the bar, to which might be added the stage, the early training is said, in a half-serious banter, to kill off the weaklings. To some extent this is true of all professions. Men without self-control die, as a rule, young, whatever their occupations. In other cases, however, the conditions under which the classes named exist are the most favourable. The two things that most readily kill men who attain middle age are anxiety or loss of interest. The man who goes to bed not knowing whether a turn in the market may not elevate him to wealth or steep him in ruin dies of softening of the brain; he who has made his fortune and retired feels, unless he has cultivated a hobby, that he has no place in the world and dies of inanition. As a rule the professional man of fifty has learned what he can do. If he is unfit for the line he took he has slipped out of it; if he is making a fortune it is a career full of interest and with little trouble or anxiety to himself. It is not his own case that the barrister pleads, the physician combats, and the parson arraigns. If, again, he is but moderately successful, his earnings, though small, are pretty safe. He gets as near an approximation to security as Fate in a world such as this accords, and he may hope, bar exceptional circumstances, that the future will be as the past. His occupation meanwhile brings him consideration and intelligent surroundings, and his life is fairly and pleasantly varied. In these things lies, I make bold to say, the secret of long life, on which the world is given to comment. Once

the philosophical temperament is reached the combustion of life is not rapid.

THE HOBBY AS A TRANQUILLISER.

THE foregoing considerations bring me to another point on which I am always disposed to insist. This is, the advantage of a hobby to a man whose whole time is not occupied. From the highest to the lowest all inoffensive hobbies are beneficial. The man who learns to use a turning lathe longs for the moment when he can go home and turn something with which, when it is finished, he perhaps knows not what to do. I am getting here, however, upon ground I have previously occupied. I will only advance accordingly the case with which I have just met in "Le Livre" of the late Baron de la Roche-Lacarelle, whose splendid library is just coming to the hammer. This is a peculiar collection of fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth century books in faultless condition. To the library itself I attach, however, no special importance, since the library soon to be dispersed of my friend Mr. Turner, late of the Albany, is, I fancy, even more noteworthy. In middle life, however, M. de la Roche-Lacarelle was the victim of a calamity exceptionally distressing in the case of a collector. He was struck in middle life with blindness, all but complete. Unable any longer to see his treasures, which were to him so many painful memories of past happiness, he sold the collection and stood bookless. A series of operations and consultations extending over years resulted in a partial restoration of sight. So soon as he could see them by holding them up to the light, he bought back those of his books which were recoverable, and began with sharpened appetite to hunt for new treasures. In spite of the formidable shock to his system he lived to be seventy-two years of age, and has left at his death a collection more memorable than that he dispersed. There are men of materialistic views who will hold a career such as this wasted. Apart, however, from the pleasure of the occupation and the relief to suffering it brings, the privilege of intimacy with the great bibliographers of France—Charles Nodier, the Brunets, and their successors, is in itself a *cachet* as well as a pleasure.

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THE GOLD-MINES OF PHRYGIA.

BY J. CRAWFORD SCOTT.

PART I.

MR. HERIOT BROOKE had a reputation for caution which was unenviable, as his exceeding wariness, especially in money matters, afforded his acquaintances frequent matter for jesting. From his father he had inherited a considerable fortune, which must have increased greatly during the seven years it had been in his possession, as he lived far within his income.

Though the bulk of his money had been acquired in trade, Mr. Brooke had never himself engaged in any business, and was rather a swell in his way, as he was a member of a very select club, and had a large circle of aristocratic friends. But for his parsimony he might have been in Parliament, and, as he did not lack ability, might have taken a far more prominent position in society than he did. He also was debarred from close intimacy with many members of his club, who would gladly have cultivated his friendship, but he could never be induced to back a horse for more than five pounds or play whist for higher than half-crown points. So foreign to his nature were expenditure and speculation of every kind, that, though nearly thirty-seven, he had hitherto refrained from taking a venture in the matrimonial lottery. In an older man his extreme cautiousness would have been less remarkable, but when thirty-five he had the prudence of threescore and ten.

One afternoon Mr. Brooke was waiting at a crossing near the Piccadilly entrance to Hyde Park till the traffic would permit of his getting to the other side of the road, when his attention was attracted to an aristocratic-looking old gentleman who was standing close

by him, with apparently the same object as himself. He was a fine-looking man, a foreigner apparently, and clearly a man of rank. Just as Mr. Brooke's eye fell upon him for the second time, the old gentleman made a run in order to cross the street, for there was a temporary break in the line of vehicles ; but he had not observed a rapidly advancing hansom, and in his effort to avoid it he fell, and the next moment he was under the horse, which the driver had failed to pull up in time. Uttering an exclamation of horror, Mr. Brooke rushed to the rescue. He was the first to reach the place, and succeeded in extricating the old gentleman from his perilous position. Fortunately, he did not seem to have received any injury. A crowd soon gathered ; and when a policeman came up to take the cabman's number and address, the gentleman protested that the fault had been entirely his own, and that it was impossible the driver could have seen him. On finding that there was nothing to look at, the people began to disperse almost as quickly as they had collected. Though he had received no injury the old gentleman told his deliverer that he felt slightly stunned by the fall ; so when they reached the pavement, he walked along leaning on the arm which Mr. Brooke had offered him. They had not gone many steps when Mr. Brooke suggested that he should hail a cab ; but in reply his companion said that he had only a short distance to go and would prefer to walk. So they went together in the direction of Victoria. Owing to the opinion which he held regarding the old gentleman's station in life, Mr. Brooke was not surprised to learn from him that he was staying at the Grosvenor Hotel. When they reached the hotel entrance, after a few courtly words of thanks, he begged Mr. Brooke to do him the favour of accompanying him within, and after a slight hesitation Mr. Brooke consented. He was then conducted to a luxuriously furnished private drawing-room, which evidently belonged to one of the first suites. Mr. Brooke sat down at the bidding of his host, who then asked to be excused for a short time, and as he spoke he pointed to the dust that adhered in several places to his clothes. When Mr. Brooke found himself alone he looked curiously round. In addition to the costly furniture which belonged to the room he could see numerous articles which were evidently the property of the occupant ; and in the elegant and tasteful though unstudied arrangement of certain nicknacks and fancy work there was plainly revealed to Mr. Brooke the touch of a lady's hand. On a small davenport near him he noticed some note-paper lying, on which was stamped a coronet. Suddenly he started, as his eyes fell upon the most beautiful face he had ever seen. It was a portrait on porcelain, of large size, which.

stood framed upon a small occasional table in a corner. The picture was that of a girl of not more than nineteen or twenty ; her hair clustered thickly over a low brow, that was wide and instinct with intellect, and the charm of her exquisite high-born features was enhanced by the grave, pensive expression of the poetic eyes. Such a face Mr. Brooke had never seen except in sculpture, and he rose and approached it closely ere he was convinced that this was a portrait taken from life, and not the idealised memory of an artist's dream.

He had barely returned to his seat when his host re-entered the room. In reply to Mr. Brooke's question he said that he was experiencing no evil results from his accident. One of the hotel servants now entered, bringing some wine. "It has just occurred to me that I have not yet introduced myself," said the host as he handed Mr. Brooke a card, on which appeared the words, "The Duke of Macedon." Mr. Brooke would not have been surprised had he found that his entertainer was a prince. He now expressed his pleasure at making the Duke's acquaintance, and gave his own name, mentioning the more select of his two clubs as his address. They had been sitting talking for a short time, when the door opened, and Mr. Brooke felt his breath suddenly checked as he beheld the original of the lovely portrait which he had so greatly admired, and the beautiful vision which now dazzled him seemed fairer far than the photograph. On seeing him the girl stopped. She evidently expected to find the room empty, or at least no strangers there. She was about to turn back quickly, when the Duke bade her enter, addressing her by the name Medea. Then he introduced Mr. Brooke to her, calling her his daughter. The Duke began to tell her about his accident, and in the course of his narrative she uttered several exclamations in broken English, which Mr. Brooke thought the sweetest music he had ever heard ; and once, when her father spoke in warm terms of the assistance he had rendered, he met her eyes, which had turned to him with a look of gratitude. When her father stopped speaking she essayed a few words of thanks, which made Mr. Brooke feel as confused as if he had been a sensitive boy. Then she rose and left the room. Mr. Brooke thought that he could detect an unmistakable resemblance between father and daughter in their deep blue eyes and finely chiselled features.

When they had talked a little longer together, and Mr. Brooke was on the point of leaving, the Duke said, "As my stay in London is short and I may have no other opportunity of seeing you, will you do me the favour of breakfasting with us to-morrow morning?"

This invitation surprised and delighted Mr. Brooke, so without hesitation he accepted it. Half-past ten was named as the breakfast hour, and the Duke added that no one would be present except himself and his daughter. "One word before you go," said the Duke after he had bidden Mr. Brooke good-bye; "pray do not mention my name to anyone meanwhile, as I do not wish my presence in London to be generally known." "I shall observe your request. Your reasons are doubtless political," said Mr. Brooke, smiling. "I shall explain my reasons to-morrow morning," was the reply. As Mr. Brooke walked away he felt as though he were treading on air. He could scarcely collect his thoughts; the events of the last two hours differed so much from those which usually entered into his rather commonplace life; and he was conscious of a sensation which partook both of joy and fear, and was such as he had never before experienced. He soon entered a hansom in order to drive to his club, and ere he alighted he had seriously asked himself the question whether he was in love; and, to his dismay, he was unable to answer in the negative. As he was held to be slightly eccentric, no one paid much attention to his thoughtful expression and absorbed mood that afternoon. His behaviour did, however, cause a few to conclude that he must be maturing some plan in order to save or invest money. Mr. Brooke was really considering the question whether the Duke of Macedon would be likely to regard him as an eligible suitor for his daughter's hand. He knew that a Greek nobleman was not a person who would probably be very rich, and he wondered if his own money would have sufficient weight with the old man to overcome any scruples which disparity of birth might awake. As to Medea herself, he believed she was a gentle, affectionate girl who in this matter would be guided solely by her father, and that if he had the chance it would be easy to win her by proving the devotion of which he was conscious. Mr. Brooke was not a man of great wealth—as wealth is reckoned nowadays; but he nevertheless possessed large means, and it is certain that many English noblemen would gladly have accepted him as a son-in-law. As Mr. Brooke never took anyone into his confidence on the subject of his money, it is impossible to say what he had. Never before had the matter occupied so much of his thoughts as it was doing now; and ere he went to sleep, which was at no early hour, he had decided that, without making a declaration, he would endeavour to discover next morning what manner of suitor the Duke of Macedon would think worthy of his peerless child.

PART II.

NEXT morning at the hour appointed Mr. Brooke returned to the hotel, and was kindly received by his host and his lovely daughter. After a repast the character of which seemed fitted for the refined beings for whom it was prepared, Mr. Brooke accompanied father and daughter to the room in which he had been on the previous day. Now that he was in the presence of his enchantress, Mr. Brooke felt that he would be powerless to carry out the resolution which he had formed of seeking to learn the views which the Duke entertained regarding his daughter's future. To act so prematurely would, he thought, be almost a desecration of her divinity. But it was almost certain that a friendship formed so favourably and progressing so auspiciously would continue ; and when he was invited to their ancient home, then, among the vales of Greece—— Mr. Brooke's reverie was interrupted by the Duke, who had also been pondering. Medea had taken up a volume of Tennyson ; her father had already explained that although his daughter could not speak English she could read it fluently. "There is a small favour I wish to ask of you," said the Duke, addressing Mr. Brooke, "but before I state it I must give you a few particulars regarding the history of my family." His daughter rose as if she were about to leave the room. "Stay, Medea," said her father ; "I wish that you too should hear what I have to say." So the girl sat down again, in an attitude of attention, fixing upon her father's face a look of filial regard. Then the Duke continued, "My family was ancient before some of the proudest dynasties of Europe had their origin. I can trace my lineage back, through the period of my country's greatness, till it is lost in the dim twilight of fable. The only language which my daughter can speak is the language spoken by her ancestors when it breathed from the harp of Sappho and swelled in the thunder of Demosthenes !" Such a declaration might well explain the fire which, contrary to their wont, appeared in the old man's eyes. "But do not think," he proceeded, "that I possess an inordinate pride in my descent, for I am not a rich man ; and rank without wealth is, in my opinion, contemptible. Of the two, when divorced, I think money the preferable ; and, especially for my daughter's sake, I would, were it possible, freely barter the qualification which I have for that which I lack." So Mr. Brooke, without any effort on his own part, had learnt the Duke's sentiments upon the matter which he had so much at heart. He had reddened like a schoolboy, and his eyes plainly beamed with satisfaction. The Duke had paused, and was apparently awaiting a

reply ; so Mr. Brooke said—and, almost unconsciously, he had looked round at the luxurious apartment ere he spoke : “Wealth is, of course, a comparative term ; for what would be opulence to a man of moderate views might be poverty to a noble of high rank.” “I shall not conceal from you the extent of my means, and although, as you may infer, I am neither destitute nor in any way dependent, my entire capital would not equal the annual income of a poor English nobleman.” Mr. Brooke heard this statement with unmixed satisfaction, and could not help thinking that it was rather mean of him to feel pleasure for such a cause. “I have come to London,” continued the Duke, “in order to invest the money I possess, and before leaving my country I realised all the property I had for this purpose. You will, doubtless, conjecture that I had a special object in view. Such is the case, and if my venture prospers, I shall no longer be a poor man ; though I may not become wealthy in the English acceptation of the word. I shall now lay before you my plan, as I am confident that it is safe in your keeping, and that you will not divulge it.” Mr. Brooke was about to make some protestation of his good faith, but the Duke raised his hand to signify that this was unnecessary, and proceeded : “For many generations it was a tradition in my family that, if ever a time of need should arise, our fortunes would be restored by the riches which were contained in a small territory which we owned in Phrygia. There were known to exist here certain old gold-mines, which had remained unworked probably from the time of the ancient Persian monarchy, but which were thought still to contain large auriferous deposits. None of my ancestors, however, seem to have had the energy to reopen the old workings ; or, perhaps, fortunately for themselves, they never experienced the need of doing so. My father, however, who at one period of his life was much in want of money, instead of seeking to test the accuracy of this tradition of our house, actually sold the territory where the old mines were situated. Since my father’s death, I have often resolved to obtain again possession of this land ; and recently, chiefly for my daughter’s sake, I decided to take active steps in the matter. But as I found that all I had in the world would be needed to purchase the ground, which in other respects would have proved but a poor investment, I determined that ere I concluded the bargain I should personally investigate the value of the old workings. After some trouble I made the discovery that our family tradition had fallen far short of the truth, and that the mines still contained untold wealth. I conducted my researches with as much secrecy as possible ; but

either through the treachery of a servant, or in some way unknown to me, the result of my examination leaked out, and before I could obtain possession of the land it was bought by an English capitalist, who in turn disposed of it at an enormous profit to a joint-stock company, which was formed to work the mines. The promoters of this company are at the present time endeavouring to place their shares in the London market. But Providence does not seem yet to have altogether deserted the fortunes of my house ; because the English public, owing to the distance of the mines, and the meagre nature of the information regarding them, are shy of buying the shares, which have in consequence fallen to a very low price. I have resolved to avail myself of the opportunity, and so secure at least a portion of the wealth which rightfully ought to have been mine." Apart from other considerations, the pathos in the old man's voice and the nature of his narrative had completely enlisted Mr. Brooke's sympathy ; so in answer to the question, "Will you aid me by investing my money for me?" he gave a ready assent. On hearing this reply, the Duke went to a small safe which stood in a corner of the room, where, as it was enclosed in a case of mahogany, and was covered by a piece of fancy work, its true nature could not be discerned by a casual observer. Unlocking this, the Duke took out a roll of Bank of England notes, which, to Mr. Brooke's surprise, he placed in his hands, bidding him count them. Mr. Brooke found that there were a hundred of them, and that each was of the value of one hundred pounds. "Quite correct," replied the Duke when Mr. Brooke made this statement. "You hold in your hands all the money I possess, and in order to procure it I have disposed of all my saleable property. But, if fortune favours me, I shall still be a rich man, for the money you hold in your hands may be increased ten-, aye, fifty-fold. If you will but consent to render me a slight favour, my prosperity is assured beyond the possibility of doubt." "You can certainly reckon on my assistance." "You will thus place me under the deepest obligations. But do not fear that I am about to put any severe test upon your friendship or generosity, as the only favour I shall ask of you is, after all, a small one; but the results will be great, and it is by these that I shall measure your kindness. Retain the money, please ; I do not wish you to return it. The service I wish you to perform for me is to take that money into the city, and give your broker the order to buy ten thousand Phrygian gold-mine shares. They are five-pound shares, but, as the public are keeping aloof, they have fallen to one pound ; at which price, I see from the newspapers, they are at present quoted

in the market. My reason for asking you to buy them for me is, that if I were to get an introduction to any broker myself my motive would be guessed, and if it was known that I was willing to back my opinion of the mine by purchasing shares, the price would certainly be raised against me, perhaps to an extent which would render my benefit small. Many are aware that I recently purposed to work the mines on my own account. If I were merely desirous of speculating I would not seek your assistance, and I do not doubt that it is against your principles to have anything to do with transactions of that nature." "You are right." "But I trust you understand that my purchase is in no sense of the word speculative, but simply an attempt to recover what is rightfully my own." "That is the light in which I look upon the transaction." "Then, may I count on your assistance in making my purchase?" "Certainly." "I am deeply grateful, and hope hereafter to prove my sense of the obligation you confer. I wish to lose no time. Will you, therefore, take at once the money which I have handed you to your broker, and ask him to buy the shares I have spoken of?" "Now?" "Without delay, please." And on saying this the Duke rose, as if to indicate that he was impatient for Mr. Brooke's departure. Mr. Brooke also stood up in considerable surprise. "Is it possible," he said, "that you intend to trust me, of whom you know nothing, with such a large sum of money—in fact, as you have told me, with all the money you possess?" "There is nothing," replied the Duke, in a quick manner, "with which I would not trust you; my faith in you is boundless." Medea had also risen, and, with a smile, extended her hand. "You need not bid Mr. Brooke good-bye," said her father; "he will soon return, when he has executed my commission." Mr. Brooke put the bank notes in an inner breast pocket, and buttoned his coat. Mr. Brooke was so astounded that when the Duke said, "Of course you will not mention my name, but let it appear as though you were buying the shares for yourself," he could only utter a few awkward and scarcely intelligible words of compliance.

PART III.

WHEN Mr. Brooke left the hotel he walked a little way before he was able perfectly to collect his thoughts, and then he entered a hansom in order to be driven to the city. While he was pondering on the almost incredible confidence that had been placed in him, a terrible doubt suddenly entered his mind as he asked himself the question, "Are the notes genuine?" This thought caused

a sharp pain to shoot through his heart, because if his dread was confirmed he knew that his idol would be broken and lost to him for ever. At this moment the cab was passing rapidly along the Strand, and just opposite Coutts's bank he bade the driver stop, and, alighting, entered the building. Unbuttoning his coat, he took out the roll of notes, and handing them to a cashier, he said, "Can you tell me if these are all right?" He had an account with the bank, so he was well known. The cashier rapidly turned over the notes, and then said, "Shall I put this ten thousand to your credit, sir?" "They are all genuine?" "Certainly." With a radiant face Mr. Brooke hurriedly held out his hand and received the notes back; and then, muttering something about having to pay the money in the city, he placed them in his pocket again, and left the bank with such an elated expression that the cashier, who was looking at him in surprise, had some doubt as to his sobriety. Mr. Brooke's spirits had indeed undergone a striking reaction since the period of their depression before he entered the bank; and when he reached the office of his stockbrokers, contrary to his wont, he appeared to be under the influence of considerable excitement. The firm which did business for him was of high standing on the Stock Exchange, and, as a rule, declined to undertake speculative transactions. The partner to whom Mr. Brooke gave his order knew him well, and on hearing his client's wish he looked at him in surprise. "Of course," he said, "you know what you are about?" "Perfectly," was the reply. The astute broker saw that his client possessed private information, and without saying another word he left the office and entered the Stock Exchange. In less than twenty minutes he returned and told Mr. Brooke, who was waiting, that the order was executed, and that the shares had been got at his own price, namely, twenty shillings each. Mr. Brooke received his contract note, and as next day was settling day, he thought it best to pay over the ten thousand pounds at once, which he did, on the understanding that the shares were to be delivered to him as soon as possible.

Well satisfied with the rapidity with which he had transacted his business, Mr. Brooke left the office in order to return to the Grosvenor Hotel. He had not gone many steps when it occurred to him that he ought not to permit such a favourable opportunity of making money to slip through his fingers, especially as the Duke would be the readier to listen to his suit if he were a still wealthier man, and a co-proprietor with him in the Phrygian mines. As the result of these deliberations Mr. Brooke hurriedly retraced his steps to the broker's office and gave a second order, this time to the extent of

twenty thousand pounds. No comment was made now upon the transaction; it was so clear that Mr. Brooke knew something.

Just as he was leaving Capel Court with his two contract-notes in his hand Mr. Brooke met Sir Charles Davis, one of the titled members of the Stock Exchange and a member of the same club. "Do you know anything about the Phrygian gold-mines?" asked Mr. Brooke, and at the same time he held out his contract-notes. Sir Charles glanced at the amounts, and said, "I have just seen the tape, and they are quoted one and a half. If you follow my advice you'll take your profit at once." "I have bought for investment." "You mean to take them up?" "Certainly." Sir Charles gave a low whistle of surprise. "Well," he said, "no wonder they are going up if you are bulling them to that extent. Tell us what you know." Mr. Brooke shook his head as he placed the contract-notes in his pocket-book. "You are a cute fellow," said Sir Charles admiringly; and as he went away he deliberated whether he ought not to buy a few "Phrygians" for himself, but ultimately decided not to do so.

When Mr. Brooke returned to the Grosvenor Hotel he found the Duke awaiting him, and he naturally manifested great satisfaction on learning that his business had been transacted, and that the shares had already had a rise. As Mr. Brooke, according to his instructions, had bought the Duke's shares in his own name, he began to speak about their transference; but the Duke said there was no hurry about that and it could be arranged at any time. Mr. Brooke felt that the confidence reposed in him was almost sublime. Medea was not in the room, and Mr. Brooke waited in eager expectation of her appearance; but she did not come. His disappointment, however, almost disappeared when the Duke invited him to dine with them two days later. He therefore left the hotel in good spirits.

On going to one of his clubs that evening Mr. Brooke was questioned by several of the members regarding the Phrygian gold-mines. Their curiosity had been excited by Sir Charles Davis, who had told several of his friends, as an extraordinary piece of news, that Brooke had "gone a buster in Phrygians." As Mr. Brooke's cautious character was well known, it was naturally supposed that he had acquired some special information regarding the investment, and that he was acting on this knowledge. His friends' conjectures seemed to be confirmed when they applied to him for information about the matter, and he declined to give them any enlightenment, although he did not deny that he had bought the shares largely. His conduct was much discussed that night, and the result was that no fewer than thirteen orders were posted to various brokers in the city

instructing them to buy Phrygian shares. As the natural result of so much buying, the shares rose considerably next day ; and for a time there was great excitement in the market. Sir Charles Davis himself became a bull, and Mr. Brooke's brokers told one or two of their clients who had asked their advice that they had reason to think there was something in Phrygians, as one of the longest-headed and most prudent of their clients held them to a large extent. On the day succeeding that the excitement continued ; all the shares had been bought up, and they were at a premium. Mr. Brooke might have sold his shares at an enormous profit, but he was waiting to consult with the Duke, from whom he had heard nothing, though he had written to him. On arriving at the hotel, at the hour that had been fixed for dinner, Mr. Brooke was terribly disappointed on learning that the Duke had suddenly been summoned abroad, and, with his daughter, had left for the Continent that evening. Mr. Brooke had been looking forward to such a triumphant and happy time ! His vexation, however, was somewhat modified by the belief that he must soon see the Duke again, as he still held the shares that belonged to him. Mr. Brooke had resolved to consult the Duke upon the matter, but he now determined to sell his own shares, and so secure the vast profit which their rise had brought him. He accordingly wrote to his brokers that night, instructing them to sell his shares as soon as the market opened next morning. Various causes kept him awake for a long time, and when at last he fell asleep his repose was restless and unrefreshing. It was therefore late when he rose. As soon as he had taken breakfast he went into the city to see that the brokers had carried out his instructions, and to learn what price the shares had brought. When he entered the office he saw the partner who had bought the shares for him. "What did you sell them at?" asked Mr. Brooke in an eager voice. "They are not sold yet," was the reply, spoken in a somewhat supercilious tone. "Why?" asked Mr. Brooke, who was evidently displeased, "my letter must have come by the first post ; and——" "We got your letter in good time—had *there been any market*. But the fact is, Phrygian shares are *unsaleable at any price* ; I doubt if you could get a shilling apiece for them." Mr. Brooke sank into a chair and stared at the speaker in a helpless fashion. He did not attempt to speak, and the broker continued, "I have always had a very high opinion, sir, of your prudence and financial ability, and I would consider it a favour if you would tell me how you were induced to put so large a sum of money into a bubble such as this." It has been said that he had advised several of his clients to follow Mr. Brooke's

lead, and he wished to be able to reconcile them to their losses by giving some more satisfactory reason for his advice than any he had at present. But Mr. Brooke uttered not a word in reply. "You first bought the shares," continued the broker, "to the extent of ten thousand pounds; and soon afterwards you returned and risked other twenty thousand pounds. You must have been influenced by someone in whom you had great confidence." "No one advised me to buy the shares." The broker on hearing this uttered an exclamation of surprise; but before he had time to say anything more Mr. Brooke had hurriedly left the office.

Mr. Brooke tried hard to struggle against the conviction that the Duke of Macedon had deliberately deceived him, but the fact that the Duke had shown himself so indifferent about having the shares transferred to him, and also his sudden departure, seemed to point to fraud. Mr. Brooke's doubts about the matter entirely disappeared later in the day when he learnt the reason of the great fall in the shares. A telegram, he heard, had reached the Stock Exchange from someone who had been sent to inspect the mines, and his report was that the old mine was absolutely worthless; that apparently it had once, many years ago, been worked for lead or silver ore, and if, as had been alleged, gold had recently been discovered, *it must have been placed there*. Mr. Brooke knew now that he had been made a victim of a novel form of the old "confidence trick," which had been performed on a gigantic scale by a man of talent and education, who possessed a thorough knowledge of human nature. But was it possible that that loving face, which still continued to haunt him, could be the mask of an abandoned heart? Mr. Brooke could not believe that; he knew that she was innocent; and yet a depressing fear would sometimes arise. Many of his friends who had lost by their speculations assumed very unkindly expressions when they saw him; but as he had never advised anyone to invest in the Phrygian mines, it was impossible to blame him openly. Although it was known that he had lost heavily, he was still a wealthy man; so that many, when they saw his pale face and downcast expression, wondered why he was taking his loss so much to heart. They were ignorant that it was not the loss of his money only that he was grieving for, but that he had lost his faith in man, and almost his faith in woman.

More than a month passed by, when, one evening, at a public dinner, he met a member of the Athenian Legation, whom he had numbered among his friends many years before. While talking to this gentleman, Mr. Brooke abruptly said, after a brief reverie,

"Have you ever heard of anyone in Greece called the Duke of Macedon?" "I know him well," was the reply. "I mean, by reputation," continued the speaker, "as I cannot boast of a personal acquaintance." "I should like to know something about him." "The information I possess regarding him is limited but weighty. He is, I believe, the greatest swindler in Europe. He is thoroughly unscrupulous, and possesses great abilities. He is no common rascal, who for the sake of a few hundreds, or even thousands, does something that brings him into the hands of justice. He is only attracted by stakes of the greatest magnitude, and he seems to be able to secure his plunder without falling into the clutches of the law. It is a singular fact that his victims are invariably reticent regarding their losses, and, so far from seeking to punish their defrauder, they generally do their utmost to conceal their injuries. He must possess a large amount of capital, and he is thus able to conduct many operations, which would be altogether beyond the scope of any ordinary adventurer. A short time ago he was concerned in raising a loan for a European State, and in his conduct of this affair he committed large defalcations. But, in order to inflict the punishment which he had merited, his extradition would have been necessary, and ere that could have been secured, political secrets connected with the loan must have been divulged, which might have involved the country he had robbed in war. So he was permitted to go unscathed. With such resources, both of mind and money, he seems to be able to set law and justice at defiance. It must surely be a swindler's crowning triumph when his victims are eager to conceal their wrongs! But how do you come to be interested in the Duke of Macedon?" "I wished to know," stammered Mr. Brooke, "whether the title was a genuine one." "I think not. His family, I believe, is an ancient one, but even he, I imagine, would have some difficulty in proving his claim to a dukedom. I may add that his youth and middle age are shrouded in obscurity; how and where he passed them is a mystery, and I shall not repeat to you certain rumours, for which, after all, there may be no foundation. By the way, I heard that he was seen in London recently." The speaker paused for a short time, while he seemed to deliberate, and then he exclaimed, as if an idea had suddenly occurred to him, "I wonder if he could have been concerned in that gigantic fraud the Phrygian gold-mines! The manner in which the confidence of investors both in London and Paris was won is as marvellous as it is obscure. I have heard that the perpetrators of that swindle must have cleared little short of half

a million. Both the magnitude of the operation, and the skill with which it must have been conducted, seemed to me to prove the complicity of the Duke. Are you not able to throw any light upon the affair?" "I cannot." "The Duke has a wonderfully lovely daughter, to whose fascinations, I believe, he owes much of his success. But the opinions of those who have met her are divided regarding the nature of the part she plays; as some assert that she is ignorant of her father's true character, and unwittingly lends her aid to further his projects." "She is innocent!" exclaimed Mr. Brooke in a fervent voice. The diplomat slowly elevated his eyebrows, looking at him keenly the while. "I shall bid you good-evening," he said, and as he walked away he continued, speaking to himself, "Brooke knows more of the Duke of Macedon than I do." Not long after this, one of his oldest friends, Mr. Warren, a director of the Bank of England, and his father's executor, met him in the city. Addressing Mr. Brooke in a paternal manner, the old fellow said: "What's this I hear about your losing thirty thousand pounds in a bogus gold-mine? I would never have believed it of you, Robert; and I don't think your father would have believed it. But I have known very good men ere now, who, leading a lonely bachelor life like you, when on the verge of middle age, begin to get a little cranky; and as likely as not begin to drop their money. Take my advice, my boy, and ere you go further wrong, get a wife; she will help to keep you straight." Whether Mr. Brooke was alarmed by Mr. Warren's experience is uncertain, but he certainly acted on the advice given him, and only three months later his forthcoming marriage was announced. In his choice of a wife Mr. Brooke seemed this time to have avoided all that was Greek; because, although the features of the Hon. Cecille Brabazon, who had accepted him, were decidedly classical, they were of the Roman type.

PHYSICAL PECULIARITIES OF GREAT MEN.

THE anonymous author of a curious and entertaining little duodecimo, "*Nugæ Venales*," published in 1663, asks, among a good many pleasant questions, one which it is not easy, I think, to answer off-hand—"Which is the best kind of nose?" Now, if you turn to the pages of poet and novelist for assistance, you find that their favourite feminine creations are usually provided with a nose of what is called the Grecian type; or otherwise, in alluding to this feature, they adopt a charming French periphrase, *un nez retroussé*—which Lord Tennyson has so piquantly translated for us by his admirable compound, "tip-tilted," and then leave the rest to the imagination of the reader. I do not myself see why there should exist an objection to the plain honest old English "snub," which, we are told, might justly have been applied to the nasal feature of Cleopatra herself, the swarthy beauty whose voluptuous charms enslaved the famous Antony, and cost him half the world. But there seems an equal objection to acknowledging that the nose of a heroine can be Roman; the reader is shunted off on the epithet "aquiline," or, as Scott says of Flora Macivor, "an antique and regular correctness of outline." It is a prevalent impression, however, that a large nose is a kind of outward and visible sign of intellectual power or force of character, and the impression seems to be confirmed on careful observation and patient inquiry. Everybody knows that the hero of Waterloo's nose was of such conspicuous dimensions that it became a favourite butt of the wits of the pavement, like that proboscis of Slawkenbergius, which Sterne has immortalised. The "eagle beak" of Sir Charles Napier, the conqueror of Sind—(you remember the veteran's punning announcement of his conquest, *Pecavi*, "I have sinned"?)—has not yet been forgotten. To the truth of the popular theory let the "Iron Chancellor" bear witness, as well as great statesmen generally, and warriors, and musicians, and actors. And the author of "*Nugæ Venales*," in answering his own query, decides in favour of a "large nose," reminding us that Numa, the royal legislator of

Rome, was blessed with a nose six inches long, whence he was surnamed Pompilius—just as if one should say “Numa-with-nose-superlative.” And he adds that Homer’s measured seven inches, without giving any authority for the measurement, however. Plutarch says Lycurgus and Solon had big noses, and all the kings of ancient Rome—except Tarquinius Superbus, who, as historians relate, was dethroned and exiled, probably because his nose was not up to the normal standard! I need not remind the reader why “capricious Ovid” was surnamed *Naso*; but he may not remember the epigram on Henry Kett, who, once upon a time, laboured guilelessly in the fields of literature, to the effect that if not an Ovid he was at least a *Naso*. Camões, the soldier poet of the “*Lusiadas*,” owned a nose of majestic proportions; but the poets generally, I think, have not had much to boast of in this respect. You may quote against me Shakespeare, Milton, and Tennyson; but what about Davenant, and Pope, and Goldsmith, and Crabbe, and Wordsworth? to say nothing of Shelley, whose nose, I fear—like General Wolfe’s—was decidedly a snub, though Medwin admits no more than that the poet’s features were “not regularly handsome,” and Hogg, that they were “unusually small.”

That eccentric character, Cyrano de Bergerac, from whose “*Histoire Comique des Etats et Empires de la Lune*” Swift may have borrowed the hint of his “*Gulliver’s Travels*,” owned a nose of such magnitude, that he walked the streets, sword in hand, to chastise any malapert who inquired of it too curiously.

Madame de Genlis, whose books now sleep on dusty shelves but were once eagerly thumbed and dog-eared, had been unkindly treated by Nature as to her nose. But she made the best of it, and when the engraver of a medal cast in her honour represented her with an aquiline, she waxed indignant, and wrote, “Is *that* my delightful little snub? *that* the nose which has been celebrated in prose and song? which, like all noses of its kind, ends in a nice little boss, and is, in truth, the prettiest ever seen?” I think she was quite right. She wanted her own nose, her own property, towards which she felt, like Touchstone towards Audrey: “an ill-favoured thing, sir, but mine own.” Much to be commended is the fine candour of Hay, the author of “*An Essay on Ugliness*,” about 1756. “Physical deformity,” he says, “is very rare. Out of 538 gentlemen in the House of Commons, I am the only one who has reason to complain of his figure. I thank my worthy constituents for never having alleged anything against my person, and hope they will never have anything to allege against my conduct.” Those, then, who are

afflicted with abnormal, ugly, commonplace, and defective noses may derive comfort from the reflection that they are in good company—a company which includes Pope and Lord Brougham, and Thackeray, and Charles Darwin, in whose deeply-interesting memoir, just issued by his son, the reader will find how good temperedly the great master of science bore with the silly ridicule directed against a physical peculiarity.

It is a comfort for most of us to know that “good parts” may exist without the accompaniment of “good looks,” and that however far below the standard of beauty a man’s nose may be, he may prove a faithful husband, a loving father, and a honest citizen. All this he may be, and something more : a great painter, like Giotto ; a brilliant orator, like Mirabeau ; a leader of men, like Danton ; or a successful mime, like the elder Mathews. Few men have had less to recommend them personally than John Wilkes, who squinted diabolically, and had a bad nose ; but by the charm of his address, and the attraction of his conversation, he became a special favourite with *le beau sexe*. Who has not read of the ugly scarred face of Oliver Goldsmith, and the funny little dancing figure, which not even the Tyrian bloom velvet coat could invest with an air of dignity ? And the rolling gait of Dr. Johnson, his corpulent person, his St. Vitus’s dance, and his blinking eye ? And the unwieldy bulk of Gibbon, the historian, who, having fallen on his gouty knees to sue for the love of a fair lady, could not get up again without her assistance ? Vauvenargues, whose aphoristic wisdom was recently praised by Mr. John Morley, was so disfigured by small-pox, that he refused to re-enter society ; and the world owes to his voluntary seclusion the insight and sagacity of the “Maximes.” His, however, was an acquired, not a natural ugliness, which reminds me of Lady Charlotte Lindsay’s happy saying. Having been complimented, in her declining years, on looking very well, “I dare say it’s true,” she replied, “the bloom of ugliness is past.”

That was a severe epigram which La Monnoie made on Balthasar Bekker, who was notorious for his more-than-plainness. In his “World Enchanted,” written to allay the superstitious fears excited by the comet of 1680, Bekker had denied the existence of the Devil ; to which La Monnoie rejoined, in a quatrain I shall endeavour to imitate. (“Oui, par toi de Satan la puissance est brisée,” &c.)

Old Nick’s dethroned by thee, ’tis true,
But thou hast something still to do ;
For if of him thou’dst make an end,
Thou must suppress thy portrait, friend !

The deformity of Scarron, the French humourist, is more widely known than his verse. In his writings he makes quite a boast of it. "My head," he says, "is a little broad for my shape ; my face is full enough for my body to appear very meagre. My legs and thighs first formed an obtuse angle, afterwards an equilateral triangle, and at length an acute angle. My thighs and body form another, and my head, always dropping on my breast, makes me a tolerable representative of the letter Z. I have got my arms shortened as well as my legs, and my fingers as well as my arms. In a word, I am an abridgment of human miseries." The appearance of the banker-poet, Samuel Rogers, was almost repellent. The story runs that, having visited, in company with Lord Dudley, the Catacombs of Paris, and spent an hour or two in that city of the dead, he was about to take his departure, when the keeper, aghast at his corpse-like look, exclaimed, "Holà ! Get you back ; you have no right to come out !" Rogers afterwards remonstrated with Lord Dudley for deserting him in his emergency. "My dear Rogers," he replied, "I did not like to interfere ; you looked so much at home."

Homer was not only the first of the world's *great* poets, but of the world's *blind* poets. The list includes Tyrtæus, among the ancients ; and among the moderns, Leopold, the German ; Kozlov, the Russian ; Delille, the Frenchman ; and our own Dr. Blacklock, who, it must be confessed, was a small poet, though a worthy man. Blind musicians have been not uncommon : the flowers are still fresh on the grave of Macfarren, and it is not very long ago that we were lamenting the loss of Henry Smart. In James Wilson's "Biography of the Blind" (edit. 1838) you will find a mass of interesting information relative to philosophers, scholars, men of letters, and others, who, like the late Henry Fawcett, did not allow their grave physical defect to debar them from the activities and enjoyments of life. The reader will, of course, be familiar with the story of the Genevese Huber, and his fascinating researches into the economy of the Bee-world ; and of Dr. Sanderson, who toiled assiduously in the paths of scientific investigation, and became Professor of Mathematics and Optics in the University of Cambridge. It is a common plea that the loss of one of the senses quickens and strengthens all the others ; and Sanderson's faculty of touch became so exquisite that in a collection of Roman coins and medals he could distinguish the genuine from the false by feeling them, though the counterfeits had deceived the keen eye-sight of competent connoisseurs. Nor was his hearing less acute ; so that he could determine the dimensions of a room into which he was introduced for the first time, and

his distance from the wall at any point where he might be placed.

Perhaps the case of the sculptor Gonnelli is less familiar. He was stricken with blindness at the age of twenty, but continued the practice of his art ; and, in spite of his infirmity, executed some admirable portraits in terra-cotta. One of Pope Urban VIII., a good specimen of his skill, is preserved in the Palazzo Barberini at Rome. We are told that it was sufficient for him to pass his hand over a person's face and features to produce an exact likeness. On one occasion the Princess Colonna presented him with a medallion, which she averred was that of Prince Barberini. The sculptor handled it for a moment, and then fell to kissing it, with the exclamation, " Ah, madame, you cannot deceive me. I know that this is the face of my good master the Pope." One would think he must have had eyes at his finger's tips to be able merely by the touch to detect the almost imperceptible lines of the relief on a medallion.

Blind warriors I must pass over briefly, though it would be interesting to dwell upon Ziska, the leader of the Hussites, Boleslas II. of Bohemia, Magnus of Norway, and John the Blind, King of Bohemia, killed at Cressy, whose plume of ostrich feathers has since been the cognizance of our Princes of Wales. Amongst one-eyed heroes I can name only Nelson : do you remember how, when an unwelcome signal flew from the commander-in-chief's masthead at Copenhagen, he clapped his glass to the blind eye, and protested he could not see it ? Nelson was also one-armed, and so was Lord Raglan. Sir Thomas Trowbridge, at the Alma, lost both arms and legs. But as these were injuries received in battle, they cannot legitimately be called " physical peculiarities."

Hunchbacks form a tolerably numerous list. There is that brilliant soldier, the Maréchal de Luxemburg, of whom Macaulay writes in one of his most finished passages. " Highly descended and gifted as he was, he had with difficulty surmounted the obstacles which impeded him in the road to fame. If he owed much to the bounty of nature and fortune, he had suffered still more from their spite. His features were frightfully harsh ; his stature was diminutive ; a huge and pointed hump rose on his back." The reader knows the hunchbacked Richard of Shakespeare's powerful drama ; but historical research seems to have delivered the king from his burden, and to have shown that he was only high shouldered. Lord Lytton, in his " Last of the Barons," has adopted the modern view : " Though the back was not curved," he says, " yet one

shoulder was slightly higher than the other, which was the more observable from the evident pains that he took to disguise it, and the gorgeous splendour, savouring of personal coxcomby—from which no Plantagenet was ever free—that he exhibited in his dress." The great minister of Queen Elizabeth, William Cecil, Lord Burleigh ; the learned German theologian, Eber ; our "glorious Deliverer," William III. ; the famous General of Spain, the Duke of Parma, these were all "crook-backs." The poet Pope had a protuberance both on the back and in front, and one of his sides was contracted.

Few physical defects are more annoying, though many are more grievous, than stuttering. It is true that Charles Lamb skilfully availed himself of it in his own case to lend an additional piquancy to his jests, as when a fond mother asked him, "How do you like babies, Mr. Lamb?" and he answered, "B—boi—boi—boiled, ma'am !" But, generally speaking, the stutterer is a nuisance to himself and to his hearers. Demosthenes, as we know, conquered the affliction, which would otherwise have been fatal to his oratorical success. The French poet Malherbe was a stutterer ; and so was our English poetess and actress, charming Mrs. Inchbald, who found it a serious obstacle in her professional career. D'Annebaut, the French admiral ; the Italian engineer Tartaglia ; Louis XIII., King of France ; Camille Desmoulins, the wittiest of the Revolutionists, whose "*Vieux Cordelier*" contains some masterly specimens of French prose ; Boissy d'Anglas, surnamed the orator Babebibobu ; the painter David, and the critic Hoffmann ; all belonged to the noble army of stuttering martyrs.

Deaf men of genius have been numerous. I shall name but three : Lesage, the creator of "*Gil Blas*" ; La Condamine, the astronomer ; and Ludwig von Beethoven. For a musician we can hardly imagine a greater misfortune, and we know how deep a gloom it cast over the later years of the composer of "*Fidelio*." That is a touching story, how at a great concert given at Vienna, when thunders of applause greeted the performance of his ninth symphony, the deaf composer was gently turned towards the audience that he might *see* the enthusiasm which he could not *hear*.

Corpulence is another misfortune, though to read the writings of our wits and humourists you might take it to be an exquisite joke. But to carry about you at bed and board, at home and out-of-doors, a burden of "too, too solid flesh," can be no pleasant task, and should command our sympathy rather than excite our ridicule. Think of Dionysius, the tyrant of Heraclea, who was almost suffocated by his enormous mass of fat, like a prize bullock at a cattle show. His

physicians prepared a number of needles, very long and thin, with which to wake him when he fell into a lethargy. They were thrust through the superincumbent layers of adipose until they reached his flesh, and he began to throw off his torpor, like a boa-constrictor after a heavy meal. Exercise of every kind was impossible to him, and as in those days Banting had not prophesied, nor "Anti-Fat" been advertised, the unfortunate tyrant was compelled to submit to his destiny, and increase in quantity, if not in quality, every day. But he was not the only obese sovereign of antiquity. Athenæus tells us that Alexander, son of Ptolemy II., attained to such proportions that he could not walk without the support of two attendants !

At Rome, according to Aulus Gellius, the equites who grew too fat to ride were deprived of their horses by order of the censors. On the other hand, some of the mediæval writers seem to have regarded a certain amount of, let us say, plumpness, as a special favour from above. The biographer of the Abbé Suger, minister of Louis VI., says : "Despite the different gifts and graces of all kinds with which heaven endowed him, one was unhappily wanting. After assuming the reins of government, he grew no stouter than he had been as a private person ; while nearly everybody else in the community, however lean and meagre they had previously been, had no sooner received the imposition of hands, than they grew sleek and round in cheeks and paunch," a result which does not usually follow that ecclesiastical ceremony.

The list of fat kings includes William the Conqueror, whose unwieldy dropsical condition in the closing months of his adventurous life provoked a rude jest from King Philip of France. "He has as long a lying-in," said Philip, "as a woman behind her curtains." "When I get up," swore William, with a grim smile, "I will go to Mass in Philip's land, and bring a rich offering for my churching." And he kept his word. Charles le Gros, Louis le Gros, Henry I., King of Navarre, Sancho I., King of Leon, Alphonso II., King of Portugal, our own Henry VIII., and Louis XVIII. of France, surnamed "*Le Désiré*." To the family of the corpulent also belong—Bruni, the Italian poet ; Dillenius, the German botanist ; Haller, the physiologist ; Gibbon, the historian ; James Thomson, the poet of "The Seasons" ; Bartley, the actor who could play Falstaff without stuffing ; and Lablache, the famous singer ("one could have clad a child," says Chorley, "in one of his gloves").

Some very great men intellectually have been very small men physically, the stature, as Dr. Watts has told us, being no index to the mind. Thus, among the ancients, we find Agesilaus, the ablest

of the Spartan kings ; the Roman orator, C. Lucinius Calvus, who frequently engaged in rhetorical duels with Cicero ; and the actor Lucius. The Alexandrian philosopher Alypius was a dwarf of only three feet, and made the best of his diminutiveness by thanking God for His goodness in loading his soul with so small a weight of corruptible matter ! When we come down to modern times, we encounter a list so long as to suggest the suspicion that the world's prizes must always have been reserved for the sons of Lilliput. William of Malmesbury asserts that Edgar the Pacific—in whose memorable reign this redoubtable island of ours first assumed the well-known name of Engle-land or England—was “extremely small both in stature and in bulk.” Attila, the scourge of Rome ; Procopius, the historian ; King Knut, Gregory of Tours, King Pepin, surnamed Le Bref ; Philip Augustus, who accomplished so much towards the consolidation of the French Monarchy ; Charles III. of Naples, Albert the Great, of whom is told the pleasant story (it is also told of others) that the Pope, at an audience, several times invited him to stand up, under the impression that he was still on his knees ; the Portuguese navigator, Vasco di Gama, who first made the voyage from Europe to India ; Pomponazzi, the Italian philosopher, and Erasmus, the illustrious author of the “*Encomium Moriæ*,” and one of the leading lights of the Christian Renaissance. Of this great scholar Beatus Rhenanus informs us that he was low of stature, but it is true that he adds not remarkably short, and well-shaped, as little men often are. We have forgotten St. Neot, who was so small that, when saying Mass, he had to be elevated on a step made of iron, so that he might reach the altar. Pope Gregory VII., under whom the Papacy reached its climax of splendour ; Jean Guiton, the Huguenot mayor of Rochelle, who defended it so heroically against the forces of Richelieu ; the painter and dwarf, Edward Gibson, patronized by Charles I., whose wife, Anne Shepherd, was exactly his own height, three feet two inches ; Prince Eugene, the illustrious colleague of Marlborough, whom he helped to win Blenheim and Oudenarde ; Maria Theresa, Queen of Austria and Hungary (“*Moriatur pro nostro Rege*,” cried the Hungarian magnates) ; the French chemist, Rouelle, who numbered Oliver Goldsmith among his pupils ; David Garrick, greatest of English actors (“*Pray, sir*,” said a lady to Foote, “are your puppets to be as large as life ?” “*Oh, dear, no, madam*,” answered the wit ; “not much above the size of Garrick”) ; Hoffmann, the writer of so many weird and wondrous “*Phantasie-stücke*,” and composer of that opera of “*Undine*” which Weber praised with so much generous warmth ; Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (“he

was short," says Herr Pohl, "but slim and well-proportioned, with small feet and good hands; as a young man he was thin, which made his arm look large, but later in life he became stouter. His head was somewhat large in proportion to his body"); Quevedo, author of those strange "Sueños" or "Visions," from which later writers have borrowed so freely; and Baron Denon, the French traveller and Egyptologist.

Montaigne was an admirer (like Frederick II.) of tall men, and he even goes so far as to assert that when a man of tall stature marches at the head of his battalion his appearance commands the respect of his followers and strikes terror into the heart of the enemy. But the great Condé, whose genius for war no one can dispute, and Napoleon, and Suwarrow, the Russian commander, and Nelson, the greatest seaman the world has ever known, and Wellington, the hero of a hundred fights, and Napier, the conqueror of Sind, certainly struck terror into their enemies, though they were little men. And to this category Montaigne himself belonged. "I am somewhat under the middle height," he tells us, "a defect which has in it not only somewhat of deformity, but still more of inconvenience, especially to those placed in command or in office, for the authority which a fine presence and a majestic person give is in such a case wanting." He complains that on foot he gets covered with mud, and that in the street little fellows like himself are always being jostled from want of dignity. There are compensating advantages, however, for this defect of stature, but, instead of dwelling upon them, I must hasten to include in the same category as Montaigne "glorious John" Dryden, whom Rochester irreverently nicknamed "Poet Squab," and Pope, the Bard of Twickenham, of whom we read: "His person was slender and distorted, and his stature so low that, in order to bring him to a level with tables of the common height, it was necessary to elevate his seat. He was unable (at least after the middle of life) to dress or undress himself, to go to bed, or to rise without assistance. He used to wear a sort of fur doublet, under a shirt of very coarse linen with fine sleeves, also stays made of stiff canvas laced closely round him, and over these a flannel waistcoat. Three pairs of stockings were required to give his legs a respectable bulk." In one of the lampoons which his satire provoked he is spoken of as "a little creature, scarce four feet high, whose very sight makes one laugh, strutting and swelling like the frog in Horace, and demanding the admiration of all mankind because it can make fine verses."

The late Earl Russell, the last of the great Whig leaders, was but

scurvily treated by nature in the matter of inches, as a glance at the *Punch* cartoons some thirty years ago will inform the reader. Middle-aged men still chuckle over the happy design, in allusion to his abortive Ecclesiastical Titles Act, of the naughty little boy who has stuck up "No Popery" on the shutters and then runs away in a fright. Thiers, the French historian, diplomatist and statesman, who reorganised France after the crushing blow of the Franco-German war, was, physically, a very small man. Below the ordinary standard also was Edmund Kean, "the little man with the wonderful eyes"; and so was Frederick Robson, whose career, though brilliant, was so brief, that the world had not time to do justice to his genius—a genius the most remarkable, in my opinion, which the English stage has ever seen, hovering, as it did, between the deepest tragedy and the broadest farce. This list of the Pygmies might easily be extended, but enough has been said to show that the little men have ever been able to give a good account of themselves, and if measured by the soul (as Dr. Watts suggests) can triumphantly hold their own against the Anakim.

Yet when one comes to think of these Anakim—of the men of goodly presence, the tall men with "an air of authority"—one finds that they, too, have been numerous enough to furnish forth a goodly company. Among sovereigns and warriors one recollects the Macedonian hero, Alexander the Great; Julius Cæsar; his defeated rival, Pompey or Pompeius; Constantine the Great ("his stature was lofty," says Gibbon, "his countenance majestic, his deportment graceful; his strength and activity were displayed in every manly exercise"); William Wallace (whom Blind Harry represents almost as a giant, and of such strength that on one occasion he rips up fifteen feet of timber work with his bare hands—

The boardis rave in twyne,
Fifteen feet large he lap out of that in—

and on another, when attacked by five men, kills three, and puts to flight the two survivors, though armed at first with only an angler's rod); Edward III. (who had not only a fine person, but, as the old chronicler tells us, "a godlike face"); Godfrey of Bouillon, the hero of the First Crusade and of Tasso's melodious epic; Sir Thomas Fairfax, the general of the Parliament in our Civil War; General Kleber; Marshal Moncey; Marshal Mortier; the Emperor Nicholas; and the late great German Emperor William. Columbus, who revealed the Western World to the gaze of Europe, was a tall man;

so was Huss the Reformer ; and Thomas Becket, the so-called martyr. So also were John Pym, the statesman ; Rochester the wittiest of Charles II.'s courtiers ; and the elder Pitt, "the Great Commoner," whose tall commanding figure and dignified presence harmonised well with the stately masterful character of his eloquence. So, too, Benjamin Constant, whose name now awakens not the gentlest thrill of interest in any bosom ; and that courtliest of portrait painters, Sir Thomas Lawrence. By the way, you will find, I think, that the majority of great artists have been men of goodly stature ; while the majority of poets range under rather than above "the average height." Voltaire, however, might claim to be considered moderately tall, and he was so exceedingly thin that the Duchesse de Berri called him "that wicked mummy." And Goethe, one of the most comprehensive intellects the world has ever known, belonged to "the lords of mankind." "The accordance of personal appearance with genius," says Heine, "such as is required in extraordinary men, was conspicuous in Goethe. One might study Greek art in him, as in an antique. His eyes were tranquil as those of a god. Time had been powerful enough to cover his head with snow, but not to bend it ; he carried it ever broad and high ; and when he spoke he seemed to grow taller ; and when he stretched out his hand it was as if he could prescribe with his finger to the stars in heaven the way they were to go."

Among persons gifted with extraordinary physical vigour must be included Edmund Ironsides ; William the Conqueror ; Baldwin, surnamed the Iron Arm, Count of Flanders ; William IV., Duke of Aquitaine ; Godfrey of Bouillon ; the Emperor Charles IV. ; Leonardo da Vinci, poet and painter ; Marshal de Saxe, who made love and fought battles with equal success ; and Charles XII. of Sweden, who was so happily constituted "that he endured with ease the extremities of cold and heat, of hunger and thirst—never felt fatigue, and was insensible to the desire of repose." The plainest fare contented him, the rudest couch, and the homeliest garb—

A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire.

The Albanian prince, George Castriot, better known as Scanderbeg, was in every sense of the word, a *strong* man. He could cut off a bull's head at a single stroke. Mahomed II. invited him to send him the sword which had performed so remarkable an exploit. It was sent, but the Sultan finding that it differed not from any other

weapon of the kind, expressed his dissatisfaction. Scanderbeg retorted that he had sent him his sword, as desired, but could not send the arm which had wielded it.

A similar anecdote, by the way, is told by William of Tyre about Godfrey of Bouillon and an Arab chief. The Arab presented himself "once upon a time" before the Christian warrior, and in humble tones entreated him to prove his sword upon a very large camel which he had brought with him, explaining that, on returning to his tribe, he was anxious to bear personal testimony to the Prince's wonderful strength. As the man had travelled a great distance for this single purpose, Godfrey consented, and, drawing his "falchion," struck off the camel's head as easily as he might have levelled a bulrush. The Arab stood astonished, but, after reflecting a moment, concluded that the prodigious effect of the blow was due to the keen edge of the Duke's sword, and suggested that with another person's sword he could not accomplish the same feat. Godfrey, smiling, asked the Arab for the weapon he wore at his side; ordered another camel to be brought, and, in a moment, its head rolled on the ground. At this second *coup* the Arab could no longer refuse his admiration, convinced that the force of the blows rested in the arm of the warrior rather than in the temper of his blade. Laying at Godfrey's feet a costly gift of gold and silver and precious stones, and imploring his favour, he returned into his own country, where he made known to everybody the proofs he had seen with his own eyes of the singular physical powers of the Crusader.

Before the invention of gunpowder corporeal strength was necessarily an important consideration on the day of battle, and stout thews and muscles were valued more highly than they nowadays are, though they will never fail to find a good many admirers. I suspect that the men of the past, on an average, were no stronger than are their descendants; but the strong were then selected for special esteem, because, as I have said, strength was of such high importance, when a battle was little better than a group of hand-to-hand combats. When William of Normandy mounted his war-horse to lead his army against King Harold and his Englishmen, his physical vigour and stately bearing elicited loud murmurs of applause. "I have never seen a knight," cried the Vicomte de Thouars, "who rode more boldly, or carried his armour so bravely. Never did anyone bear lance more gracefully, or manage his horse with greater skill!" There were few men living who could wield the heavy two-handed mace which was William's favourite weapon. Our English Harold, however, was little inferior in strength to his powerful antagonist; and, in the great battle

which decided his fate and that of his kingdom, clove, with a single stroke of his axe, through a horse and its rider.

How are we to account for the popular prejudice against red hair? Is it connected with the tradition that Judas Iscariot was red-haired, or is it of earlier origin? So strong was the sentiment against it in the Middle Ages that one of the chroniclers denounces it as "a burning brand of infidelity." It may very well be that the hatred with which William Rufus was regarded owed an extra dash of intensity to the colour of his tawny locks. Not a few famous personages, however, have been endowed by nature with hair of this fatal hue (which their flatterers, no doubt, persisted in describing as auburn): for instance, Anne Boleyn (Mr. Froude speaks of "her *fair* hair flowing loose over her shoulders"); Queen Elizabeth (Sir Richard Baker describes hers as "inclining to pale yellow"; Fuller uses the convenient epithet, "fair"); Columbus; the poet Camöens, and Marshal Ney. One does not like to think of red-haired poets; but the reader will find that auburn, which has at least a warm tinge on it, has not been uncommon among "the brotherhood of the tuneful lyre." Shakespeare's hair and beard were auburn, if we may credit the original colouring of his bust in Stratford's church, and Milton's "hyacinthine locks" were of a similar colour. But Burns's hair was black, and Byron's of a dark brown.

Milton, by the way, would seem to have almost realised that "accordance of personal appearance with genius," of which Heine speaks. In his youth he was eminently handsome, and was called "the lady" of his college, and if he gained in dignity and manliness as his years increased, he did not lose in comeliness. His complexion was fresh and fair; his hair, parted in front, hung down upon his shoulders, as he describes that of Adam in his "Paradise Lost." His eyes were of a greyish colour, and even when deprived of sight did not betray the loss. His voice and ear were musical. He was of a moderate stature, with a well-knit and active frame. Altogether, he looked the poet. Spenser's favourite theory that the inner spiritual beauty finds expression in the outer material beauty, that the pure soul clothes itself in a garment worthy of it—

So every spirit, as it is most pure
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer bodie doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairely dight
With cheerfull grace and amiable sight;
For of the soule the bodie forme doth take,
For soule is form and doth the bodie make—

is, unfortunately, not too often fulfilled, but it found a noble illustration in Sir Philip Sidney. He, of whom it was justly said, that he had "the most rare virtues" ever found in any man, whose life has been described as "poetry put into action," was also endowed by nature with every physical attribute that could win attachment or command admiration. "The grave beauty of his presence" was felt by all observers—

When he descended down the Mount
His personage seemed most divine.

He reminded his contemporaries, by the excellences of his mind and person, of the golden antique past. As Mr. J. Addington Symonds puts it: "What the Athenians called *καλοκάγαθία*, that blending of physical and moral beauty and goodness in one pervasive virtue, distinguished him from the crowd of his countrymen, with whom goodness too often assumed an outer form of harshness, and beauty leaned to effeminacy or softness."

Perhaps we may claim, in support of Spenser's theory, the author of "Endymion." Keats was not without some grave defects of character, but in the main his nature was a fine and manly one, and that he was a true poet and a great poet, whose lips had been touched with the sacred fire from Apollo's altar, the world has long since agreed. That he looked a poet, his contemporaries have frankly informed us. Haydon said he was the only man he had ever met, except Wordsworth, who seemed and looked conscious of a high calling. Handsome and ardent-looking, his figure compact and well-turned, with the neck thrust eagerly forward, carrying a strong and shapely head set off by thickly-clustering gold-brown hair; the features powerful, finished, and mobile; the mouth rich and wide, with an expression at once combative and sensitive in the extreme; the forehead not high, but broad and strong; the eyebrows nobly arched, and eyes hazel-brown, liquid-flashing, visibly inspired—"an eye that had an inward look perfectly divine, like a Delphian priestess who saw visions"; such is Professor Sidney Colvin's description of him. His eyes were eminently those of a poet, "mellow and glowing," says Leigh Hunt, "large, dark, and sensitive." And the late Mrs. Proctor has recorded the impression they left upon her, as if they had been gazing on some glorious sight.

It would seem indeed—and here we are still mindful of the Spenserian theory—that it is by the eye, the eloquent and radiant expression of the eye, the poet may at once be known. Everybody recalls the poet-eye of Robert Burns: "it was large," says Sir Walter Scott, "and of a cast which glowed (I say literally *glowed*) when he spoke with

feeling or interest. I never saw such another eye in a human head, though I have seen the most distinguished men of my time." And so says Professor Walker: "In his large dark eye the most striking index of his genius resided." It was said of the eyes of Chatterton, the "marvellous boy who perished in his pride," that "fire rolled at the bottom of them." And Moore tells us that Byron's, though of a light grey, were capable of all extremes of expression, from mirth to melancholy, from benevolence to scorn or rage. As for Shelley, his blue eyes were very large and prominent. "They were at times, when he was abstracted, as he often was in contemplation, dull, and, as it were, insensible to external objects; at others they flashed with the fire of intelligence." In the face of Scott there was not much, I think, to indicate the author of "Marmion" and "Waverley," though it wore a general expression of power and resolution; but he had fine eyes, eyes so keen that, as his little son said, it was commonly he who saw "the hare sitting." To refer once more to Goldsmith, his eyes were the redeeming feature of his face. They lighted up like lamps when he grew animated in conversation. The fine portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, which is one of the glories of the gallery at Knole, is generally admitted to be largely idealised; but, on the other hand, the sketch by his friend Bunbury, prefixed to the early editions of "The Haunch of Venison," exaggerates all that was least comely in the plain countenance of that unhappy man of genius, "a pale melancholy visage," as he himself describes it, "with two great wrinkles between the eyebrows, and an eye disgustingly severe."

But of the Physical Peculiarities of Great Men (and Great Little Men) the recital might be almost indefinitely prolonged. The lame, the deaf, the blind, the deformed, may well console themselves with the thought that they share their afflictions with the leaders of the world, the men who have made history and contributed to the gaiety (or otherwise) of nations, and may derive a certain encouragement from the fact that no physical peculiarity has ever prevented a great man from attaining greatness.

W. H. DAVENPORT ADAMS.

SOPHIE APITZSCH.

"SOME are born great," said Malvolio, strutting in yellow stockings, cross-gartered, before Olivia, "some achieve greatness," and with a smile, "some have greatness thrust upon them."

Of the latter was Sophie Sabine Apitzsch. She was not born great, she was the daughter of an armourer. She hardly can be said to have achieved greatness, though she did attain to notoriety ; what greatness she had was thrust on her, not altogether reluctant to receive it. But the greatness was not much, and was of an ambiguous description. She was treated for a while as a prince in disguise, and then became the theme of an opera, of a drama, and of a novel. For a hundred years her top-boots were preserved as historical relics in the archives of the House of Saxony, till in 1813 a Cossack of the Russian army passing through Augustenburg, saw, desired, tried on, and marched off with them ; and her boots entered Paris with the Allies.

About five-and-twenty miles from Dresden lived in 1714 a couple of landed proprietors, the one called Volkmar, and the other von Günther, who fumed with bitter hostility against each other, and the cause of disagreement was, that the latter wrote himself von Günther. Now, to get a *von* before the name makes a great deal of difference : it purifies, nay, it alters the colour of the blood, turning it from red to blue. No one in Germany can prefix *von* to his name as any one in England can append Esq. to his. He must receive authorisation by diploma of nobility from his sovereign.

George von Günther had been, not long before, plain George Günther, but in 1712 he had obtained from the Emperor Charles VI. a patent of nobility, or gentility, they are the same abroad, and the motive that moved his sacred apostolic majesty to grant the patent was—as set forth therein—that an ancestor of George Günther of the same name "had sat down to table with the elector John George II. of Saxony" ; and it was inconceivable that a mere citizen could have been suffered to do this, unless there were some nobility in him. George von Günther possessed an estate which was a manor, a

knight's fee, at Jägerhof, and he was moreover upper Forester and Master of the Fisheries to the King-elect of Saxony, and Sheriff of Chemnitz and Frankenberg. He managed to marry his daughters to men blessed with *von* before their names, one to Privy-Councillor of War, von Bretschneider, the other to a Mayor von Wöllner.

Now, all this was gall and wormwood to Councillor-of-Agriculture, Daniel Volkmar, who lived on his paternal acres at Hetzdorf, of which he was by virtue of his lordship of the acres hereditary chief magistrate. This man had made vain efforts to be ennobled. He could not find that any ancestor of his had sat at table with an elector; and, perhaps, he could not scrape together sufficient money to induce his sacred apostolic majesty to overlook this defect. As he could not get his diploma, he sought how he might injure his more fortunate neighbour, and this he did by spying out his acts, watching for neglect of his duties to the fishes or the game, and reporting him anonymously to head-quarters. Günther knew well enough who it was that sought to injure him, and, as Volkmar believed, had invited some of the gamekeepers to shoot him; accordingly, Volkmar never rode or walked in the neighbourhood of the royal forests and fishponds unarmed, and without servants carrying loaded muskets.

One day a brother magistrate, Pöckel by name, came over to see him about a matter that puzzled him. There had appeared in the district under his jurisdiction a young man, tall, well-built, handsome, but slightly small-pox-pitted, who had been arrested by the police for blowing a hunting-horn. Now ignoble lips might not touch a hunting-horn, and for any other than breath that issued out of noble lungs to sound a note on such a horn was against the laws.

"Oh," said Volkmar, "if he has done this, and is not a gentleman—lock him up. What is his name?"

"He calls himself Karl Marbitz."

"But I, even I, may not blow a blast on a horn—that scoundrel Günther may—deal with the fellow Marbitz with the utmost severity."

"But—suppose he may have the necessary qualification?"

"How can he without a von before his name?"

"Unless he be a nobleman, or something even higher, in disguise."

"What, in disguise? Travelling incognito? Our Crown Prince is not at Dresden."¹

"Exactly. All kinds of rumours are afloat concerning this young

¹ Augustus the Strong was King of Poland and Elector of Saxony.

man, who is, indeed, about the Crown Prince's age ; he has been lodging with a baker at Aue, and there blowing the horn."

"I'll go with you and see him. I will stand bail for him. Let him come to me. Hah-hah ! George von Günther, hah-hah !"

So Volkmar, already more than half disposed to believe that the horn-blower was a prince in disguise, rode over to the place where he was in confinement, saw him, and lost what little doubt he had. The upright carriage, the aristocratic cast of features, the stand-off manners, all betokened the purest of blue blood—all were glimmerings of that halo which surrounds sovereignty.

The Crown Prince of Saxony was away—it was alleged, in France—making the grand tour, but, was it not more likely that he was going the round of the duchy of Saxony, inquiring into the wants and wrongs of the people? If so, who could better assist him to the knowledge of these things, than he, Volkmar, and who could better open his eyes to the delinquencies of high-placed, high-salaried officials—notably of the fisheries and forests?

"There is one thing shakes my faith," said Pöckel, "our Crown Prince is not small-pox-marked."

"That is nothing," answered Volkmar eagerly. "His Serenity has caught the infection in making his studies among the people."

"And then—he is so shabbily dressed."

"That is nothing—it is the perfection of disguise."

Volkmar carried off the young man to his house, and showed him the greatest respect, insisted on his sitting in the carriage facing the horses, and would on no account take a place at his side, but seated himself deferentially opposite him.

On reaching Hetzdorf, Volkmar introduced his wife and his daughter Joanna to the distinguished prince, who behaved to them very graciously, and with the most courtly air expressed himself charmed with the room prepared for him.

Dinner was served, and politics were discussed ; the reserve with which the guest treated such subjects, the caution with which he expressed an opinion, served to deepen in Volkmar's mind the conviction that he had caught the Crown Prince travelling incog. After the servants had withdrawn, and when a good deal of wine—the best in the cellar—had been drunk, the host said confidentially in a whisper, "I see clearly enough what you are."

"Indeed," answered the guest, "I can tell you what I am—by trade an armourer."

"Ah, ha ! but by birth—what?" said Volkmar slyly, holding up his glass and winking over it.

"Well," answered the guest, "I will admit this—I am not what I appear."

"And may I further ask your—I mean you—where you are at home?"

"I am a child of Saxony," was the answer.

Afterwards, at the trial, the defendant insisted that this was exactly the reply made, whereas Volkmar asserted that the words were, "I am a child of the House of Saxony." But there can be no doubt that his imagination supplemented the actual words used with those he wished to hear.

"The small-pox has altered you since you left home," said Volkmar.

"Very likely. I have had the small-pox since I left my home."

Volkmar at once placed his house, his servants, his purse, at the disposal of his guest, and his offer was readily accepted.

It is now advisable to turn back and explain the situation, by relating the early history of this person, who passed under the name of Karl Marbitz, an armourer; but whom a good number of people suspected of being something other than what he gave himself out to be, though only Volkmar and Pöckel and one or two others supposed him to be the Crown Prince of Saxony.

Sophie Sabine Apitzsch was born at Lunzenau in Saxony in 1692, was well brought up, kept to school, and learned to write orthographically, and to have a fair general knowledge of history and geography. When she left school she was employed by her father in his trade, which was that of an armourer. She was tall and handsome, somewhat masculine—in after years a Cossack got into her boots—had the small-pox, which, however, only slightly disfigured her. In 1710 she had a suitor, a gamekeeper, Melchior Leonhart. But Sophie entertained a rooted dislike to marriage, and she kept her lover off for three years, till her father peremptorily ordered her to marry Melchior, and fixed the day for the wedding. Then Sophie one night got out of her own clothing, stepped into her father's best suit, and walked away in the garments of a man, and shortly afterwards appeared in Anspach under a feigned name, as a barber's assistant. Here she got into difficulties with the police, as she had no papers of legitimation, and to escape them, enlisted. She carried a musket for a month only, deserted, and resumed her vagabond life in civil attire, as a barber's assistant, and came to Leipzig, where she lodged at the Golden Cock. How she acquired the art, and how those liked it on whose faces she made her experiments with the razor, we are not told.

At the Golden Cock lodged an athletic lady of the name of Anna Franke, stout, muscular, and able to lift great weights with her teeth, and with a jerk throw them over her shoulders. Anna Franke gave daily exhibitions of her powers, and on the proceeds maintained herself and her daughter, a girl of seventeen. The stout and muscular lady also danced on a tight rope, which with her bounces acted like a taut bowstring, projecting the athlete high into the air.

The Fräulein Franke very speedily fell in love with the fine young barber, and proposed to her mother that Herr Karl should be taken into the concern, as he would be useful to stretch the ropes, and go round for coppers. Sophie was nothing loth to have her inn bill paid on these terms, but when finally the bouncing mother announced that her daughter's hand was at the disposal of Karl, then the situation became even more embarrassing than that at home from which Sophie had run away. The barber maintained her place as long as she could, but at last, when the endearments of the daughter became oppressive, and the urgency of the mother for speedy nuptials became vexatious, she pretended that the father who was represented as a well-to-do citizen of Hamburgh, must first be consulted. On this plea Sophie borrowed of Mother Franke the requisite money for her journey and departed, promising to return in a few weeks. Instead of fulfilling her promise, Sophie wrote to ask for a further advance of money, and when this was refused, disappeared altogether from the knowledge of the athlete and her daughter.

On this second flight from marriage, Sophie Apitzsch met with an armourer named Karl Marbitz, and by some means or other contrived to get possession of his pass, leaving him instead a paper of legitimation made out under the name of Karl Gottfried, which old Mother Franke had induced the police to grant to the young barber who was engaged to marry her daughter.

In June 1714, under the name of Marbitz, Sophie appeared among the Erz-Gebirge, the chain of mountains that separate Saxony from Bohemia, and begged her way from place to place, pretending to be a schoolmaster out of employ. After rambling about for some time, she took up her quarters with a baker at Elterlein. Here it was that for the first time a suspicion was aroused that she was a person of greater consequence than she gave out. The rumour reached the nearest magistrate that there was a mysterious stranger there who wore a ribbon and star of some order, and he at once went to the place to make inquiries, but found that Sophie had neither ribbon nor order, and that her papers declared in proper form who and what she was. At this time she fell ill at the baker's house, and the man,

perhaps moved by the reports abroad concerning her, was ready to advance her money to the amount of £6 or £7. When recovered, she left the village where she had been ill, and went to another one, where she took up her abode with another baker, named Fischer, whom she helped in his trade, or went about practising upon the huntsman's horn.

This amusement it was which brought her into trouble. Possibly she may not have known that the horn was a reserved instrument that might not be played by the ignoble.

At the time that Volkmar took her out of the lock-up, and carried her off to his mansion in his carriage, she was absolutely without money, in threadbare black coat, stockings ill darned, and her hair very much in want of powder.

Hitherto her associates had been of the lowest classes ; she had been superior to them in education, in morals, and in character, and had to some extent imposed on them. They acknowledged in her an undefined dignity and quiet reserve, with unquestioned superiority in attainments and general tone of mind, and this they attributed to her belonging to a vastly higher class in society.

Now, all at once she was translated into another condition of life, one in which she had never moved before ; but she did not lose her head ; she maintained the same caution and reserve in it, and never once exposed her ignorance so as to arouse suspicion that she was not what people insisted on believing her to be. She was sufficiently shrewd never by word to compromise herself, and afterwards, when brought to trial, she insisted that she had not once asserted that she was other than Karl Marbitz the armourer. Others had imagined she was a prince, but she had not encouraged them in their delusion by as much as a word. That, no doubt, was true, but she accepted the honours offered and presents made her under this erroneous impression, without an attempt to open the eyes of the deluded to their own folly.

Perhaps this was more than could be expected of her. "Foolery," said the clown in "Twelfth Night," "does walk about the orb, like the sun ; it shines everywhere"—and what are fools but the natural prey of the clever ?

Sophie had been ill, reduced to abject poverty, was in need of good food, new clothes, and shelter ; all were offered, even forced upon her. Was she called upon to reject them ? She thought not.

Now that Volkmar had a supposed prince under his roof he threw open his house to the neighbourhood, and invited every gentleman he knew—except the von Günthers. He provided the prince with a

coat of scarlet cloth frogged and laced with gold, with a new hat, gave him a horse, filled his purse, and provided him with those identical boots in which a century later a Cossack marched into Paris.

She was addressed by her host and hostess as "Your Highness," and "Your Serenity," and they sought to kiss her hand, but she waived away these exhibitions of servility, saying, "Let be—we will regard each other as on a common level." Once Volkmar said slyly to her, "What would your august father say if he knew you were here?"

"He would be surprised," was all the answer that could be drawn from her. One day the newspaper contained information of the Crown Prince's doings in Paris with his tutor and attendants. Volkmar pointed it out to her with a twinkle of the eye, saying, "Do not suppose I am to be hoodwinked by such attempts to deceive the public as that."

In the mornings when the pseudo prince left the bedroom, outside the door stood Herr Volkmar, cap in hand, bowing. As he offered her a pinch of snuff from a gold *tabatière* one day, he saw her eyes rest on it; he at once said, "This belonged formerly to the Königsmark."

"Then," she replied, "it will have the double initials on it. 'A' for Aurora."

Now, argued Volkmar, how was it likely that his guest should know the scandalous story of Augustus I. and the fair Aurora of Königsmark, mother of the famous French marshal, unless he had belonged to the royal family of Saxony.¹ He left out of account that Court scandal is talked about everywhere, and is in the mouths of all. Then he presented her with the snuff-box. Next he purchased for her a set of silver plate for her cover, and ordered a ribbon and a star of diamonds, because it became one of such distinguished rank not to appear without a decoration! As the girl said afterwards at her trial, she had but to hint a desire for anything, and it was granted her at once. Her host somewhat bored her with political disquisitions; he was desirous of impressing on his illustrious guest what a political genius he was, and in his own mind had resolved to become prime minister of Saxony in the place of the fallen Beichlingen, who was said to have made so much money out of the State that he could buy a principality, and who, indeed, struck a medal with his arms on it surmounted by a princely crown.

¹ Aurora v. Königsmark went out of favour in 1698—probably then sold the gold snuff-box. She died in 1728.

But Volkmar's ambition went further. As already stated he had a daughter—the modest Joanna ; what a splendid opportunity was in the hands of the scheming parents ! If the young prince formed an attachment for Joanna, surely he might get the emperor to elevate her by diploma to the rank of a princess, and thus Volkmar would see his Joanna Queen of Poland and Electress of Saxony. He and Frau Volkmar were far too good people to scheme to get their daughter such a place as the old Königsmark had occupied with the reigning sovereign. Besides, Königsmark had been merely created a countess, and who would crave for being a countess when she could be Queen ? and a favourite, when, by playing her cards well, she might become a legitimate wife ?

So the old couple threw Joanna at the head of their guest, and did their utmost to entangle him. In the meantime the von Günthers were flaming with envy and rage. They no more doubted that the Volkmars had got the Crown Prince living with them, than did the Volkmars themselves. The whole neighbourhood flowed to the entertainments given in his honour at Hetzdorf ; only the von Günthers were shut out. But von Günther met the mysterious stranger at one or two of the return festivities given by the gentry who had been entertained at Hetzdorf, and he seized on one of these occasions boldly to invite his Highness to pay him also a visit at his “little place” ; and what was more than he expected, the offer was accepted.

In fact, the Apitzsch who had twice run away from matrimony, was becoming embarrassed again by the tenderness of Joanna and the ambition of the parents.

The dismay of the Volkmars passes description when their guest informed them he was going to pay a visit to the hated rivals.

Sophie was fetched away in the von Günther carriage, and by servants put into new livery for the occasion, and was received and entertained with the best at Jägerhof. Here, also, presents were made ; among others a silver cover for table was given her by the daughter of her host, who had married a major, and who hoped, in return, to see her husband advanced to be a general.

She was taken to see the royal castle of Augustusburg, and here a little difference of testimony occurs as to the observations she made in the chapel, which was found to be without an organ. At her trial it was asserted that she had said, “I must order an organ,” but she positively swore she had said, “An organ ought to be provided.” She was taken also to the mansion of the Duke of Holstein at Weisenburg, where she purchased one of his horses—that is to say, agreed to take it, and let her hosts find the money.

The visit to the von Günthers did not last ten days, and then she was back again with the Volkmars, to their exuberant delight. Why she remained so short a time at Jägerhof does not appear. Possibly she may have been there more in fear of detection than at Hetzdorf. Now that the Volkmars had her back they would not let her out of their sight. They gave her two servants in livery to attend her ; they assured her that her absence had so affected Joanna that the girl had done nothing but weep, and had refused to eat. They began to press in their daughter's interest for a declaration of intentions, and that negotiations with the Emperor should be opened that a title of princess of the Holy Roman Empire might be obtained for her as preliminary to the nuptials.

Sophie Apitzsch saw that she must again make a bolt to escape the marriage ring, and she looked about for an opportunity. But there was no evading the watch of the Volkmars, who were alarmed lest their guest should again go to the hated von Günthers.

Well would it have been for the Volkmars had they kept the "prince" under less close surveillance, and allowed him to succeed in his attempts to get away. It would have been to their advantage in many ways.

A fortnight or three weeks passed, and the horse bought of the Duke of Holstein had not been sent. In fact the Duke, when the matter was communicated to him, was puzzled. He knew that the Crown Prince was in Paris, and could not have visited his stables, and promised to purchase his horse. So he instituted inquiries before he consented to part with the horse, and at once the bubble burst. Police arrived at Hetzdorf to arrest the pretender, and convey her to Augustusburg, where she was imprisoned, till her trial. This was in February 1715. In her prison she had an apoplectic stroke, but recovered. Sentence was pronounced against her by the court at Leipzig in 1716, that she should be publicly whipped out of the country. That is to say, sent from town to town, and whipped in the market-place of each, till she was sent over the frontier. In consideration of her having had a stroke the king commuted the sentence to whipping in private, and imprisonment at his majesty's pleasure.

She does not seem to have been harshly treated by the gaoler of Waldheim, the prison to which she was sent. She was given her own room, she dined at the table of the gaoler, continued to wear male clothes, and was cheerful, obedient, and contented. In 1717 both she and her father appealed to the king for further relaxation of her sentence, but this was refused. The prison authorities gave her the best testimony for good conduct whilst in their hands.

In the same year, 1717, the unfortunate Volkmar made a claim for the scarlet coat—which he said the moths were likely to eat unless placed on some one's back—the gold snuff-box, the silver spoons, dishes, forks, the horse, the watch, and various other things he had given Sophie, being induced to do so by false representations. The horse as well as the plate, the star, the snuff-box, the coat and the boots had all been requisitioned as evidence before her trial. The question was a hard one to solve, whether Herr Volkmar could recover presents, and it had to be transmitted from one court to another. An order of court dated January 1722 required further evidence to be produced before purse, coat, boots, &c., could be returned to Volkmar—that is, *seven* years after they had been taken into the custody of the Court. The horse must have eaten more than his cost by this time, and the coat must have lost all value through moth-eating. The cost of proceedings was heavy, and Volkmar then withdrew from his attempt to recover the objects given to the false prince.

But already—long before, by decree of October 1717—Sophie Apitzsch had been liberated. She left prison in half male, half female costume, and in this dress took service with a baker at Waldheim; and we hear no more of her, whether she married, and when she died.

S. BARING GOULD.

THE PLANTATION OF ULSTER.

THE fashion of "plantations" had been set by the Spaniards in the New World. They found out a short way of dealing with natives, who, of course, could have no rights as against those who were good enough to bring amongst them the blessings of the true faith and Christian culture. The English followed suit ; but the New World was a long way off ; and close by was a big island, chiefly inhabited by "natives," which offered a much more promising field for the less adventurous. True, these "natives" were Christians of a sort ; but to many an Elizabethan Protestant a "Papist" who occupied good land was even worse than a heathen. Indeed, when it was a question of land, religion was of very small account. Perhaps the most barefaced of all the annexations was that of the present King's and Queen's Counties, the tribe-land of the O'Moores, O'Connors, O'Carrols, &c., on the Kildare frontier of the Pale ; and this was carried out in the most Catholic reign of Mary Tudor, and in spite of solemn treaties made by her father with the clans in 1537.¹ Better known, because the poet Spenser ("State of Ireland") gloats over its almost incredible horrors, was the "Plantation of Munster." Here, as usual, the object was to replace the natives by English settlers ; but the land-grants to the "Undertakers" (ominous name ! they undertook to plant, each on his estate, so many English families) were too large. The grantees very generally became absentees (what was there then in Ireland to make life worth living to an Elizabethan courtier ?), and the immigrated families (where, indeed, they were brought in at all), lacking encouragement and

¹ The severely impartial Prof. Richey says (p. 443) : "Leix, Offaly, &c., were made shire-land by Act of Parliament, and at the same moment the inhabitants, by the Act of Confiscation, were deprived of the legal benefits which should have flowed from their position as English subjects. As it suited the purposes of the Government, they were treated alternately as English subjects or as a corporate tribe ; and that Government, which constantly professed a desire to set up the reign of law and order and justice, created and encouraged for many years, within a day's journey of the capital, a war as brutal as those waged between the Apaches and the settlers in the prairies."

protection, either drifted into the towns or packed up and went back to England. The undertakers were glad to be relieved of them; they had grumbled like English farmers, and like English farmers had expected the landlords to keep up the farm buildings and to do a good deal of costly work besides. One could not reckon on getting half as much rent out of them as might be squeezed out of "the native." So in wide districts in Munster "the native" reappeared. It had been utter desolation. Dr. Richey says: "The hostility of the English against the natives had become a madness. From year to year the plundering and killing went on till there was nothing left to plunder and very few to kill" (p. 493). "Out of the glynnes and woods they came creeping forth upon their hands, for their legs would not bear them. They looked like anatomies of death; they spake like ghosts; they did eat the dead carrions, happy where they could find them, yea, and one another soon after, insomuch as the very carcasses they spared not to scrape out of their graves." That is Spenser's testimony, the testimony of an eyewitness. Carew, Malby, Pelham, and half a dozen more of Good Queen Bess's choicest knights, had gone systematically to work, destroying the crops, slaying maid and matron and young child,¹ spitting on their spears babes torn from the breast. Any one of them might have given points to the most ruthless *conquistador*; but,

¹ I think it was amongst Pelham's troops that the unsavoury advice (repeated by the Cromwellians) originated, "Kill the nits, lest they grow to be lice." This is one of Ireland's misfortunes—she mostly had the low ruffians sent to her, creatures whom their leaders, had they desired to do so, would have found it hard to control. The Continental wars absorbed the best men. Here is a glimpse at the protectors and civilisers whom Elizabeth, in her wisdom, provided for Ireland (Carew MSS., quoted by Richey, pp. 352 seq.). "The horse companies travel not eight miles a day, the foot not above two, and that not directly, but crossing the country to and fro, wasting with their lingering journeys the inhabitants' corn and goods excessively with their extortion, . . . exacting meat and drink far more than competent, and, commonly, money much exceeding the people's abilities, . . . taking money for their officers after a double rate, whereof, among every seven or eight soldiers, they affirm, commonly, to have one. And if any do withstand or gainsay such their inordinate wills, then they do exercise all the cruelty they can against them in a far worse sort than before, so as whosoever resisteth their will shall be sure to have nothing left him if he can escape with his life. . . . And many that are not soldiers, pretending to be of some company or other, have in like outrageous sort ranged up and down, spoiling and robbing the subjects as if they were rebels . . . misusing of their persons, . . . leaving no trees, fruitful or other, unspoiled." And yet one wonders why Ireland is not altogether as England; why in England nothing at all comparable with this has gone on since the ravages of the Danes—no, not in Stephen's time, when Norman brutality had to be kept in check by private killing, the dead man's nose being cut off to prevent his being identified.

happily for the world, the Irish race had a vitality that stood them in better stead than the Christianity of which their persecutors thought so lightly. They refused to be exterminated; "creeping forth" they actually began to be set down as tillers of the soil on those rich Munster plains which ought to have been filled with English farmers. This, though it suited the undertakers well enough, was not at all what the English Government intended. All that blood and treasure spent just to put in a Boyle in place of a Geraldine! In Ulster they would manage things better. The grants should be so small that the grantees would be compelled to live on their land, and to see that it had its due complement of English or Scotch settlers. Such small men, too, would not be likely to take up with politics, whereas a man who owned a whole county, more or less, might be as dangerous as a crown vassal to the old French kings. The Ulster grants, therefore, were divided into three classes, of 2,000, 1,500, and 1,000 acres respectively. Each was to be a parish, the parson's income being in part secured out of the rents. On an estate of the first class was to be built a castle and bawn (fortified courtyard); on the second class, a strong house and bawn; on the third, a bawn only. A first-class grantee was bound within three years to plant twenty families, including forty-eight able-bodied men of eighteen years and upwards, from England or the lowland parts of Scotland; the other classes had proportionate obligations. They were not to alienate their lands or to set them for less than twenty-one years or three lives.

Thus were more than half a million acres of arable land disposed of, out of which not three-quarters, as Mr. Bright tells us ("Hist. England," Period 2, p. 632), but between seventy-four and seventy-five thousand acres were restored to the Irish (Richey, p. 621). No doubt, as Mr. Bright says, "the worst of the land was given back to the original possessors." But the escheated lands in the six counties were over two million acres, a million and a half being bog, mountain and forest, which was not (as Mr. Froude thinks) restored to the Irish, but taken possession of as matter of course by the grantees; the Irish, we may be sure, getting far less than their fair proportion of this as well as of the tilled land. It was a high-handed way of ousting a whole population, not, mark you, after open war, as when the Jews were carried off by Nebuchadnezzar, but after they had been made part and parcel of the empire, and had a right as subjects to the same protection, the same laws, as the people of Cornwall or Lincoln. Herein, as Dr. Richey points out (p. 442), lies the special infamy of these "plantations." Had

England come in simply as a conqueror no one could have complained ; but to confiscate and plant a portion of your own territory is very different. "Confiscation should be based upon legal conviction for a crime, and should not be extended beyond the property of the guilty;" and to seize the tribe-land of the O'Neills, the O'Donnells, and the rest, because of some anticipated treason on the part of the chiefs, was to do despite to the first principles of right. Of course it was done legally. So, indeed, are Mr. Balfour's vagaries. The O'Neill and the O'Donnell had been persuaded to accept English earldoms ; they were now Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnel, and therefore it was held by English lawyers that their clansmen had sunk to the condition of tenants, and had lost all claim on the land, which had become the real estate of the quondam chiefs. The clans never understood this ; the chieftains to some extent did ; for it gave them a status under the government—changed them into landlords, with more than an English landlord's power to evict. But surely this change from chief to landlord ought to have been, to both chief and clansmen, an additional protection. Already protected by special treaty, the Ulster chiefs had an additional claim because they were earls, and because the territory of their tribes had been declared to be shire-land. Even had they afterwards dabbled in treason, the punishment should have fallen on them, not on the population which English statute had distinctly emancipated from them. When an English baron rebelled, his land was confiscated, but his vassals were not driven off and their place filled by others. They were simply passed on to the man whom the King put in his room. Even after the '45, there was no wholesale displacement of Scotch clans. Only in Ireland has the rule been to treat "the natives" like Red Indians or Australian aborigines, who had no rights as against the English settlers, and who might be very thankful if a small patch of their own lands was secured to them as a "native reserve."

But Tyrone and Tyrconnel did not rebel. Here, again, Mr. Bright, Master of University College, makes a mischievous mistake in what has become the class-book for examinations. It is not too much to say that the strength of paper-Unionism among "the classes," the malignant bitterness with which many otherwise educated men think and speak of the Irish question, is in great measure due to the misrepresentations of history-writers. Careful to excess in regard to the trivialities of English affairs, these writers have (with a few notable exceptions, like Professor Gardiner) too often written of Ireland as if they thought "anything would do." They have trusted to the old

slanders of Hume, to the frothy rhetoric of Mr. Froude, instead of examining things for themselves. To say (Bright, Period 2, p. 632) that "gentleness was mistaken for cowardice, and Tyrconnel and O'Neill were soon again conspiring against England," is in an ex-master of the modern school at Marlborough, a history lecturer in Balliol, New, and University College, simply inexcusable. It betrays either the most unacademic prejudice or the grossest carelessness.

Hallam, who wrote before the searching into and sifting of authorities which have made history a wholly new science, but who was as careful as he was impartial, simply says: "The two great northern chiefs engaged or were charged with having engaged in some new conspiracy." Even Keightley, with the prejudices of an Irish Protestant, says not a word about conspiracy; he simply (Hist. England, vol. ii. p. 37) notes that "after the accession of James the great northern chieftains fled to Spain." Mr. Goldwin Smith (in that "Irish History and Irish Character" which is one long condemnation of his present extraordinary position) very truly remarks (p. 100): "It appears, to say the least, extremely doubtful whether the lands of Tyrone and Tyrconnel, on which the Ulster colony was planted, had been forfeited for any real offence, and whether the plot in which these noblemen were alleged to have engaged was not invented by the teeming brains of officials desirous of sharing their estates. They fled, it is true, but not from justice; *for justice, when the forfeiture of land was in prospect, there was none.* Spies were set to work to scent out plots and find matter for charges of treason. Tyrone complained that he was so beset by them that he could not drink a cup of sack without being delated to the Government." Had Mr. Bright gone to original authorities he would have found that the so-called conspiracy was much on a level with Titus Oates's Plot. The feeling against O'Neill is summed up in what an English officer, Harrington, writes to the Bishop of Bath and Wells: "I have lived to see that damnable rebel Tyrone brought to England honoured and well liked. How I did labour for that knave's destruction! I adventured perils by sea and land, went near to starving, eat horseflesh, and all to quell that man who now smileth in peace at those who did hazard their lives to destroy him. And now doth Tyrone dare us, old commanders, with his presence and protection." Dr. Anderson, an Anglican clergyman ("Royal Genealogies," London, 1736), states the case as strongly as even any dispossessed Irishman could. "Artful Cecil," he says, "employed one St. Lawrence to trap the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnel, the Lord Delvin, and other Irish chiefs, into a sham plot which had no evidence but his." An anonymous letter (written by

Lord Howth) was dropped at the council chamber door, warning the Deputy that a plan was afoot to murder him and to seize Dublin Castle. Thereupon it was bruited about that Government had information which fixed the guilt on Tyrone. He took the only course that was open to him—fled on pretence of visiting London, justice being (as Prof. Goldwin Smith well says) hopeless where it was a question of land.

But there is an authority, much better known than Dr. Anderson, whom Mr. Bright certainly ought to have consulted first—hand—Sir John Davis, James's Attorney-General for Ireland, whose correspondence with "spider" Cecil shows how determined the "Castle" of that day was to get rid of the earls. "As for us that are here," he writes, "we are glad to see the day wherein the countenance and majesty of the law hath banished Tyrone out of Ireland, which the best army in Europe and the expense of two millions sterling pounds did not bring to pass. And we hope his Ma^{ty's} happy government will work a greater miracle than even St. Patrick did, for he suffered the men full of poison to inhabit the land while banishing the poisonous worms; but his Ma^{ty's} blessed genius will banish all that generation of vipers out of it." This is pretty strong for one whose *public* words were: "No nation under the sun doth love equal and indifferent justice better than the Irish, or will rest better satisfied with the execution thereof, though it be against themselves." This is in his book, with which his letter to Salisbury is in strange contrast; but statesmen bred up in that bastard Machiavelism which makes a single page of Tudor or Jacobean-political correspondence enough to turn the strongest stomach, cared little for consistency. Somewhat earlier Sir Geoffrey Fenton wrote to Salisbury: "And now I would put your lordship in mind what door is open to the King if the opportunity be taken and well converted, to pull down for ever those two proud houses of O'Neill and O'Donnell, and that many well-deserving servitors may be recompensed in the distribution, and that *without charges to his Ma^{ty}*." The Lord-Deputy himself wrote to the King: "It is not lenity and good works that will reclaim the Irish." And again: "I have often said and written that it is famine which must consume the Irish, because it is a speedier weapon than our swords and other endeavours." These are the private feelings of those in the highest places (Davis was one of the first pair of sheriffs of Ulster). No wonder, then, that the rank-and-file of hungry officials and "servitors" was eager to hound the Earls on to some overt act. They did not succeed. Nothing that even the ingenuity of a seventeenth century Crown lawyer could twist into

treason or conspiracy was ever proved against either of the chiefs. As Dr. Richey says (p. 597), "they had advisedly abandoned the Catholic cause, had submitted to the English Government, had seriously endeavoured to live as English subjects, and had been forced to fly by the continual annoyance, suspicion, and danger they were subject to at the hand of the Executive." Among these annoyances were lawsuits got up by the Bishops of Raphoe and Derry; interference in religious matters (in direct violation of the treaty of surrender) by the Archbishop of Armagh (Ussher, who ought to have scorned such work); insulting expressions publicly used by the Deputy, who also set minor chiefs like O'Cahan to go to law with O'Neill; the brutal conduct of English garrisons and sheriffs—"a most uncomfortable and not very dignified life," is Dr. Richey's comment. "There is no reason to believe that he was engaged in any conspiracy; but he was utterly disgusted with his position, irritated with the annoyances he was continually subject to"—he, the O'Neill, hereditary Over-king of all Ireland, baited and badgered by men of whom Mr. Goldwin Smith shrewdly observes, "they were, we may be pretty sure, for the most part the least gentle and not the most respectable members of the classes and communities from which they came."

So O'Neill and O'Donnell fled; and the Spanish King, who had given them scant help while they were fighting for their lives against England, and the Pope, who had not been much more zealous in their behalf than the Most Catholic King, received them as what they certainly were not—Catholic martyrs; and the Bards made laments over them; and the Annalist of the Four Masters cried: "Woe to the heart that meditated, woe to the council that fixed the project of their setting out!" O'Neill had received from Flanders what he believed to be trustworthy information that if he went to London he would be at once arrested. So he crossed to Normandy, and Henry IV. refusing to give him up to James, he passed on to Rome, leaving Ulster to the tender mercies of the King and his advisers. James was already pledged up to the eyes to behave to the Ulster men as if they were Scotch or English; and immediately after the flight of the Earls, not knowing what they might persuade the Catholic Powers to do, he renewed his assurances in the most solemn terms and with a more than Stuart exuberance of profession. "His Ma^{ty} will graciously receive all and every of his loyal subjects into his own immediate safeguard and protection, giving them full assurance to defend them and every of them by his kingly power from all violence or wrong. And, notwithstanding the treason of their chiefs, the King will extend such grace and favour to them that none of them shall be impeached,

troubled, or molested in their own lands, goods, or bodies, they continuing in their loyalty and yielding unto his Ma^{ty} such rents and duties as shall be agreeable unto justice and equity" (State Papers, cited by Godkin, "Religious History of Ireland," p. 126). "Words, words!" O'Dogherty, whose clan occupied the whole peninsula of Innishowen, was brutally insulted by the sheriff, Sir G. Paulett, and revenged the blow in the only way which to an Irish chief seemed possible, viz., by "lifting war." He took Derry, killed Paulett, and burned the town. Of course he was soon crushed out, and Innishowen explored for the first time by an army of lawyers, provosts-marshal, engineers, and "geographers"; "the wild people," says Davis, "wondering to see the King's Deputy, as the ghosts did to see Æneas alive in hell." The whole peninsula became the prize of Sir Arthur Chichester, the ancestor of the present Marquis of Donegal. This was fair according to the practice of the time. The injustice was using O'Dogherty's mad rising and the previously trumped-up charge of conspiracy against O'Neill and O'Donnell as occasion for the wholesale eviction of their clansmen and the "planting" of their tribe-lands. These wretched people had remained perfectly quiet; they had even helped to crush down O'Dogherty; and, when they heard it rumoured that they were to be turned out, they ventured to remonstrate, reminding the King of his reiterated promise that "they should be protected in the enjoyment of lands and goods." As well exhort the *Times* to consistency as urge the formulator of "Kingcraft" to keep his royal promise.¹ Sir Toby Caulfield, Lord Charlemont's ancestor writes: "The Irish do hold discourse among themselves that if this course had been taken with them in war time it had had some colour of justice; but being pardoned and their lands given to them, and they having lived under law ever since, and being ready to submit themselves to the mercy of the law for any offence they can be charged withal since their pardoning, they conclude it to be the greatest cruelty that ever was inflicted upon any people." Finding the King inexorable, the poor Ulster clansmen petitioned for a brief delay, hoping that "so much of the summer being spent before the commissioners came down, so great cruelty would not be showed as to remove them upon the edge of winter from their houses, and in the very season when they were employed

¹ When I was a good deal younger I heard Mr. Delane reply, on being twitted with this inconsistency: "Sir, the *Times* of to-day is in its opinions, and in all else, a thing apart. It has nothing whatsoever to do with the *Times* of yesterday or with that of to-morrow." Now the paper has changed in one direction; it is at least consistent in slander, in malignity.

in making their harvest." Even this they could not obtain; and the circumstances of their removal may fairly be compared with those of the ousting of their supplanters in 1641, the difference being that the earlier eviction was carried out by process of law (*summum jus summa injuria* was in the world's history never truer than then); the later one, which every thoughtful and unprejudiced historian, from Hallam to Richey, has connected with the earlier as effect with cause, was directed by the wild justice of revenge. But this latter ousting is called "The Massacre of 1641;" was described in lying detail by Temple, and its sham facts were published and republished in English newspapers till the public mind was worked up into that frantic state into which John Bull's mind has got on more than one occasion. The dispossessed in 1641 were turned out in winter and suffered great hardships. There probably were, here and there, cases of killing, but that there was anything like an organised massacre—a sort of St. Brice's Day or Sicilian Vespers—has been disproved over and over again. Irish landlords and their supporters pretend to believe it; such massacre having taken place with its full tale of horrors, is the sole justification of their long and tyrannous ascendancy. Mr. Froude believes it; but to the student of history Mr. Froude's faith is amazing and amusing, and, since Professor Gardiner has written, no other Englishman ought for an instant to credit the Froude-Hickson version of it. The tales which were gravely sworn to in the evidence, on the faith of which Cromwell deluged the land with blood, are about as veracious—those of them which are not impossible, like the gibbering of the ghosts of the slain under the bridge at Portadown—as the tales about the Cawnpore outragings, which were freely used to rouse English indignation to madness, and which even at the time (as I was reminded the other day by reading Sir E. Forsyth's memoirs) everybody, who was in a position to know, knew to be untrue.

Why do I talk of 1641 in connection with 1605? Because, as I have said, they are cause and effect. Hear Dr. Richey: "The plantation of Ulster was founded on a great injustice. The English Government had for many years been crying out against the wrongs inflicted on the clansmen by their tribe-lords. It had held out fixity of tenure and freedom from arbitrary exactions as the boon which the tillers of the soil were to receive when the lands were made shire-land, subject to English law. *Five years before*, these districts had been made shire-land; judges had gone on circuit and found Irish freeholders to sit on juries—on the very juries by which the Earls were condemned—and what was the result? English law was extended to Ulster so far as was necessary to the attainder of the Earls, but it gave

no security to those of base degree, reducing their customary rights to the delusive estate known to English law as tenancy at will, out of which, when the confiscation of the Earls' estates was complete, they were summarily ejected" (p. 600). "This rankled in the breasts of the Ulster Irish; they regarded their supplanters as robbers maintained in possession by the strong hand of an overbearing foreign Government; and the children of those who by a legal quibble had been thrust out of their patrimony seized the first opportunity to regain their old estate." I go on quoting Dr. Richey; he writes with the judicial calmness which it is so hard to maintain when dealing with Irish questions; the *St. James's Gazette* and the *Saturday Review* were loud in their praise of his impartiality. James, hypocrite, or self-deceiver, or both, urging London to begin the work of plantation, said, with that cant which makes the Christian tyrant so despicable compared with a good honest heathen: "We, deeply and heartily commiserating the wretched state of the said province, have esteemed it a work worthy of a Christian prince to recall the same from superstition, rebellion, calamity, and poverty, to religion, obedience, strength, and prosperity." But, instead of "recalling" the Irish to these virtues and graces, instead of bringing in men who would labour in a Christian spirit to instruct and civilise them, treating them as fellow subjects on a footing of equality, he adopted a policy of the sternest exclusion, and thrust the natives entirely out of the pale of culture, filling the land with men "who diffused civilisation among the Irish much as an American settler diffuses it among Red Indians" (Goldwin Smith), and who, not content with the lion's share in the partition, often strove successfully to deprive the natives even of the scanty "reserves" which for very shame had been assigned to them.¹ Hallam says, and he never speaks without evidence (ii. 522), "the native Irish, to whom some regard was shown by these regulations, were less equitably dealt with by the colonists and by those other adventurers whom England continually sent forth to enrich themselves and maintain her sovereignty."

It was a gross injustice, an ascendancy founded on wrong and robbery. "But look at how, granting that it was so, God has brought

¹ From the *Montgomery MSS.* Dr. Richey (p. 607) gives a most edifying account of the way in which the Montgomery family pushed their fortunes; and how they, the Hamiltons, and the Hills quarrelled over the lands of Con O'Neil (the Ards and thereabouts), poor Con wishing to retain the land about his ancestral Castlereagh, *but that being too great a favour for such an Irishman.* Yet these people were Christians, and accepted Psalm lxii. 10 as part of the Bible.

good out of evil." Yes, there are the manufactures, the well-tilled farms, the exceptional prosperity of what everyone who has looked into things knows to be by Nature the most exceptionally favoured part of the island.¹ But (I again quote Dr. Richey) "all this might have existed without a plantation. *The moral results are greater than the material.* The true fruits of the plantation are the rising of 1641, the event on which our later history turns, the ten years of civil war, then a greater confiscation ; and, after years of confusion and disorder, the uncertainty of titles and disregard of the rights of property, which even now paralyse the progress of the country" (p. 600). I am sure that those sham-Unionist reviewers who praised Dr. Richey without stint had not read as far as this ; for consider what a condemnation is here of that "garrison" which so long and so successfully persuaded England that unless she bribed and humoured it, her hold on Ireland would not be worth a day's purchase. The "garrison" was wholly needless. Had Tyrone been fairly dealt with, his people would themselves have proved the best "garrison;" and English rule would have been based on love and not on suspicion and race-hatred.

But Tyrone was not fairly dealt with, and herein is seen the extreme impolicy and short-sightedness of the English Government. "If a man of his position, reputation, and abilities was willing to live an obedient subject, to maintain order in Ulster, and gradually to draw over the native population to loyalty to the Crown, no efforts should have been spared to retain him, no price would have been too great for his services. If, instead of being harassed and insulted by *English bishops* and garrisons, he had been frankly and loyally dealt with, his services acknowledged, and his hands strengthened for good, instead of an Ulster "reformed" by a Scotch and English plantation, we might have an Ulster as thriving and cultivated, but inhabited by the descendants of its original possessors. The rising of 1641 and all its consequences might have been avoided. But the hatred and suspicion of all that was Irish, the desire to utilise Ireland for England's benefit, and the greed for grants of lands and forfeited estates, then, as on many other occasions, influenced the conduct of the government ; and of that conduct the miserable results form the staple of our subsequent history" (Richey, p. 597).

Such is the truth about the much-vaunted Plantation. It brought material prosperity, but at what a moral sacrifice ! The Orangeman who yells "To hell with the Pope !" is not a being to be proud of ; he

¹ See on this point De la Tournay's *Travels in Ireland*, 1795. He says : "No wonder the Orangemen want Ulster to themselves. It is the best part of Ireland, and I've seen it all."

is a low ruffian, who insults his betters (as they did the other day in Belfast streets the funeral of a highly-venerated priest). He is far worse than the most ruffianly southern or western Irishman, because of his ridiculous self-conceit ; and he is the direct outcome of Deputy Sir A. Chichester's work. Of his spiritual guides—the blatant bigots and prurient slanderers who egg him on—the less said the better. They belong to the system, getting pence and popularity (such as it is) by pandering to his intolerance.

I am glad to have brought Dr. Richey before some to whom, perhaps, he was hitherto unknown. In such a hasty sketch I have said nothing about the O'Neills, the English bringing up of Hugh, last Earl of Tyrone, Elizabeth's *penchant* for him, his doubtful birth—his grandmother was Alison Kelly, wife of a Dundalk blacksmith.

My chief aim has been to indirectly show how preposterous are the claims of men like Colonel Saunderson, that the northern colony is almost the only section of the Irish people of which Irishmen have any right to be proud. If my authorities are correct the truth is precisely the opposite way. The colonists were, by the grossest injustice, foisted into the possessions of honest men. Their character is given by one who knew and watched them, a clergyman named Stewart : "From Scotland came many, from England not a few, yet all of them generally of the scum of both nations . . . insomuch that *going for Ireland* was looked on as the miserable mark of a deplorable person ; yea, it was turned into a proverb, and one of the worst expressions of disdain that could be invented was to tell a man that *Ireland would be his hinder end*" (Reid, "Hist. of Presbyterian Church of Ireland," i. p. 91). Better they had never set foot in the country. They might have done as well elsewhere ; while to the native they brought exclusion and degradation, to themselves something which is—well, to put it mildly, the very reverse of culture, and of that beauty and distinction which Mr. Matthew Arnold claims as the true works of civilisation.

To these arrant boasters, with their drumming and firing off guns, and toasting "the glorious and immortal memory," and praising a Bible which they never study, and of which the book of Joshua and the cursing Psalms form their evangel, I say : "The less you call attention to your incoming the better. Decency bids you hold your tongues ; give up your exasperating Orange tomfoolery ; remember what Lord Palmerston said of it, and fall into your places as quiet, useful citizens, helping on that inevitable Home Rule in which your position and your energy are very sure to secure you a big share."

I am delighted at the recent action of the Church of Ireland Synod. Thanks to the Archdeacon of Cloyne, Canon Bruce, Rev. J. MacNeece, and others, Mr. W. Johnston's characteristic proposal to formally celebrate, as a Church, next 5th November the "happy arrival" of William III. was thrown out. The Archdeacon spoke out well: "The celebration could do no possible good; and it would be far better for us to forego it, if it is any self-denial on our part, than to hold it and cause excitement in the country and very great bitterness against ourselves." Canon Bruce, in moving the previous question, "would have done so before, but he never dreamt the notion could ever have been seriously entertained—it seemed so absurd. All thoughtful people knew that nothing more disastrous to their Church could happen than discussing these political questions." What a lesson to the Orangemen! Can't they see who are the most Christ-like—the Archdeacon and his friends, or the firebrands whom they have taken to themselves as spiritual guides?

HENRY STUART FAGAN.

RUSKIN'S MUSEUM.

TO any one about to go to Sheffield I should give *Punch's* advice to those about to be married—Don't! The town is, like Leeds, Manchester, and other busy northern centres, protected by kindly Heaven from the too glaring light of day by a dense pall of smoke and fog—for Providence helps those to fog who help themselves to smoke. But if you wish to see Ruskin's Museum, and to skirt the town, only entering it again the very last thing in order to get to the station, then I say go.

Well, suppose you have taken the 'bus to "Steel Bank"—that suburb of the town where the Museum is: you go up, up, out of the smoke as far as the 'bus will take you; then begin to make inquiries about the Ruskin Museum. You will find, probably, that nobody knows anything about it, or that it's "over there somewhere." After wandering farther you may luckily meet a non-inhabitant of Sheffield, who directs you to the place you seek.

Whilst going I had visions of a fine stone building, with, say, Corinthian columns in front, protected by the orthodox policeman, who directs visitors safely and surely for the next ten yards up to the door of the Museum. No such thing. You see a door in a wall—"t' hoile i' t' wall," I think they call it; hanging near it a notice-board to the effect that "the Museum is open," &c. &c. You enter and find a narrow passage, with a few fossils lying about; advance, open another door, and you are in the Museum; its contents under the guardianship of a boy of about twelve, who very soon leaves—at any rate, he left me. I have always understood that children are gifted with an unerring instinct as to whom they may trust. Second thoughts and loneliness suggested that he had gone to the curator with the long-longed-for intelligence that "somebody's come," remaining to support him under the shock.

The treasures of mineralogy are in a room in the curator's house. You wander about the garden for some time, and make flying visits first to the front door and then to the back. Some one is there evidently; there is also a dog which barks loudly; as you cannot see it

you are quite sure it is a large and savage one. You begin to think you've made a mistake; probably the minerals are not worth seeing; so you return to the road. Whilst there trying to find reasons to prove that the dog is chained up, some children and an old man flock round you, as they would round the brave man who has come safely from strange regions.

They ask with awe, "Can we go in?" You pose. "Yes, it may be done, if they be *very* good, and not breathe on the glasses, or in any way annoy the ladies and gentlemen inside. Yes, if any one asks they may say they had leave." The old man leads the way, and the children tail after, snivelling loudly. Just at the door the old man turns and makes a trembling inquiry: "Is there owt to paay?" After this, feeling that great things are expected of you—that you are placed on a pedestal—you return to the garden and make a successful attack on the back door.

So much for the ludicrous side of the visit. Why should there be a ludicrous side? Whence this shallow jocularity, this 'Arryism? Well, it is forced upon you: you feel it is your shield against a threatening melancholy, the sadness of one brooding over a tower which a king commenced to build, and was not able to finish. Here are the contents for a jewel case, but the casket is mean: beautiful pictures invisible, for the gallery seems almost unknown: a collection like the contents of Mr. Ruskin's books, strange, varied, fascinating; but the books are well bound, well printed, and, alas! expensive. Of the possible museum Mr. Ruskin says, in the "*Fors Clavigera*," "I am, of course, ready to receive subscriptions for St. George's work from outsiders, whether zealous or lukewarm, in such amounts as they think fit; and at present I conceive that the proposed enlargements of our Museum at Sheffield are an object with which more frank sympathy may be hoped than with the agricultural business of the Guild. Ground I have enough, and place for a pleasant gallery for such students as Sheffield may send up into the clearer light; but I don't choose to sell out any of St. George's stock for this purpose, still less for the purchase of books for the Museum; and yet there are many I want, and can't yet afford.

"Also my casts from St. Mark's (to which has been recently added casts from the Gothic architecture of France), of sculptures never cast before, are lying in lavender—or at least in tow—invisible and useless till I can build walls for them; and I think the British public would not regret giving me the means of placing and illuminating these rightly. And, in fine, here I am yet for a few years, I trust, at their service, ready to arrange such a museum for

their artisans as they have not yet dreamed of ; not dazzling nor overwhelming, but comfortable, useful, and—in such sort as smoke-cumbered skies may admit—beautiful ; making the interior a working man's Bodleian library, with cell and shelf of the most available kind, undisturbed for his holiday-time. The British public are not likely to get such a thing done by any one else for a time, if they don't get it done now by me when I'm in the humour for it. Very positively I can assure them of that ; and so leave the matter to their discretion."

The St. George's Guild mentioned above is a society, of which Mr. Ruskin is the Master, having the following objects in view ; at any rate, for such work money may be contributed by those who wish to help the Guild :—I. Museum buildings. II. Purchase of manuscripts, and other objects of general interest. III. Historical investigations and illustrations, copies of finest art, &c. IV. Agricultural work. Mr. Ruskin says in "Fors," "It is not a merely sentimental association of persons who want sympathy in the general endeavour to do good. It is a body constituted for a special purpose ; that of buying land, holding it inviolably, cultivating it to the utmost, and bringing upon it as many honest persons as it will feed. . . . The object principally and finally, in my mind, in founding the Guild was the restoration, to such extent as might be possible to those who understood me, of this feeling of loyalty to the land possessor in the peasantry on his estate, and of duty, in the lord, to the peasantry with whose lives and education he was entrusted."

As regards funds—*das ewige Wehgeheil*—"Year after year passes, and not a single reader or friend has thought it the least incumbent on them to help me to do more ; and from the whole continent of America, which pirates all my books, I have never had a sixpence." It may not be generally known that Mr. Ruskin has for some years past trained artists to copy the finest art-work in Italy and France for the St. George's Museums, but has had to recall them for want of funds.

The contents of the Museum may be classed as follows :—Pictures, photographs, drawings, and engravings ; illuminated MSS. ; casts in plaster ; works on natural science ; minerals.

The pictures may be subdivided into paintings, chiefly illustrating early Italian religious art ; architecture and sculpture ; studies of wood-carving and Continental street architecture, plumage of birds, flower paintings, pen and pencil drawings.

The principal paintings in the first subdivision are—(1) The Verrocchio Madonna, original and unrestored painting by Andrea

Verrocchio, the master of Leonardo da Vinci. This is the only painting of Verrocchio's in England. Of it Mr. Ruskin says, "This picture teaches all I want my pupils to learn of art ; it is one of the most precious pictures in this country." (2) The Lippi Madonna, copied from the painting of Fra Filippo Lippi, in Florence, by C. F. Murray. (3) The Funeral of St. Jerome, by Carpaccio, study by Murray. (4) The St. Ursula pictures ; copies of some of a series of eighteen large paintings, by Carpaccio, in the Academy at Venice, illustrative of "The Victory of Faith over the Fear of Death," as shown in the Legend of St. Ursula. These copies include the Princess's Bedchamber, copied by Ruskin ; the King's Consent, copied by Murray ; the Benediction, copied by Murray ; the Instant before Martyrdom, copied by Murray. (5) In this group is placed "Ehrenbreitstein," after Turner, copied by A. Lenson ; the colours of this painting are to the untrained eye weird and violent, but still they are beautiful ; if you do not analyse the picture, you feel that to every stinging question that arises as to where the beauty may be you may boldly answer, "Bah Jove, sir, in the pictchaw." This view shows the old bridge over the Moselle, Coblenz on the right, Ehrenbreitstein on the left.

In the pictures of architecture and sculpture there are—(1) St. Mark's Cathedral, Venice, oil painting by J. Bunney ; of this, Mr. Ruskin, who obtained it expressly for the Museum, says in his "Stones of Venice," "The whole edifice is to be regarded less as a temple wherein to pray, than as itself a Book of Common Prayer, a vast illuminated missal, bound with alabaster instead of parchment, studded with porphyry pillars instead of jewels, and written within and without in letters of enamel and gold." (2) Copies of mosaics, from the interior of St. Mark's, by Mr. Rooke. "These pictures are entirely representative to you of the food which the Venetian mind had in art, down to the day of the Doge Selvo. Those were the kind of images and shadows they lived on. You may think of them what you please, but the historic fact is, beyond all possible debate, that these thin dry bones of art were nourishing meat to the Venetian race." These copies include mosaics of the Eastern Dome, and figures of the Madonna and of David.

Amongst the studies of figure in sculpture there are several by Ruskin, viz., study of moss and wood-sorrel, of the natural size ; fast sketch of withered oak ; fast sketch of cabbage leaf ; fast sketch of seaweed. The studies of wood-carving are chiefly from Amiens Cathedral, by F. Randall. The principal pictures illustrating plumage of birds are—Peacock's plumes, by Ruskin and H. S. Marks ;

paintings of a tern, toucan, a white crane, &c. The flower paintings include—(1) Florentine anemone, Florentine roses, by H. R. Newman. (2) Ophryd (the purple wreathewort), by Miss C. C. Murray. (3) Broom and snail shell. (4) Crocus. Of flower paintings generally Mr. Ruskin says in "Lectures on Art," "What we especially need at present, for educational purposes, is to know, not the anatomy of plants, but their biography—how and where they live and die, their tempers, benevolences, malignities, distresses, and virtues. We want them drawn from their youth to their age, from bud to fruit." To the modern eye, bringing with it only limited powers of seeing, the pictures in this and the preceding group are perhaps the most interesting; the marvellous finish of those wonderful peacock tints, the purple greys of the mosses and stones, the delicacy of the single sprays and flowers upon their ground of some dark, nameless, and perfect colour, are all calculated to impress the "untutored savage," who comes somewhat prepared already by what he has seen in nature every summer. Some of the paintings already mentioned in other groups are, I am afraid, rather "over the head" of the average untrained visitor. In the drawings and engravings there are—(1) Original pencil sketches by John Leech, including Mrs. Gamp taking the Little Party to School; The Rising Generation; Mr. Briggs goes out Fishing, &c. &c. (2) Turner's "Liber Studiorum," including Junction of the Severn and Wye—etching; Tenth Plague of Egypt—etching; Pembury Mill, Kent—mezzotint; Solway Moss—mezzotint. (3) Pen and ink drawings by Francesca Alexander. (4) Lead pencil sketch of the lion "Nero," from life, by Landseer—"example of his youthful work." (5) Of Albert Dürer's engravings there are—The Knight and Death; Melancholia; Christ before Pilate; Apollo and Diana; St. George on Foot, &c. &c. (6) Holbein's Dance of Death—forty-one woodcuts identical with those in the British Museum.

Of engraving generally, Mr. Ruskin says in "Ariadne Florentina," "For as with dellberation, so without repentance, your engraved line must be. It may, indeed, be burnished or beaten out again in metal, or patched and botched in stone; but always to disadvantage, and at pains which must not be incurred often. . . . Here, then, are two definite ethical characters in all engraved work: it is Athletic, and it is Resolute."

Amongst the illuminated MSS. there are—(1) Large manuscript Bible, a perfect specimen of English thirteenth-century illumination. (2) The missal album of Diana de Croy—French, sixteenth century—containing autograph signature of Mary, Queen of Scots, and other

celebrities. (3) Small manuscript Bible—thirteenth century, English—given by Mr. Ruskin. (4) Psalter or Breviary—French, splendid specimen of the period when the art was at its best.

The casts include—(1) Six casts from Rouen Cathedral, representing the Creation. (2) Two more, representing the Temptation of Adam and Eve and their Expulsion from Paradise. (3) Amongst the casts from the Ducal Palace, Venice, there are—Aristotle, a figure from the capital of the Pillar of Philosophers; birds pecking at grapes, from the sculpture representing the drunkenness of Noah; several casts from other capitals. (4) The casts from St. Mark's include—The Virtues, high relief figures of Faith, Justice, Fortitude, and Temperance—twelfth-century sculpture; leaves, birds, scroll-work, &c.; panel of later Italian moulding. (5) Lastly come "Stones of Venice"—portions of the alabaster of St. Mark's, torn away for recent alterations. "The purple and dove colour of St. Mark's, once itself a sea-borne vase of alabaster full of incense of prayers, and a purple manuscript—floor, walls, and roof blazoned with the scrolls of the gospel."

The collection of illustrated works in natural science includes the following: (1) The original drawings of Donovan's work on insects, shells, and reptiles. In obtaining these Mr. Ruskin found it necessary to outbid the authorities of the British Museum. They are the work of a lifetime, and have been recently arranged by Dr. Dallinger, F.R.S. (2) The drawings of the late John Gould, whose "Humming-birds," vignetted in their natural surroundings of exotic flowers and foliage, is exquisite. (3) Sharpe's "Kingfishers of the World"—plates drawn by Keulemans. (4) Mrs. Bowditch's "The Fishes of Great Britain."

The remainder of the collection is in a small room in the curator's house, the most important part being the minerals. I am not going to treat these scientifically. For the average person it is best, I fancy, to "stare at them" until he feels something of the magic in these perfect forms, which grew and formed themselves.

There are various agates, cut and polished so that you can see how they were formed; a collection of opals, containing the largest and most brilliant specimen of Australian opal save one, which is in an Austrian museum; uncut diamonds from Africa and Brazil; native gold and silver in its curious turnings and twistings; blue and yellow sapphires; a large blood-red jasper found near Glasgow, containing 111 sq. in.; very fine specimens of the six-sided quartz prisms, and of the purple quartz; glittering greens and blues; emeralds, beryls, rubies.

In this room is the "Panorama of the Alps," painted by Ruskin, and mentioned in the "Deucalion"—"I placed it in the Sheffield Museum for a perfectly trustworthy witness to the extent of snow on the Breithorn, Fletschorn, and Montagne de Saas, thirty years ago." It is, I believe, neutral tint, and extends the length of the room. Underneath this are two paintings by Temple, representing New Zealand scenery. The colours strike a Britisher as excessively gorgeous : of course they are quite true to nature. One is a lake of perfect blue, surrounded by low hills ; the other a river scene. In this room are the "Roadside Songs of Tuscany," a series of volumes edited by Mr. Ruskin ; the songs were collected, translated, and illustrated by Francesca Alexander, who received £600 for them. She has devoted herself to the peasants of Tuscany, has lived with them, feels with and for them. In many of her sketches the faces are portraits of peasants ; very fine, handsome faces they are too. The "Songs" are generally pathetic and mournful ; one of them is given below. Melancholy is no longer kept at bay ; having commenced with laughter, I close with a wail.

THE MESSAGE.

I'm dying, then ; and thou wilt be content,
For my sad voice will weary thee no more ;
Thou'lt hear instead the bells with their lament,
High sounding in the tower : and these are four.
When past thy door the dead is borne away
Come out and look, for I am he they bear.
This only, dearest, for God's love I pray :
Come with me to the church—then leave me there.
Come with me to the church—and shed some tears :
Remember I have loved thee many years.

H. D. BERRIDGE.

SOME IDEAS OF SCHOPENHAUER.

WHEN the nineteenth century is a matter of history the name of Schopenhauer will probably stand out with those of Darwin and Victor Hugo as having had the most permanent influence on the development of thought. Whether we like it or not, the philosophy of pessimism represents an ever-growing force ; and for one man that now looks at the works of Hegel or Schelling, fifty probably read and study Schopenhauer. This fact constitutes almost the only point of interest in the life of the latter, for it is what Schopenhauer always predicted of himself through the disappointment of a lifetime, though never did a man's faith in his own posthumous popularity derive less probability from experience.

Schopenhauer's last work, the "Parerga und Paralipomena," has never been translated, as his main work, the "World as Will and Idea," has been, into English ; and, as it fills two thick German volumes, it will be perhaps long before it will be possible to read it in our language. It contains Schopenhauer's latest ideas on things in general, and a notion of the diversity of its contents may be derived from an enumeration of some of their titles. There are essays on the Seeing of Ghosts, on the University Philosophy, on Jurisprudence and Politics, on Ethics, on Pantheism, on Religion, on Suicide, on Reading and Books, on Women, on Education, on Noises ; and there are Aphorisms for the conduct of life.

As Schopenhauer spent his life in reading and thinking, his thoughts on these and kindred subjects ought to be deserving of some consideration. The following pages have therefore been written in order to enable the reader to judge for himself concerning the value of the philosopher's lucubrations, always premising that at best an imperfect idea can be formed of any writer where such a perusal is substituted for a perusal of the original.

Schopenhauer, as a consistent pessimist, held ultra-dismal ideas about his own species. He will have nothing to do with Kant's moral principle which made the dignity of man the foundation of ethics. For if one asked on what this dignity rested, one would be

referred to morality, so that the morality would rest on the dignity, and the dignity on the morality. The idea of dignity applied to a being so sinful, so limited mentally, so vulnerable physically, as man, seemed to him only possible ironically.

Quid superbit homo ? cujus conceptio culpa,
Nasci pœna, labor vita, necesse mori.

He would substitute for Kant's principle that of sympathy. In contact with mankind one should think not of a man's worth or dignity, still less of his faults or narrowness, but of his sufferings and his needs, and so feel for him not hate or contempt, but sympathy and compassion, which alone is the charity appealed to by the Gospel.

"There is in the world," he says, "only one false being ; that is man. Every other is true and genuine, giving itself out unreservedly for what it is, and expressing itself as it feels." Thus, whilst animals go about in their natural form, man alone makes himself a monster by his dress. "He stands there as a blemish in nature." Most men are not worth associating with, and for the need of amusement, and to diminish the dulness of solitude, the society of dogs is recommended, in that joy and satisfaction are always obtainable from the observation of their moral and intellectual qualities.

Consequently Schopenhauer is a pronounced advocate of the pleasure of solitude, his own life at Frankfort and his solitary walks with his dog being sufficient commentary on the value he attached in practice to his own teaching in this respect. "However closely friendship, love and marriage bind men, each man ultimately only means well by himself or at most by his child." "True friendship belongs to the things of which, as of the colossal sea-serpents, one does not know whether they are fabulous or have anywhere a real existence." He quotes approvingly the Arab proverb, "What you would have your enemy to know, that tell not to your friend." It is chiefly *ennui* which drives men into society, and what makes most people so sociable is that they find it easier to bear with others than with themselves. To say a man is unsociable is almost equivalent to saying he is a man of great qualities. Sociability, moreover, is one of our dangerous inclinations, for it brings us into contact with beings, of whom the greater number are morally bad and intellectually stupid. Whoever, therefore, attaches himself betimes to loneliness has won for himself a gold mine ; and to bear loneliness, the great source of happiness and tranquillity, should be a principal study in the education of youth.

The world, according to Schopenhauer, presents itself as a large masquerade. Every one wears a mask and plays his part, but no one shows himself as he is; and therefore the use of the word "person" (from the Latin, *persôna*, a mask) for man in every European language is singularly appropriate. This accounts for the four-legged friendships of so many men of the better sort, "for wherein should one refresh oneself from the endless deception, falsity, and malice of mankind if dogs were not there in whose honest faces one could look without mistrust?" Schopenhauer's sympathy with the animal creation is thoroughly Buddhistic, and among the best features of his philosophy. He declaims feelingly against the cruelty of caging birds or chaining dogs, and points out as a flagrant blemish in modern morality that the societies for protecting animals in Europe and America would be superfluous through the whole of heathen Asia.

Low as was the estimate habitually taken by Schopenhauer of men, it may be called high in comparison with his judgment of the female sex. His observations on this topic are narrow beyond belief, and are not calculated to make his memory popular with ladies. The nobler and more perfect anything is, he argues, the longer time it takes to arrive at maturity (by which reasoning an elephant should be more perfect than a man), so that, whereas a man's intellectual powers are not ripe till twenty-eight, those of a woman, being matured at eighteen, are, so to speak, cut off short in their growth. "Accordingly women remain children their lives long, only see what is immediately before them, cling to the present, take the appearance of things for their reality, and prefer trifles to things of the greatest importance." The present and real having, in consequence of this weaker intellect, more influence over women than over men, for whom the past and the future and abstract principles have more reality, it follows that women have more pity and charity than men, but less justice and conscientiousness. Injustice is, indeed, woman's fundamental fault; for nature, in making her the weaker, has directed her to the use of deceit in place of force, so that the art of dissimulation is as much nature's special provision for woman as horns are for a bull or the faculty of emitting ink for the cuttlefish. Accordingly women, if we may take his word for it, are oftener guilty of judicial perjury than men are, and Schopenhauer thinks it fairly questionable whether they should be deemed capable of taking an oath at all in a court of law.

But he would have their disabilities go further than this. "I am of opinion," he says, "that before a tribunal the testimony of a

woman should, *ceteris paribus*, have less weight than a man's, so that, for example, two male witnesses should outweigh any two, or even four female witnesses. For I believe that the female sex in the mass emits daily three times as many lies as the male." Women too being, with rare exceptions, inclined to extravagance, property ought to be protected from their folly. "They should never be considered free agents, but always stand under effective male supervision, either of their father, their husband, their son, or the State—as it is in India. They should never be allowed to have the free disposal of a property not earned by themselves. A woman needs always a guardian, should therefore never act as one."

Will the fair sex endorse the following? "Between men exists by nature mere indifference, but between women exists by nature hostility. . . . Even when they meet in the streets they look at one another as Guelphs and Ghibellines." But "only the beclouded intellect of man could apply the term 'fair' to the low-grown, narrow-shouldered, wide-hipped and short-legged sex. . . . More justly than the fair might one call the female sex the unæsthetic. Neither for music, nor poetry, nor the plastic arts have they any real sense or perception ; it is mere ape-like imitation, another form of coquetry, if they affect and pretend to it." Schopenhauer would have the position of women altered in a thoroughly reactionary sense, for the ancients and eastern people allotted to women a far more fitting position than we do with our old-French gallantry and absurd respect for women. "The European lady is a being that should not exist ; there should only be housewives and girls who hope to become housewives, and they should be brought up, therefore, not to arrogance, but to domesticity and subjection." According to Mr. Baring Gould it is in this reactionary direction that German ideas and practice with regard to the position of women have actually been moving in recent years. Let us therefore be thankful that in England at least the influence of Mr. Mill and Mr. Spencer has moved us in the reverse and far more liberal direction.

Schopenhauer devotes a chapter to jurisprudence and politics ; but his political ideas have little originality or value. He is a firm believer in monarchy as against republicanism, having lived long before Mr. Carnegie's Triumphant Democracy. The former system of government he holds to be natural to man, almost as much so as to bees and ants. The animal organism, in its subjection to the brain, is monarchically constructed. The planetary system itself is monarchical. "But the republican system is as unnatural to man as it is unfavourable to the higher intellectual life, and so to the arts

and sciences." Yet there is an idea that Phidias and Praxiteles were no contemptible artists in the days when the Athenian republic flourished under the statesmanship of Pericles. The jury system Schopenhauer calls the worst of all criminal tribunals ; and as for the impartiality of a jury, would not an accused have far more to fear from his fellow-classmen than from perfectly strange criminal judges ?

As a contribution to the Socialistic eight-hours-labour movement, Schopenhauer's suggestion is of interest, that there should be no whole days of vacation, but more hours of vacation. "How beneficial would be the effect of the sixteen hours of the wearisome and thereby dangerous Sunday, if twelve of them were distributed over all the days of the week. . . . The ancients had no weekly day of rest." He admits, however, that it would be difficult to protect the people in their possession of these hours of leisure ; nor has any solution of the difficulty been yet propounded by the friends of the change in question.

A long chapter of the "Parerga" is devoted to the subject of University Philosophy, and consists of denunciations of philosophers, like Hegel and Schelling, who received pay for the teaching of philosophy. Yet it is fair to remember that Schopenhauer himself lectured for a brief season at Berlin, and desisted only because he failed to get an audience. Hegel he calls "the awkward and disgusting charlatan, that pernicious man, who has completely disorganised and destroyed the heads of a whole generation." "A whole generation of educated men, intellectually paralysed and rendered incapable of all thinking . . . that has been the renowned influence of Hegel." Again, Hegel is "the ignorant charlatan, who with unexampled impudence, smeared together foolishness and nonsense, which was betrumpered by his venal disciples as immortal wisdom and as such accepted by stupid people, whereby so perfect a chorus of admiration arose that the like of it never had been heard." Most Englishmen will probably agree with Schopenhauer that Hegelian literature is for the most part "the concealment of the bitterest poverty of thought under an indefatigable, stupifying twaddle, wherein one may read for hours long without obtaining a single clearly expressed definite thought."

The success of Hegel seems really to have embittered the whole of Schopenhauer's existence ; and the dislike the latter felt for the more popular philosopher passed into a dislike scarcely less acute for the nation with whom Hegel's fame was identified. "Must I, forsooth, as a good patriot launch forth into praise of the Germans

and of Germanism, and rejoice because I have belonged to this and to no other nation. . . . Charlatans, without spirit and without merit, that is what belongs to the Germans ; not men like myself. . . . Wieland calls it a misfortune to be born a German ; Bürger, Mozart, Beethoven, would have agreed with him, and so do I." "The true national character of the Germans is clumsiness ; this is what is conspicuous in their walk, their actions, their speech, their conversation, their understanding and thinking, but quite especially in their style of writing." "The Germans distinguish themselves from other nations by the slovenliness of their style as of their dress."

It is interesting to turn from Schopenhauer's judgment of his compatriots to that he formed of our own nation, recalling the fact that he spent some months of his boyhood at an English school near Wandsworth, and all his life was an habitual reader of the *Times*. The English are by nature "better provided with understanding, intelligence, power of judgment and firmness of character, than any other nation, but sunk far below any other and made positively contemptible by their stupid church superstition." The English priests have brought it about "that even in the best informed and most enlightened heads the fundamental system of thought is a mixture of the coarsest materialism with the stupidest Jewish superstition . . . and that, in consequence of the Oxford education, lords and gentlemen belong in the principal matter to the multitude." He suggests that missionaries of reason and enlightenment should be sent to England, with Von Bohlen's and Strauss' *critiques* of the Bible in one hand, and Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason* in the other, to put an end to the scandal of English bigotry. "It is no longer to be borne, that those priests should degrade the most intelligent and in almost every respect the foremost nation of Europe to the lowest through the coarsest bigotry, and should thereby render them contemptible." Again, "There exists no church more light-shunning than the English ; and just because no other has so great pecuniary interests at stake, its income amounting to £5,000,000, which is said to be £40,000 more than that of all the rest of the clerical body of both hemispheres taken together." The source of this state of things he finds in the law of primogeniture, which compels the aristocracy to provide for their younger sons by putting them into livings. He goes so far as to propose, by way of putting an end to this "scandal for Europe," that educated Englishmen, travelling on the Continent and manifesting their sabbatarian superstition, should be shamed into common sense by being treated with unconcealed contempt.

We have already seen that Schopenhauer was in politics an

extreme Tory, but English Toryism was a degree too much even for him. "The English show their great intelligence no less in this, that they hold their old institutions, manners, and customs for fixed and sacred, even to the danger of carrying such tenacity too far, and even to the extent of the ludicrous."

The Tory love for war and militarism, however, found no supporter in Schopenhauer. He is fond of repeating Voltaire's saying, which all history proves, that all wars are at bottom a matter of pillage ("*Dans toutes les guerres il ne s'agit que de voler*"). The origin of all wars is, he says, the lust of theft ; and it is because of the fundamental monotony which pervades history on that account, that history was a branch of study in which he never found any real interest. "History has always been a favourite study with those who would fain learn something without undertaking the effort which the real sciences with their claim on the understanding demand . . . He who, like myself, cannot help in all history seeing ever the same thing, as in a kaleidoscope by every turn one sees ever the same things under other configurations, cannot cherish that passionate interest, but will not however blame it. It is only laughable and absurd that many should wish to make history a part of philosophy or even philosophy itself, under the fancy that it can take its place."

Schopenhauer deplotes the growing neglect of the study of the ancient languages, and there is a passage in his main work that is worth quoting in these days of the revival of superstition and the decline of classical learning. "The study of the classical authors is very properly called the study of Humanity, for through it the student first becomes a man again, for he enters then into the world which was still free from the absurdities of the Middle Ages and of Romanticism, which afterwards penetrated so deeply into mankind in Europe that every one even now comes into the world covered with it, and has first to strip it off simply to become a man again. Think not that your modern wisdom can ever supply the place of that initiation into manhood ; ye are not, like the Greeks and Romans, born freemen, unfettered sons of nature. Ye are first the sons and heirs of the barbarous Middle Ages, of their madness, and of infamous priestcraft." It is perhaps owing to their never having been taught in this sense in England that the modern revulsion from the classics is due. Schopenhauer, who knew how to use strong language, was so disgusted with this tendency that he calls even the editing of Greek and Latin authors with German notes "a swinishness and an infamy." But it is surely carrying it too far to complain, as he does, that in scientific and learned works quotations from Greek and Latin authors should be accompanied by German translations.

The fact that Schopenhauer did not begin to learn even Latin before he was twenty perhaps helps to account for his genuine devotion to the classics. How few of the victims of an English classical education would sincerely re-echo the following? "There is no greater refreshment for the spirit than the reading of the ancient classics ; as soon as one has taken up any one of them, were it only for half an hour, one feels oneself immediately refreshed, alleviated, purified, raised and strengthened, just as much as if one had bathed in a fresh spring." But then Schopenhauer had no school associations with the classics. Would experience bear him out that a knowledge of Latin composition is an indispensable preliminary to great authorship? Yet is it true that "the man who knows no Latin is like a person who finds himself in a beautiful country in foggy weather ; his horizon is extremely limited . . . the horizon of the Latin scholar on the other hand stretches very far, through the latter centuries, the Middle Ages, and antiquity."

The immense amount of mischief caused by the development of the modern press by magnifying or gratuitously producing causes of public alarm for the sake of the momentary sensation was one of the evils of our time noticed by Schopenhauer. The expression is a happy one, that "the newspapers are the seconds-hands of history . . . and leading articles are the chorus that accompanies the drama of passing events." But since exaggeration of every kind is essential to newspaper writing, all journalists are, by the nature of their trade, alarmists, in order to be interesting. "They are like small dogs who whenever anything moves, forthwith set up a loud barking."

With the thing he disliked Schopenhauer knew no such thing as toleration or resignation. His crusade against beards is a case in point. His objection to them was founded on the absurd idea that they put a man's masculinity in greater prominence than his humanity. In all highly civilised times and countries the shaving of the beard has betokened, he argues, the desire of men to distinguish themselves as men from the common animal world. This shaving has ever been the barometer of intellectual culture, among the Greeks and among the Romans. Charlemagne suffered not beards Louis XIV. abolished them. They had always increased step by step with barbarism, which was the reason they flourished so much in the Middle Ages, "that millennium of coarseness and ignorance," and was also the proof of the growing barbarism of his own time. He would have them forbidden by the police. But is there, for all this fulmination, one bearded barbarian in Europe the less?

From his hatred to noise Schopenhauer would find fewer dissen-

tients than in the matter of beards. He devotes a short chapter entirely to this subject, and one can only wish that it were compulsorily taught in all schools both at home and abroad. Dislike of noise he holds to be one of the signs of a superior mind, instancing for proof of this, Goethe, Kant, Lichtenberg, and Jean Paul; people who are indifferent to noise are also indifferent to arguments, to thought, to poems and works of art. Noise is the interruption of thought, but of course where no thought is, there is no sense of interruption. Few who have travelled abroad will disagree with Schopenhauer that the most shameful of all noises is what he calls "the truly infernal cracking of whips." No sound cuts through the brain so sharply as this. It goes through a thinker's meditations like a sword through the spinal cord. "Nothing gives me so clear an idea of the stupidity and thoughtlessness of men as the license of whip cracking." "I do not see that a fellow who is moving a waggon-load of sand or manure should thereby be privileged to quash at birth every rising thought in 10,000 heads in succession in half an hour's journey. The beating of hammers, the barking of dogs, the shrieks of children are horrible; but the real thought-murderer *par excellence* is the crack of a whip." It is an impudent insult by that portion of the community which works with its arms against that which works with its head. That is perhaps to put it strongly; but if we begin a crusade against noise, do not let us forget the railway whistle, the muffin bell, and the organ-grinder.

Another modern evil that Schopenhauer showed his sound sense in denouncing was the practice of overworking. The brain should be allowed its full amount of sleep, which is for man what winding-up is for a clock, and the more developed and active a brain is the more sleep will it require. One should accustom oneself to regard and to treat one's intellectual qualities as physiological functions, and not do, as Frederick the Great did, who once tried to wean himself from the habit of sleep altogether. It is from neglect of this principle that so many able men, as Sir Walter Scott, Wordsworth, Southey, and Kant, tempted by the high rewards offered them for work which put too great a tension on their brain, sank in their later days into second childhood. Schopenhauer rightly considered that health was so far the largest element in such happiness as was possible to man that he made all other considerations secondary and subordinate to it. Other philosophers have taught the same thing, but the world for the most part has paid them little attention.

J. A. FARRER.

THE AUDIENCE ON THE STAGE.

ALTHOUGH the subject under hand is not one that can be satisfactorily treated without frequent resort to those "details, quotations, legends, and learned minutiae," which, in the opinion of the writer of an amusing collection of theatrical essays, "have combined to render the literature of the stage second only to a Chancery suit of the 'Jarndyce v. Jarndyce' description"; yet it has something of picturesqueness, and is not altogether devoid of a certain element of humour. The history of that curious and long-extended custom of allowing a portion of the audience to loll about on the stage during the performance is worthy of being viewed at length in its chronological aspect, if only because it goes to explain away many mystifying points in connection with early dramatic literature. Too often, indeed, has the closet reader lost sight of the restricted circumstances under which the plays of, let us say, the Elizabethan dramatists were presented to the public. The only wonder is that an evil which led to a protracted observance of the Unities in France, delayed for long the regular employment of scenery in England, and generally retarded the progress of scenic illusion everywhere, should not have previously undergone the severest scrutiny.

Whence, indeed, arose this noxious custom, common alike at one period to all the European theatres? We know that in the early French and English miracle plays—precursors of the drama proper—little or no attempt was made to give illusion to the scene. Certain absurd conventions, analogous to those still rampant in the Chinese theatres, prevailed. Once on the stage, no actor ever left the audience's sight. After delivering his speech he sat him down on a bench at the side, and was tacitly supposed to be out of sight and hearing. In all probability it was this total disregard for scenic illusion, backed by the lure of extra profits, that induced the actors on the rise of the drama proper to allow the rabble-hating gentry and nobility to sit on the stage. So far as England was concerned, there were no proprieties to be outraged in the eyes of the players at that period. They were "rogues and vagabonds," socially as well

as by Act of Parliament. The playhouse was but a step removed from the beargarden. But poor Sock and Buskin suffered in the flesh for their folly, unto the third and fourth generation.

Conceive for a moment the aggravating circumstances under which a play of Shakespeare or Ben Jonson first saw the light ! It is now well assured that spectators were allowed to lounge on the rush-strewn boards at the public and private theatres indifferently. But the custom did not take root at the common playhouses without protest on the part of the groundlings, who frequently showered curses on the heads of those who were impeding their view of the actors. Entrance to the stage was obtained through the 'tiring room, where a general fee of admission was first levied, the playgoer paying an extra sixpence to an inner attendant for the use of a "tripos," or three-legged stool. Between the years 1604 and 1611, however, the latter-mentioned impost was doubled, probably with the idea of discouraging a practice which, on the testimony of Marston as delivered through one of his characters in the introduction to "What You Will" (1607), "wronged the general eye very much." But the players, in their greed of gain, seemed to have placed no limit on the number to be admitted to the stage; hence, when the supply of stools became exhausted, the late-comers had to rest content with a bed in the rushes. They lay about in all directions, like so many Hamlets at the feet of Ophelia, ostensibly doing their best to impede the action of the play. There was also a plentiful supply of "deadheads;" for so late as the year 1620 all poets, playwrights, and pamphleteers had the right of *entrée* behind for themselves and their pages, with free "chairs." Then again, we learn from a passage in Kemp's "Nine Days' Wonder" (1600) that when a pickpocket was caught in the act of pursuing his calling in the theatre, he was tied to a post (kept for the purpose) on the stage, "for all people to wonder at." An odd thing truly !

The stool-holding exquisite of the period, arrayed in all the glory of

—A jerkin cudgel'd with gold lace,
A profound slop, a hat scarce pipkin high—

whiled away the time in a variety of pleasant ways ere the quaking prologue made his appearance. If with companions, he played cards and drank ; if more reticent, he read the latest thing in pamphlets, purchased most likely from an enterprising vendor at the playhouse door. Failing these expedients, he "took" tobacco and kept his page busy replenishing his pipe. An allusion to this practice is made by Henry Hutton, in his "Folly's Anatomy" (1619).

The *Globe* to-morrow acts a pleasant play ;
In hearing it consume the irksome day :
Go take a pipe of To : the *crowded* stage
Must needs be graced with you and your page.
Swear for a place with each controlling fool,
And send your hackney servant for a stool.

Ale, wine, nuts, fruits in season, and sometimes tobacco were vended in all parts of the theatre at this early period. The pipe was passed from mouth to mouth, very much after the manner practised nowadays by a group of Irish navvies, even such representatives of the fair sex as were present not disdaining to puff the fragrant weed in turn. So far as the stage-loungers were concerned, the practice was highly reprehensible ; indeed, considering the inflammable nature of the rushes beneath their feet, it is a matter for some surprise that fires were so infrequent in the Elizabethan theatres. One pities the unfortunate actors, hampered in their movements, and half-choked with the clouds of tobacco smoke floating around them. In their heart of hearts, play-wrights and players detested and despised these, for the most part, vacant-minded dandies ; and the former lost no opportunity in satirising them. Thus we find Beaumont and Fletcher in their "Scornful Lady," girding fiercely at certain swashbucklers and Captain Bobadils, who had no use for their swords beyond making them a medium of reaching fire to light their pipes when on the stage. Dekker, too, has pilloried the stool-holder for all time, in a vein of scathing irony, unexcelled even by the sarcasms of Molière. Not the least interesting chapter in that vivid picture of Elizabethan life, "The Gul's Hornbook" (1609), is that headed "How a Gallant should behave himself in a Playhouse." For obvious reasons I am compelled to make a very considerable compression, and have only preserved here those portions having the most direct bearing on the present subject.¹

The *theatre* is your poet's Royal Exchange, upon which their muses (that are now turn'd to merchants) meeting, barter away that light commodity of words for a lighter ware than words, *plaudites* and the *breath* of the great *beast*, which (like the threatnings of two cowards) vanish all into aire. . . . Sithence then the place is so free in entertainment, allowing a stoole as well to the farmer's sonne as to your Templer : that your stinkard has the self-same libertie to be there in his tobacco fumes, which your courtier hath : and that your carman and tinker claime as strong a voice in their suffrage, and sit to give judgment on the plaies' life and death, as well as the proudest *Momus* among the tribe of critick ;

¹ Should the reader feel disposed to become acquainted with the entire chapter, he will find it in Dr. Grosart's edition of Dekker's *Prose Works* (Huth Library Series, 5 vols., 1885-6).

it is fit that hee, whom the most tailors' bills do make room for, when he comes, should not be basely (like a vyoll) cas'd up in a corner.

Whether, therefore, the gatherers of the publique or private playhouses stand to receive the afternoon's rent, let our gallant (having paid it) presently advance himselfe up to the throne of the stage. I meane not in the lords' roome (which is now but the stage's suburbs) . . . but on the very rushes where the comedy is to daunce, yea and under the state of *Cambises* himselfe must our feather'd estridge, like a peece of ordnance be planted valiantly (because impudently) beating downe the mewes and hisses of the opposed rascality . . . By sitting on the stage you may (with small cost) purchase the deere acquaintance of the boyes : have a good stoole for sixpence : at anytime know what particular part any of the infants present : get your match lighted, examine the play-suits' lace, and perhaps win wagers upon laying 'tis copper, &c. And to conclude, whether you be a foole or a Justice of the peace, a cuckold or a captin, a lord maior's sonne or a dawcocke, a knave or an under shrieve, of what stamp soever you be, currant or counterfet, the stagelike time will bring you to most perfect light, and lay you open : neither are you to be hunted from thence though the scar-crowes in the yard hoot you, hiss at you, spit at you, yea throw dirt even in your teeth : 'tis most gentleman-like patience to endure all this, and to laugh at the silly animals. But if the rabble, with a full throat, crie away with the foole, you were worse than a madman to tarry by it ; for the gentleman and the foole should never sit on the stage together. . . . Now, sir, if the writer be a fellow that hath either epigram'd you, or hath had a flirt at your mistris, or hath brought either your feather or your red-beard, or your little legs, &c., on the stage, you shall disgrace him worse than by tossing him in a blanket, or giving him the bastinado in a taverne, if in the middle of his play (bee it pastorall or comedy, morall or tragedie) you rise with a skreund and discontented face from your stoole to be gone : no matter whether the scenes be good or no ; the better they are, the worse doe you distast them ; and beeing on your feete, sneake not away like a coward, but salute all your gentle acquaintance that are spread either on the rushes or on the stooles about you, and draw what troope you can from the stage after you : the *mimicks* are beholden to you for allowing them elbow room : their poet cries perhaps, a pox go with you, but care not you for that : there's no musick without frets, &c., &c.

It would appear that many of the old dramatists after railing, like Dekker, in good round set terms against the iniquity of the custom, settled themselves down quite composedly to turn it to practical advantage. Hence we have several early plays, in which the author has arranged for the actors to represent spectators on the stage engaging in conversation either in a prelude or in interludes between the acts. The utility of this expedient, such as it was, will be best seen in examining one or two particular instances. Thus in Ben Jonson's "Every Man Out of his Humour" (1599), a number of persons are presented in the guise of ordinary stool-holders, who talk among themselves in the breathing places proper, and so continue to convey to the general body of spectators some explanation of the author's meaning in obscure situations. This artifice, which has its analogue in the *Gracioso* of the Spanish drama, was again employed in Jonson's

"Staple of News" and "Magnetic Lady." In two of Marston's plays, "The Malcontent" (1604) and "What you Will" (1607), actors are presented impersonating stage loungers in an induction. In the latter mentioned (probably performed at the Blackfriars Theatre), Atticus says to his two cronies:—"Let's place ourselves within the curtains, for goodfaith the stage is so little." Beaumont and Fletcher, however, in their "Knight of the Burning Pestle" (1611), seem to have played the greatest pranks upon the audience. In this Quixote-like burlesque, the actors are proceeding sedately with the business of the Induction when they are noisily interrupted by three of their kind seated among the spectators. The trio represent a citizen, his wife and their man-servant. The citizen insists, whimsically enough, that there should be a grocer in the play about to be performed and that he should achieve wonders. His wife, descending to particularities, suggests that this grocer-hero should kill a lion with a pestle, and adds that their man Ralph is just the very one to act the part. Then without more ado they all make their way to the stage, and Ralph taking his place amongst the actors, performs the feats already outlined by his master and mistress.

While the English pamphleteers, up to the time that Lenton wrote his "Young Gallant's Whirligig" (1629), had never ceased jeering and gibing at the "golden ass," who found a seat on the stage the best means of airing his prodigality and egregious conceit, the actors' cause in France had gone unchampioned, although they had been simultaneously suffering under similar discomforts. Indeed, the only check (and that of the most trivial kind), put upon stage lounging in the Parisian theatres previous to the year 1759, was occasioned by intermittent performances of opera. The first Italian opera produced in France was heard in 1645; but native lyric art had little being before the year 1672. Riccoboni gives as a reason for the banishment of the stool-holders, during operatic performances, that their presence "would be a great hindrance to the execution of the machinery, the choruses, and the dancing, the stage of the opera being in its contrivance nothing different from that of the play-house." As this learned authority on the Continental theatres makes no mention of the prevalence of this odious custom in Italy, there is some reason for believing either that the practice of sitting on the stage was altogether unknown there, or at least, had been greatly lessened at an early period through the elaborate use made by the Italians of scenery and mechanical effects. In France the protracted observance of the habit, undoubtedly went as far towards preserving respect for the Unities (especially that of place), as the strictures of the

critics ; while the strong hold it had obtained in our own country retarded the introduction of scenery on the stage, many years after some of the most elaborate effects of the Italians had been familiarised to the nobility by Inigo Jones, in the Masques.

The grievances of the French players were very much those of their English brethren. Not content with conversing in tones that often-times drowned the dialogue of the play, the vapid-minded loungers on the boards would mingle on occasion with the actors while the action was going on, the two incongruous elements being so mixed up that the entrance of a real live Marquis was frequently mistaken, by the spectators in front, for that of one of the characters represented. In the long opening speech put into the mouth of Eraste, in "*Les Fâcheux*" (1661), Molière takes consummate revenge for all the inconvenience he had experienced through the cruel thoughtlessness of the stage bore. A comparison of this (too long for quotation in extenso), with Dekker's satirical advice to the Gallant, will show how much the stool-holders of the two nations had in common. "I was on the stage," Eraste remarks to his servant, "all ears for the play which I had heard well spoken of by some friends ; the actors had begun ; the house was in profound silence when, in comes a blustering fellow with large canions and extravagant manners who cried out, 'Ho there ! give me a seat, and quickly !' He disturbed the audience with the row that he made and interrupted the play in its first part. 'Good heavens !' said I, 'will Frenchmen, so often rallied about their manners, never behave themselves like sensible men ? Must they even play the fool on the public stage and confirm, by their senseless conduct, what is said of them by all their neighbours !' While I was shrugging my shoulders at the thought of all this, the actors turned to go on again, but the man made a fresh uproar in seating himself, for with long strides crossing over the stage (though he might have been perfectly comfortable on either side), came and stuck his chair right in front, and with his broad back turned towards the audience, hid the actors from three-fourths of the pit, &c." We find Molière returning again to the assault in the sixth scene of "*La Critique de l'Ecole des Femmes*," where he makes Dorante speak in glowing terms of the common sense and judgment displayed by the groundlings, whose exuberant applause when tickled was voted "bad form," by the disdainful Marquises de Mascarille seated on the stage. The great comic genius of France, however, put the much abused privilege to considerable account on one notable occasion, when he visited the Hôtel de Bourgogne to see the caricature of himself and his wife as drawn by Boursault in his

"Portrait du Peintre" (1663.) He had the extreme hardihood to seat himself on the stage as an ordinary spectator, and is said to have brought dire consternation into the rival camp by his audacity.

At a later period still, Baron, the celebrated actor, would frequently turn his back upon the groundlings and play entirely to the audience upon the stage, with the view of making them thoroughly ashamed of themselves. About the year 1720, the highest price allowed to be charged in the theatres was placed upon the stage-seats, which could be secured before the performance by sending an unliveried servant. We learn from Riccoboni's "Account of the Theatres in Europe," that the Princes of the Blood had the right, when visiting the theatre without giving notice, to usurp the best boxes whether previously secured by others or not. They generally chose, however, in a case of that sort, to sit on the stage, when the front seats were at once given up to them by the holders. On their appearance in the theatre, the whole audience rose to their feet, and the players suspended action until they were seated. It was customary then, as it was at one time in the English theatres, to give out the play for the next evening at the conclusion of the performance. When Royalty was seated on the stage, etiquette ordained that the actor who gave out the piece should make a profound obeisance before the titled personages, and humbly beg leave to fulfil his office!

At this juncture we can very conveniently scramble back again to our own country, and take up the broken thread of the narrative. Davenant having, after the Restoration, introduced scenery for the first time on the regular stage, found loungers behind the scenes somewhat in the way, and so flew to the Crown for protection. The King readily acceded to his demands and issued the following order—the first of a remarkable series issued from time to time in mitigation of this abuse :—

"Whereas complaint hath been made unto us of great disorders in the Attiring-house of the Theatre of our dearest brother, the Duke of York, under the government of our trusty and well-beloved Sir William Davenant, by the resort of persons thither to the hinderance of the actors, and *interruption of the scenes*. Our will and pleasure is that no person, of what quality soever, do presume to enter at the door of the Attiring-house, but such only as do belong to the Company and are employed by them. Requiring the guards attending there, and all whom it may concern, to see that obedience be given hereunto. And that the names, &c. *Ut supra*, dated the 25th February 1664-65. By, &c."

Strange to say, no more notice was taken of these terrible documents than if they had emanated from the jovial monarch of Comic opera.

The Court was perpetually issuing them, and yet it was rare for a new prologue to be delivered that did not openly complain of the stage beaux. Take the reign of Queen Anne, for example. A general order for the better regulation of the theatres, issued under date January 17, 1704, contains the following:—

And being further desirous to reform all other indecencies and abuses of the stage, which have occasioned great disorders and justly given offence, our will and pleasure is, and we do hereby strictly command that no person, of what quality soever, presume to go behind the scenes, or come upon the stage, either before or during the acting of any play, &c., &c.

This order was repeated at the end of a letter from Sir J. Stanley to Mr. Collier (November 19, 1709), empowering the attorney to act plays at Drury Lane; and again, in a proclamation by the Queen, dated November 15, 1711, levelled against several abuses which were reckoned subversive of all decency and regularity. It is to the last-mentioned order that a letter in the 240th *Spectator* (December 5, 1711) refers. In this communication "Charles Easy" complains of the presence at the theatre one night of "a sort of beau, who, getting into one of the side boxes before the curtain drew, was disposed to show the whole audience his activity by leaping over the spikes; he passed from thence to one of the entering doors, where he took snuff with a tolerable good grace, displayed his fine clothes, made two or three feint passes at the curtain with his cane, then faced about and appeared at the other door. Here he affected to survey the whole house, bowed and smiled at random, and then showed his teeth, which were, *some of them*, indeed very white. After this he returned behind the curtain and obliged us with several views of his person from every opening. During the time of acting he appeared frequently in the prince's department,¹ made one at the hunting match, and was very forward in the rebellion. If there were no injunction to the contrary, yet this practice must be confessed to diminish the pleasure of the audience, and for that reason presumptuous and unwarrantable; but since her Majesty's late command has made it criminal, you have authority to take notice of it."

Despite the mandates of the Crown, the bloods of the town persisted in keeping up the old-established custom. "No person can be admitted to stand on the stage," was the intimation which Manager Rich saw fit to append to the announcement of the performance of an opera called "The Prophetess," at the Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre, on January 28, 1716. When such scenes of picturesque disorder as that about to be related were the outcome of this practice,

¹ The play was "Philaster."

one can quite well understand why the managers should be anxious to institute a wholesome reform. During the performance of "Macbeth" at Rich's Theatre, on February 1, 1721, a besotted nobleman, who is said never to have gone to bed sober for a period of six years, aroused the indignation of the audience by crossing over the stage and interfering with the action. The manager, happening to be standing at the wings at the time, walked towards the transgressor and said, "I hope your Lordship will not take it ill if I give orders to the stage-door keeper not to admit you any more." His Lordship's reply took the form of a slap in the face, which Rich at once returned with interest. Matters then assumed a serious aspect. The drunken companions of the delinquent immediately rallied around him, and things would have gone hard with poor Harlequin Lun had not the actors, sword in hand, driven the titled sots into the street. Thirsting for revenge, the rioters then found their way round to the "front" of the house, and were proceeding to hack and smash everything they could reach with their swords when, much to their surprise, they were carried off by a constable and watchman, whom Quin had very thoughtfully apprised of the proceedings. They were taken before Justice Hungerford, who bound them over to answer the consequences. Next day their courage evaporated with the fumes of the liquor, and they were fain to make peace with the much-abused manager. The King, upon hearing of the affair, granted the theatre a guard of soldiers nightly (as at Drury Lane). This favour also conferred upon the house in Lincoln's Inn Fields the treasured title of "Theatre Royal."

On the Spanish stage at this period a certain compromise had been effected. At the *De Capaz Spada*, or simple comedy, the Royal Judge (*Alcalde de Corte*) was permitted to sit near the wings, with his retinue behind and on each side. But in more pretentious pieces, where the boards were laden with scenery, they were all relegated to a dark box bordering on the pit. Something similar was subsequently brought about at Drury Lane under the famous Wilks, Booth and Cibber rule. The fops were deprived of the privilege of roaming behind the scenes on all occasions except benefit nights, when the greed of the actors got the better of their principles. Colley Cibber appears to claim a little too much on behalf of himself and colleagues, but there is a large measure of truth in what he says in *The Apology* :

"Among our many necessary Reformatations, what not a little deserv'd to us the Regard of our Auditors was the Decency of our clear stage ; from whence we had now, for many Years, shut out these idle Gentlemen who seem'd more

delighted to be pretty Objects themselves, than capable of any Pleasure from the Play : Who took their daily stand where they might best elbow the actor, and come in for their share of the Auditors' Attention. In many a labour'd Scene of the warmest Humour and of the most affecting passion have I seen the best Actors disconcerted, while these buzzing Muscatos have been fluttering round their Eyes and Ears. How was it possible an Actor so embarrass'd should keep his Impatience from entering into that different temper which his personated Character might require him to be Master of? . . . I have been the more copious upon this Head that it might be judg'd how much it stood us upon to have got rid of those improper spectators I have been speaking of : For whatever regard we might draw by keeping them at a distance from our stage, I had observed while they were admitted behind our scenes, we but too often shew'd them the wrong side of our Tapestry ; and that many a tolerable Actor was the less valued when it was known what ordinary stuff he was made of."

How far the Drury Lane triumvirate really mitigated the nuisance is not quite ascertainable, as with their disappearance from the scene the practice appears to have become as regular as ever. Wright, in announcing his benefit at Drury Lane for the 27th of April, 1738, wound up with the intimation that "To prevent any interruption in the performance, there will be no seats built on the stage." Again, the playbill at this theatre on the 3rd of October following contained the ensuing significant paragraph :—"N.B.—The audience having lately been much disturbed at the performance being interrupted by persons crowding on the stage, it is humbly hoped none will take it ill that they can't be admitted behind the scenes in the future."

Meanwhile Rich, from mere common-sense motives, was desirous of effecting a similar reform at Covent Garden. His reasons for banishing the fops from the boards of that theatre during the run of a new pantomime were publicly stated to be the prevention of "any obstructions in the movements of the machinery," the real fact being, however, that he was "tenderly tenacious of his harlequin jacket being profaned or infringed upon, and kept his holy rites and mysteries of serpents, lions, Druids, &c., sacred from the inspection of all curious, prying inspectors." Rich appears to have received some outside assistance in his endeavours to render his stage clear. In January, 1742, a letter was published in the journals from some coffee-house wit, setting forth that "he was secretary to a society of gentlemen who wished him to acquaint the town with the fact that they will not suffer our entertainments to be interrupted by a set of people who make it their practice every night to flutter and to grin and bow behind the scenes, with huge muffs and French airs and tawdry outlandish dress. We intend to be at Covent Garden house on Tuesday, and endeavour to remove this nuisance, equally grievous to the audience, the actors, and Mr. Rich, *for the beaux seldom pay.*"

The flagrancy of the indecorums tolerated at this period on the Dublin stage could not be better exemplified than by the indignity to which, owing to the apathetic indifference of the pit, Mrs. Woffington was exposed at Smock Alley in June of this year. The play was "*King Lear*," with Peg as Cordelia, and Garrick in the title-role. In the scene where the demented monarch is found sleeping on the stage, with his head in Cordelia's lap, one of the stage beaux actually stepped from the wings and, without protest on the part of the audience, forced his nauseous embraces upon the astonished actress. What poor Garrick's feelings were on the occasion deponent sayeth not.

While Dublin as yet showed no sign, the London managers were for ever racking their brains to devise some plausible pretext for permanently excluding the bloods of the town from the actors' side of the theatre. Hence such ingenious announcements as the following, issued in connection with the revival of "*King John*" at Drury Lane on the 20th of February, 1745 :—"It is hoped no gentleman will take it ill, he cannot be admitted behind the scenes, the play being so full of characters that any company there will be of great prejudice to the performance."

Unchecked from time immemorial by the representatives of law and order in Dublin, the growth of this custom had led to never-ending inconvenience. Owing to the license thus given the male members of fashionable society in the Hibernian capital, they even reserved to themselves the right of attending all rehearsals held at the theatres. Sheridan, at Smock Alley, had long dreamt of stemming the tide of these abuses, when an unforeseen circumstance brought about that consummation so devoutly to be wished. During the performance of "*Æsop*" on January 19, 1746-7, a young gentleman of good social standing, called Kelly, suddenly left his seat in the pit, where he had been reclining in an intoxicated condition, and climbing over the orchestra spikes, made his way to the Green-room. Arrived there he proceeded to address some very filthy language to Mrs. Dyer, an actress of irreproachable character, which was no sooner uttered than all the ladies present beat a precipitate retreat to their dressing-rooms. Kelly had the extreme impudence to follow after them, and, upon finding himself denied entrance by one and all, created such a din that the action of the piece had to be stopped on account of the noise. When this ceased the stage was kept waiting for Miss Bellamy, the Doris of the play, who refused to stir from her room until the intruder had been removed. Kelly was then ejected, but made his way round to the manager's room after the perform-

ance, and saluted him with several undignified epithets. This was more than flesh and blood could stand, and Sheridan then and there administered to this insolent young hound the sound thrashing which he had been so persistently seeking. On a subsequent night, when the manager was expected to appear as Horatio, in "The Fair Penitent," the audience was informed by Mr. Dyer that, owing to certain threats that had been uttered, Mr. Sheridan deemed it advisable to refrain from acting. Scarcely had the explanation been made when Kelly, accompanied by fully twenty of his cronies, clambered over the spikes, and searched the theatre from cellars to gridiron for the recalcitrant manager. Happily for him, that gentleman had taken the precaution to remain under his own roof strongly guarded. Next day this emeute was the theme of general conversation. Many sober-minded citizens supported Sheridan's cause, while others, from a spirit of mischief, or because of family relations, lent their weight to the opposition. The interest taken in the dispute may be gleaned from the fact that, during the month it lasted, "there were as many pamphlets published as would make a large octavo volume." Disturbances took place in the theatre every night Sheridan essayed to appear. The whole city seemed somehow or other inextricably mixed up in the imbroglio. A prominent supporter of the Kelly faction having inadvertently addressed some offensive language to a Trinity student, during one of these riots, was seized the next day by a number of collegians, and compelled, on bare knees, to repeat a form of apology within the precincts of the University. The next move on the board, was the closing of the theatre by the Lords Justices. Sheridan then summoned Kelly for assault, and Kelly retaliated with a counter summons. Great interest was taken in the hearing of these cases, and heavy wagering ensued. They were both heard before Mr. Justice Warde and a full bench, Lord Chief Justice Marlay also being present. Kelly's complaint came first, and was dismissed by the jury without leaving the box. Better remained behind. When Sheridan's charge against Kelly came to be heard the jury found the prisoner guilty, and he was sentenced forthwith to undergo three months' imprisonment, and to pay a fine of five hundred pounds. After judgment had been delivered the Lord Chief Justice, whose presence had given tone to the proceedings, remarked that "attention should be chiefly given to the conduct of those gentlemen at the theatre, as that was a place of public resort," and added, "that any person who found his way behind the scenes, *where money was not taken*, if apprehended, and brought before that court, and the fact proved there, should feel the utmost severity of the law." Kelly's

friends, taken aback by the unexpected turn of affairs, deserted him in his need, thus enabling Sheridan to get the credit of a generous action. After the lapse of a few weeks the manager not only got the heavy fine annulled, but was politic enough to become both solicitor and bail to the court of King's Bench for the wight's enlargement. The theatrical profession have cause to revere the name of Thomas Sheridan, for to him fell the honour of striking the first great blow in the cause of decency behind the scenes. From that time onward actors and actresses performing in Dublin were treated with every consideration and respect ; while, previously, the stage doorkeeper lay under the nightly fear of being spitted by the first drunken roysterer to whom he denied entrance.

Fortified by Sheridan's success, Garrick determined upon seriously tilting at the evil in the metropolis. Strange to say, the principal opposition he met with was from the actors. Their usual formula in announcing a benefit was to append the following to the advertisement :—"Part of the pit will be railed into the boxes and the stage will be made into an amphitheatre, where servants will be allowed to keep places." In the case of an inferior performer who did not anticipate a large house, he substituted for this, "Not any building on the stage." Tate Wilkinson has given us an interesting picture of the absurdities of these temporary erections. Writing in 1790 he says :—

What was termed building on the stage certainly was the greatest nuisance that ever prevailed over an entertainment. But my kind reader, suppose an audience behind the curtain up to the clouds, with persons of a menial cast on the ground, beaux and no beaux crowding the only entrance, what a play it must have been whenever Romeo was breaking open the supposed tomb, which was no more than a screen on those nights set up, and Mrs. Cibber prostrating herself on an old black couch, covered with black cloth, as the tomb of the Capulets, with at least (on a great benefit-night) two hundred persons behind her, which formed the background. Nay the stage, which was not, *thirty years ago*, near so wide as at present, also the stage doors (which must be well remembered), and the stage boxes, before which there were false canvas, inclosed fronts on each side of two or three seats on to the lamps, for ladies of distinction, which rendered it next to impossible for those ladies in the stage-boxes to see at all ; but still it was the fashion, and therefore of course charming and delightful ; . . . The stage spectators were not content with piling on raised seats, till their heads reached the theatrical cloudings, which seats were closed in with dirty worn-out scenery to enclose the painting round from the first wing, the main entrance being up steps from the middle of the back scene, but when that amphitheatre was filled there would be a group of ill-dressed lads and persons sitting on the stage in front, three or four rows deep, otherwise those who sat behind could not have seen, and a riot would have ensued ; so in fact a performer on a popular night could not step his foot with safety, lest he either should thereby hurt or offend, or be thrown down amongst scores of idle tipsy apprentices.

As this building on the stage usually put from £100 to £150 extra into the pocket of the actor (who had, moreover, to pay the heavy charges of the night), Garrick saw the only way to remedy the evil was to enlarge the theatre so that the same receipts might be taken without allowing anyone on the stage. It was under this conviction that the new Drury Lane Theatre, opened by Garrick and Lacy on the 15th of September, 1747, had been built to hold a receipt of some £335. From that date until the 17th of next month the bill of the play regularly presented the following paragraph : "As the admittance of persons behind the scenes has occasioned a general complaint on account of the frequent interruptions in the performance, 'tis hoped gentlemen won't be offended that no money will be taken there for the future." This was all very well so far as Drury Lane was concerned ; but the reform was lop-sided, as the custom held good for many years after at Covent Garden.

Let us now take a final glance abroad. Ever since the year 1728, when he complained bitterly in dedicating his "Brutus" to Lord Bolingbroke of the heartless conduct of the stage loungers, Voltaire had been straining every nerve to rid the French theatre of its burden. A couple of incidents will readily illustrate the extreme hurtfulness of the practice in France. During the representation of "Athalie," on the 16th of December, 1739, so great was the crush on the stage that the actors were unable to finish the piece. A similar block on the first night of Voltaire's "Semiramis" rendered it so difficult for the shade of Ninus to make its appearance, in the great tomb scene, that one of the sentinels deputed to keep the crowd back roared out stentorously: "Room for the ghost, gentlemen please, room for the ghost !" This story is capped by that related in connection with Holland's appearance as Hamlet for his first benefit in the metropolis. The inhabitants of Chiswick on that occasion (many of whom had never set foot in a theatre before) turned out to a man to do honour to their fellow-citizen. When the ghost made apparition, Hamlet's hat, according to a well-worn stage device, suddenly flew off his head. It fell, as luck would have it, at the west end of the amphitheatre hard by the seat of a raw country girl, who was not troubled with many neighbours in that quarter. Fancying her young friend would want his hat, she stepped gently from her seat and placed it on Holland's head, *wrong side foremost and with a tilt that gave him a roystering, drunken air.* Holland finished the scene quite unconscious of the droll figure he was cutting, but as soon as the ghost and he were well off the stage, the audience, having with difficulty restrained their feelings, burst out into one big roar of laughter that shook the roof

of the theatre. So far as France was concerned, no material change took place in the regulation of the theatre until the year 1759, when the stage was cleared of two rows of spectators sitting on each side, through the payment of some 12,000 livres compensation to the sociétaires of the Comédie Française by Count Lauragais.

As previously stated, the stage loungers, when banished from Drury Lane by Garrick, transferred their favours (?) to the rival theatre. When Quin made his last appearance on the stage (for Ryan's benefit) at Covent Garden, on March 19, 1753, the crowd behind the curtain was so great that it was only after considerable inconvenience he was able to make his way before the audience. "One thing more there is that hurts the truth of the representation more than all," says the anonymous author of a thoughtful pamphlet on "*The Actor*," published in 1755, "the suffering a part of the audience to be behind the scenes. The keeping up the illusion of carrying on an appearance of reality is the great merit of theatrical representation, but that is impossible under this disadvantage. Let the decorations of the house, the dress and deportment and recitation of the players be ever so proper, this destroys all. The head of some cropped beau among a set of full-bottomed conspirators destroys all the look of reality." That the writer was dwelling upon no fiction is shown by the petition printed at the bottom of a Covent Garden playbill of September 1763:—

"Whereas many complaints have been made of interruptions in the performances of the theatre, occasioned by the admission of persons behind the scenes; in order to prevent the like for the future, it is humbly hoped no nobleman or gentleman will insist on a privilege so displeasing to the audience in general, whose approbation it is the duty as well as the interest of the managers to endeavour on all occasions to desire."

From that time onwards there appears to have been a general lapse in the observance of the custom. But the old taint still lingered in the theatres, and showed itself so late as fifty years afterwards.¹ We may take as an instance Elliston's benefit at the Opera

¹ I quote the following from Mr. James R. Anderson's interesting series of papers entitled "*Seven Decades of an Actor's Life*," at present appearing in a North-country newspaper and shortly to be issued in book-form.

"On January 23, 1856, I opened at the Theatre Royal, Nottingham, for four nights. Mrs. J. Saville (now a widow) got friends to help her rebuild the theatre which was then very handsome and much improved. Its patrons had also improved, for they came in crowds: business was tremendous! On my last night, the 'farewell night,' the demand for places was so great that the gentlemen of the orchestra were compelled to quit their seats and play behind the scenes. Nor was that all, ladies and gentlemen paid to be allowed to go behind the curtain and

House on September 10, 1804. This clever actor was at that time engaged at the Haymarket, where his popularity was so great that he deemed the theatre too small to hold *all* his friends on his benefit night, and so secured the other. When the curtain drew up on "Pizarro," the immense audience in front was extremely annoyed to find that Elliston had crowded the stage with another batch of auditors. No sooner did the great outburst of sibilation reach the ears of the unapproachable master of oratorical bunkum than he saw another opening for his powers of persuasion. Hand on heart, mouth wreathed in smiles, Elliston advanced to the footlights and confessed he felt it incumbent on him, at all hazards to accommodate those "who had done him an honour, the remembrance of which would never be eradicated from his heart." His peroration was irresistible. "I humbly trust, therefore, that to a *Briton* you will not deny that favour which your *spontaneous* goodness formerly granted to a *Foreigner*." The allusion here was to Madame Banti who, some little time previously, had taken a benefit at the Opera House, when her friends were treated, not to a theatrical performance, but to an operatic concert. The cases were entirely different, but the audience swallowed the bait and put up with the inconvenience.

The question naturally rises, did the abolition of the custom of sitting on the stage throughout Europe materially advance the art of acting and the cause of the drama in general? The answer to this does not lie so near the surface as one would imagine. Of course we know that from that epoch dates the genesis of realistic surroundings, but opinions are very divergent as to the utility of these features on the stage. After all, a modicum of truth underlies the sneer that the modern actor depends largely upon the assistance of the scene-painter for the production of effects. Apologists will tell you that this is more a matter of conventional training than intellectual deficiency. Those, however, who are prone to exalt the living at the expense of the mighty dead, should pause and reflect that many a cherished favourite of to-day would tremble in his shoes had he to return to the discomforts of old—not the least irritating among which was the presence of "The Audience on the Stage."

W. J. LAWRENCE.

stand all the night between the wings. This was a realisation of the custom in Shakespeare's time, when the beaux and belles sat on stools or rolled on the rushes that strewed the stage on both sides. The actors were perfectly astonished and alarmed at being mixed up with the audience, and all declared they had never witnessed such a sight before."

ALEXIS PIRON.

ἅδωρα τὰ δῶρα καὶ ἀνόνητα.—LUCIAN.

IT has often been remarked of actors—and they have doubtless felt it themselves, with chagrin—that their achievements dwindle to a rumour. Nothing survives of them but the credit of excellence. Actors, however, are not alone in leaving no tangible legacy to posterity, and in owing what immortality they may possess solely to what has been said of them. The literary outcome of celebrated wits and conversationalists is sometimes very small. Sallies and repartees, born under the sheen of that “domestic planet,” the lamp, are apt to grow lifeless and vapid when exposed to the purer light of day, and the sunshine seems to extinguish the fire of fancy. Theodore Hook, individually, lingers in the reputation he once created, though his writings are dead; but then, they were never a fair representation of himself. A man, however, who *was* to be found at his best in his books, like Christopher North, may yet outlive them, and survive rather as a character than an author. “The Isle of Palms” has long reposed where Hawthorne says men place the tolerable poetry—on the shelf. And though Scotchmen may yet be met with who speak of the “Noctes” as if Socrates, Lucian, Rabelais, and others, were to be there discovered all rolled into one, yet they are but little in demand, and hasten, it is to be feared, to the land where all things are forgotten.

But the leonine head and mane of glorious John Wilson, his fine voice, grand frame, and athletic habit, remain; and even from his grave there arises an aroma of whuskey and criticism, of poetry and haggis.

Alexis Piron, of whom it is proposed to give a few outlines, was essentially a person who survived in the breath of others, rather than in durable achievements of his own. And though it is true that his comedy of “La Métromanie” is still in some sense alive, for, though not retaining the stage it has to be known by students of French literature, yet it is a piece illustrative of a peculiar phase of social folly more than based on the broad principles of human nature, and,

moreover, cannot be considered a fair specimen of Piron's style, for it is quite unlike anything he thought of before or could ever execute afterwards.

His survival in the mouths of men was as that of the fittest in readiness, in rejoinder, and in instantaneous sallies of wit. This quickness was of course suited for the production of epigrams—given the natural turn for versifying—and the latter Sainte-Beuve admits that Piron fully possessed. Many of these epigrams remain, and a few are good enough to gratify by their brightness when their applicability can no longer be tested or no longer excites interest. Alexis, born at Dijon on July 9, 1689, was the third son of Aimé Piron, master apothecary and poet. For the local capital and its neighbouring towns were famous for the Christmas carols or canticles, called “Noëls Bourguignons,” the principal composer of which was La Monnoye, whose efforts were successful enough to procure him a *fauteuil* in the Academy, nay, for the matter of that, the first *fauteuil*, for up to his reception the Academicians had used ordinary chairs. Of this man the apothecary Piron was at once the friend and the rival. The mother of Alexis was the daughter of a sculptor of note in his day—Dubois—but she had little influence in the family, was retiring and narrow-minded, and altogether eclipsed by her husband, who, wise in drugs and full of versification and wine, broad jester and staunch Catholic, lived to the age of eighty-seven. As Alexis grew up his father was anxious he should take to some regular profession. The priesthood was first thought of, then medicine, and lastly law, which, though the most feasible, and for a time attempted, was very soon abandoned like the others.

He was, in fact, unfitted for staid employments, and made perhaps a right choice in following his natural bent. He said of himself that he sneezed epigrams, and Grimm estimated him, long afterwards, as *une machine à saillies, à rimes et à traits*. Knocking about as a young fellow without employment, Piron took a lively interest in local politics and humour. Beaune was a town serving as a butt to Dijon, and the expression *les ânes de Beaune* passed for an exhaustive description of its inhabitants. Large towns in France are said, generally, to affect some neighbouring small one on which to exercise their wit, and Lille and Turcoing, Montpellier and Lunel are quoted as cases in point. In the last century, Brentford similarly came in for the lashes of London sarcasm. Alexis was a good deal over at Beaune, and notably at the Arquebuse fêtes in 1717. A single instance of the rough joking may suffice. At the theatre, there being too much laughter, a mild young man in the pit called out, “Quiet

there, please ; we can't hear." "Not for want of ears !" roared Piron ; a sally so much resented that he had to beat a hasty retreat.

The ready provincial was thirty years old before he determined to try his fortune in Paris ; but he reached that city to find he was already known ; for a certain *Ode à Priape* had preceded him. Of this, much need not be said ; it was undoubtedly witty, and the morals of the Regency found little offence in its subject. Its pruriency, however, proved, as will be seen, its own nemesis. Earning at first a small pittance as copyist to the Chevalier de Belle-Isle, Piron soon attracted notice as a theatrical writer in his "*Arlequin-Deucalion*," which was presented at the Opéra Comique in 1722. This was considered a success in its kind, but the kind was as yet very rude and coarse. It was said to have arisen from the *Parades*, or burlesques, played by strolling actors outside their booths. A building, however, had, it appeared, been provided for the class of entertainment ; but in 1718 the Comédie Française was influential enough to get it closed. The "*Arlequin-Deucalion*" was given at the Foire St. Laurent, where the Opéra Comique troupe were allowed to set up a temporary stage. It is called a monologue, but this was a form forced on Piron by the restrictions against speaking. Arlequin alone was allowed to address the audience ; but another voice was smuggled in, in the squeak of Polichinelle. Mythology was treated much as it has been in latter days in the "*Orphée aux Enfers*," and similar pieces ; and allegorical characters, too, were introduced, and the spoken matter was bright and satirical—allusions occasionally coming in to theatrical rivalries. Effective songs occurred at intervals, written with the metrical facility Piron possessed. The Opéra Comique had a competitor in the Marionettes, and for their little stage Le Sage and Fuzelier exerted themselves strenuously. If the competition led to any bitterness on Piron's part against Le Sage, it soon passed off ; for it is pleasant to find in 1723 an opéra comique called "*Les Trois Commères*," written by the two, in collaboration with Dorneval. Piron himself wrote for the puppets ; and in 1725 a little comédie—prose and verse—for Les Italiens, just re-established at the Hôtel de Bourgogne. It was entitled "*Les Enfants de la Joie*."

In personal appearance and in manner, Piron on arriving in Paris, was thought quite provincial ; and he never shook off the country-town air during life. He was a good height, very strongly made, had a rubicund face, and was fond of wine. Noticeably short-sighted, the defect gave him an inattentive look ; but his sharp ears, ready, biting tongue, and loud laugh, showed soon enough that his wits

were all about him. Received as a countryman by the Marquise de Mimeure, Piron met there Voltaire, and seems to have conceived for him a dislike which he never attempted to get over. Knowing that he was quite as quick in reply as the great author, he forgot the enormous difference in their knowledge; and it may be added, the lowness of his own aims in comparison with those of the other; and was foolish enough to consider himself as a rival. This idea he cherished through his career, and though surviving to eighty-three, he was dissatisfied to think he should die without having buried Voltaire. At Madame de Mimeure's there was a certain maid-servant or companion who was called de Bar, from the village where she was born. It was more in Piron's line to court the maid than the mistress, and he formed an acquaintance with Mademoiselle de Bar, which terminated in marriage, and seems to have been, throughout, satisfactory to the parties concerned. Collé, the song-writer, in his "Journal," has unfavourable remarks on the personal appearance of Madame Piron, intimates that she was sufficiently plain to cause some alarm, and had surprised the secret of premature old age. But she must have possessed some intellectual gifts, as she was well versed in the romances of the middle ages, and in old French authors.

In 1728 Piron attempted some more arduous tasks—a comedy in verse, represented that year, called "Les Fils Ingrats," and "Callisthène," a tragedy which appeared a twelvemonth later. But though given at the Théâtre Français, they were not thought good then, and are now, of course, no longer to be tolerated.

But notwithstanding his want of success, he continued to produce pieces—"L'Amant Mystérieux," "Gustave Vasa" (which kept the stage many years), and others; but it was not till 1738 that he made a real hit, in his celebrated comedy of "La Métromanie." It would be useless to detail the plot of this play; no one would read an abstract of the kind. Enough will have been said, if it is mentioned that three of the characters are agitated with a fantastic taste for verse, two of whom again succumb to the passion for making it. Damis, who may be accounted the hero, fancies himself in love with a lady who writes in the *Mercure*, and therefore is indifferent to the charms of the first young lady, Lucille; but his being in love at all raises the suspicions of the *jeune premier*, Dorante, who is eager to surpass him; or, indeed, to run him through, should occasion offer. It turns out that the writer in the *Mercure* was not a female at all, but the father of Lucille. Dorante's fears were therefore groundless, and all ends happily; though of course the enthusiast Doris is left out in the cold, and Lucille is bestowed on his friend. Baliveau,

uncle to Doris, forms a bluff contrast to the girl's eccentric father, Francaleu, and is drawn with some strength, though without nice discrimination. Stage tradition relates that Baptiste aîné played this character admirably. In answer to the question, "*Lisez-vous le Mercure?*" he was wont to give a "*Jamais !*" which seemed to come so sincerely from his heart and his interior, that the audience was always tickled. The clever intriguing maid-servant, Lisette, is one of the best of the *personæ*. But the eminence of the comedy—Sainte-Beuve calls it Piron's *œuvre endimanché*—lay in its style. The versification is thought to be quite that of the school of Regnier, Molière, and Regnard, and there is much wit and many bright sayings—some quite constituting apothegms—in the dialogue. The piece can never have completely suited a popular audience, but it possesses an artistic finish which doubtless always rendered it a favourite with cultured judges. Piron is believed to have had himself in view in the character of Doris—M. de l'Emprée—who indeed, before the stage lights, does not appear very jovial, but who avers the fact of himself with emphasis, and describes his arrival at a party in these words :

On tenait table encore. On se serre pour nous.
La joie, en circulant, me gagne ainsi qu'eux tous.
Je la sens : j'entre en verve et le feu prend aux poudres,
Il part de moi des traits, des éclairs et des foudres.

Here we certainly have Piron ; but, like many humorous persons, he was under a delusion that gravity was his real forte, and that the world had lost a poet through his aptitude for extravaganza. In Doris, therefore, he also saw himself as a gifted person, whose real merit was not fully appreciated, but in this opinion the public seems never to have heartily acquiesced.

The "*Métromanie*" was very favourably received by the critics, and though Piron often fell foul of this kind, yet in respect of his chef-d'œuvre, he had little of which he could justly complain. His favourite butt, M. l'Abbé Desfontaine, wrote a notice of the play, full of appreciation, and containing a sentence admirably discriminative : "*Si l'on n'y trouve pas un certain intérêt de cœur, il y a un intérêt d'esprit qui le remplace.*"

One or two happy things in the dialogue may be quoted, especially as they have the approval of Sainte-Beuve :—

"*Est-ce vous qui parlez ou si c'est votre rôle ?*" is a pregnant question, which may be fitly put in many complications of life.

"*Le bon sens du maraud quelquefois m'épouvante*" should be taken into consideration by the critics, and "*J'ai ri ; me voilà désarmé !*"

is an observation as true as it is neat. But brightness abounds. Taken at hazard the verses where Damis announces that he has written a play in preference to his legal studies, are very pointed :—

Que la fortune donc me soit mère ou marâtre,
C'en est fait : pour barreau, je choisis le théâtre ;
Pour client, la vertu ; pour lois, la vérité ;
Et pour juges, mon siècle et la postérité.

Piron was nearly fifty years old before he made the genuine success by which his name as a dramatist is chiefly known ; but, though he wrote plays afterwards, he had touched the zenith, and what was subsequent was more or less decline.

When, therefore, his relations to the Académie have been briefly examined, and some estimate given of his talent as an epigrammatist, all will have been offered which the subject would under present circumstances warrant.

There is certainly nothing more immortal from the lips or pen of Piron than the phrase, *Pas même académicien*. It occurs in an epitaph of ten lines that he wrote for himself, but this epitaph he afterwards—as he said *pour le soulagement des mémoires*—reduced to a couplet.

Ci-gît Piron qui ne fut rien
Pas même académicien.

By the side of this has been sometimes placed another distich composed, also autobiographically, by Mercier many years afterwards. It is as neat as the first, and forms a significant commentary on it :—

Ci-gît Mercier, qui fut académicien,
Et qui cependant ne fut rien.

This is equivalent to Mephisto's "Du bleibst doch immer was du bist." But Piron's couplet still survives, and will survive, probably as long as the French language, a brilliant sneer at that institution which the writer would have us believe was more unworthy of him than he of it. Yet in real truth, though the lines ring with the apparent bitterness of a man who thought he had a grievance, Piron cannot have thought so. The facts convict him clearly of ill-temper and misrepresentation. The Académie wished to appoint him a member in 1753, and nominated him with a view to his election, and in his case especially dispensed with the usual visits of solicitation ; so that his candidature was in every way complimentary. The Bishop Boyer, it seems, however, having heard that Piron was likely to be elected, waited upon Louis XV., with the unhappy *Ode à Priape*, and told him that public feeling was against the elevation of a man who had disgraced himself by writing such verses. His

Majesty, it is thought, pretended to have never heard of the piece, that he might have the malicious pleasure of making the prelate read it out to him. Montesquieu was then head of the Académie, and to him it was intimated that Piron's election would be displeasing to the Court. So to save the excluded dramatist's feelings, the election was postponed to a future occasion. And Montesquieu, through Madame Pompadour, obtained a pension for Piron of 1,200 livres, as compensation for his disappointment. Had Piron, then, any reasonable grounds for vexation with the Académie? Clearly none whatever.

The peculiar gifts the ready, audacious youth of Dijon so early displayed, namely, his explosive wit (*le feu prend aux poudres*), and his neat and harmonious versification, led naturally to epigram. And the defiant position he chose to maintain towards other writers and the critics, gave a literary turn to his efforts in the satirical line, which was calculated to make them more permanent in their character. Still occasional verses, when the occasion is forgotten, form mostly unattractive reading.

Our own Peter Pindar is not more now than a name in a biographical dictionary; and it is hard to believe, when we see his dead wasps pinned down on paper, that they ever hummed into public apartments with a motion of life and a threatening of pain. Add to this, in Piron's case, that he was fond of indelicacy, and that the taste of the present age forbids the reproduction of some of his best received sallies. His lines *Contre Voltaire* are perhaps as good as any he ever wrote in the Martial vein:

Son enseigne est à l'*Encyclopédie*.
Que vous plaît-il? de l'anglais, du toscan?
Vers, prose, algèbre, opéra, comédie?
Poème épique, histoire, ode ou roman?
Parlez! C'est fait. Vous lui donnez un an?
Vous l'insultez! En dix ou douze veilles
Sujets manqués par l'ainé des Corneilles,
Sujets remplis par le fier Crébillon,
Il refond tout—peste! voici merveilles!
Et la besogne est-elle bonne? Oh! non.

It seems at this day absurd enough that there should ever have been any rivalry between Voltaire and Piron, or that partisans of the two should ever have contended; and of course it was only in the lower literary world that they did so. The real position of the men to each other could not have been better put than in a sentence ascribed by Sainte-Beuve to the first translators of Goethe into French. Speaking of Piron, they remark: "As he was the Voltaire of the moment, people forgave him for putting himself in comparison

with the Voltaire of the ages. The flashes of his intellect had, at the time, the effect of fireworks, which seem to eclipse the stars of heaven ; and, indeed, in the little world, and during the transient moment they served to dazzle, they *did* shine brighter than the torches of the universe." But though Piron was little entitled to sit in judgment on his great contemporary, still the arrow of his quick wit found out with sufficient certainty the weak points in his opponent's harness. For with all his talents and all his knowledge, his huge curiosity and his expansive sympathies, it still remained true that Voltaire's epic was tiresome, and his plays cold and lifeless, his historical research superficial, and his science, at best, the gleanings of an amateur.

It has been shown that Piron had no case against the Academy. This, however, is the way in which the fox described the grapes :—

En France, on fait, par un plaisant moyen,
Taire un auteur, quand d'écrits il assomme :
Dans un fauteuil d'académicien,
Lui quarantième on fait asseoir cet homme ;
Lors il s'endort et ne fait plus qu'un somme :
Plus n'en avez prose ni madrigal.
Au bel esprit ce fauteuil est, en somme,
Ce qu'à l'amour est le lit conjugal.

The following on, or rather against, Marmontel has been admired :—

On ne voit qu'auteurs de préceptes
De méthodes d'arts et d'Essais :
Mille Rose-Croix, point d'adeptes ;
Mille professeurs, nul profès.
Les Grecs, les Latins, les Français,
Des Poétiques fort bien faites,
Marmontel en fait après eux.
Eh, l'ami, fais-nous des poètes.
Sois-le toi-même, si tu peux.

One more epigram shall be added, which is appreciative and not satirical. It was on the writings of Montesquieu, for whom Piron entertained a sincere admiration. The picturesque variety, never absent from the pen of the author of the "*Esprit des Loix*," is very well intimated :—

Torrents fougueux, vieux arbres, hauts rochers,
Verte prairie, humble et riant bocage,
Tranquilles eaux, jardins, guérets, vergers,
Composeront un parfait paysage :
Or de ce rare et sublime assemblage,
Printemps, hiver, en tout temps, en tout lieu,
Désirez-vous avoir la vive image ?
Avez toujours à la main MONTESQUIEU.

Guided by good French critics, the English reader is able to see that Piron's epigrams were, if a little provincial in their outspokenness—*le sel dijonnais est loin du sel attique*—still truly Parisian in style ; that the versification was very correct and easy, and that the point was never far-fetched, but immediate and apposite. It has been said of him, *il avait son esprit au bout des doigts*.

Bons-mots are closely allied to epigrams, and the two almost at times blend into each other.

A sudden happy stroke, which has been preserved, may be said to be either one or the other. Hearing that Maréchal Fouquet had made his testament in favour of the king, in the hope of being buried at Saint-Denis, by the side of M. de Turenne, "and on the tomb," cried Piron, "write"

Ci-gît le glorieux à côté de la gloire.

The curious in such matters will find little volumes of *ana*, in which Piron's good things are recorded. Such collections scarcely belong to literature, unless edited by some responsible person, for it is remarkable how uncertain the authorship of witticisms in a short time becomes.

Who, for instance, said of Lord Brougham that science was his forte and omniscience his foible? The remark is assigned to several persons.

Piron died in 1773. No member of the Académie attended his funeral, though all were invited.

"They are afraid even of his Shade," said a wag. The truth was, Piron had outlived his friends, and, in great measure, his reputation. But he had not outlived Voltaire. The leathery skeleton whom Piron said death delayed to strike for fear of blunting his scythe, survived the joke and him who made it.

It will be pleasant to conclude by recalling any good traits that occur.

Piron was often irreverent, but his was the irreverence of reckless spirits, not suggested by infidelity ; indeed he was too little in earnest to doubt. He retained his old Burgundian Catholicism, but partly, it may be suspected, as a habit, like his love of wine, his rollicking laugh. Still we cannot read the heart, and his lines "De Profundis" and the inscription for a crucifix, written in old age, have had to be appraised in a higher court than that of literature.

Of Piron's private character, it will be enough to remark that he seems to have been kind to his wife; forgave her plainness, and tended her imbecility, when the senses gave way. If there is more hidden, and it is said so, let it remain hidden.

One is glad to believe his declaration that he thought too highly of the ecclesiastical calling to ever make it his own ; and to record one genuinely fine remark. On witnessing a representation of the "Tartuffe," he repeatedly exclaimed, "*Ah, quel bonheur!*" Asked to explain himself, he replied, "Do you not see, gentlemen, that if this sublime work had not been written when it was, it never would have been written."

The bust of Piron, from the chisel of Caffieri, which adorns the vestibule of the Théâtre Français, is considered to give an excellent idea of his imperious audacity, the flash of his intellect, the readiness of his tongue. Satire seems to lurk in the veiled droop of his eyes, and the lips might be thought to tremble with a jeer.

Piron was, in a sense, a representative man. It is difficult to think of any other Frenchman who possessed in an equal degree a peculiarly French gift—brilliant aptness. He had no reflections to flow gently and spontaneously out of a brooding brain. But let something happen—let something be said—and he could illuminate the matter in hand with a flash of lightning.

His writings, probably, do not supply a full impression of his talent. Sainte-Beuve, in his striking way, remarks: "*Pour bien connaître Piron, et pour le faire connaître, il faudrait avoir dîné avec lui.*"

Still the question must arise, what came of all this quick perception—this flow of language—this power of turning the swiftly apprehended into the luminously perceptible?

Such endowments cannot have been given for the production of one faded comedy, and a few epigrams, from which few decency has to select the still fewer which are sweet. Wasted powers: there can be no other verdict. Piron would have done better in the present day, as far as active employment goes. He would have succeeded as a journalist. Witty, perceptive, he would have been quick at picking up knowledge for himself, or at borrowing it from others who had more industry and less alertness ; and in either case, would have presented it in an attractive light.

Unembarrassed with one-sided convictions, he could have powerfully discussed any general question. His leading articles would have glittered with bright points, whilst his extant correspondence shows that he could have interviewed a notoriety with signal success.

Still, as it was, he managed to get into his national literature, and has stayed there: and his remains do not create the belief that he deserved more reputation than he has obtained.

SCIENCE NOTES.

METEORIC EARTH-FEEDING.

MR. L. FLETCHER has recently analysed and described a meteorite that was found on January 5, 1854, in the district of Youndegin, Western Australia. It is one of the ferruginous meteors, containing above $92\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of iron, with $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of nickel, and a little cobalt. Four fragments of the meteorite were found, weighing respectively $25\frac{3}{4}$ lbs., 24 lbs., 17 lbs., and 6 lbs.

It contains also a remarkable form of carbon resembling graphite, but crystallising in the cubic form. These cubes, of which about a hundred were separated, were not attacked by acids, and but slowly by fused nitre. They burned very slowly in the air, leaving a minute residue. They resemble graphite, but are harder, and they differ from it also by their cubic form. Mr. Fletcher regards them as another form of carbon distinct from either the diamond or graphite, apparently intermediate.

This is another among numerous examples of carbon received upon the surface of our globe as a contribution from outer space. In a Science Note of August, 1881, I discussed the importance of such supplies of carbon, and suggested that comets and the fiery meteors which trail after them, instead of being threatening and destructive agents as formerly supposed, have been the beneficent donors of the primary material of the animal and vegetable life on this world.

This is a totally different theory from Sir W. Thomson's "moss-grown fragment" of a shattered world that he supposed to carry a living germ and plant it here. My notion is that the carbon comes to us in mineral form, chiefly as carbonic acid, contributed to our atmosphere by the combustion of the carbon which is proved by the spectroscope and such analyses as the above to exist in comets and meteorites, more especially in those meteors that blaze and burn away when they come in contact with our atmosphere.

This theory was primarily suggested by reflecting on the fact that as we descend to the older and older rocks of the earth the proportion of carbon they contain progressively diminishes. The silica, the alumina, the lime, and the magnesia of the stratified rocks

are all easily accounted for as the broken up and redistributed material of the underlying granitic rocks, but not so the carbon of the carbonates, and the carbon of the coal and other fossil matter, and the carbon of petroleum, bituminous shales, &c. As the crust of the earth has grown older it has grown more and more carboniferous, as though each exposure of the surface to outer space has somehow provided an additional supply of this element.

Dr. Sterry Hunt attributes the additional supply to carbonic acid gas diffused through the atmosphere of space. He shows that the carbonic acid now existing in the carbonates of the stratified rocks cannot have been derived from the earth's interior nor from its primal atmosphere; that, if liberated, it would alone form an atmosphere equal in weight to one hundred, if not two hundred, atmospheres like the present.

If such carbonates existed when the earth was red-hot, as usually assumed, their carbonic acid would have been liberated, or if all the carbon were there as carbon it would have combined with all the oxygen of the atmosphere, and have demanded a few hundred times more.

I fully agree with Dr. Sterry Hunt and Sir Isaac Newton and Sir William R. Grove as to the universality of atmospheric matter—had contended for it in "The Fuel of the Sun," all unconscious of the illustrious companionship; and this is demanded by my theory of the meteorite origin of the carbon, for unless the supply of oxygen far exceeded that of our own little bit of atmospheric matter, the combustion of the meteors could not have occurred; but, with an universal atmosphere, however rarefied, gaseous diffusion would perpetually restore the proportions of atmospheric mixture.

Those who can understand that geology includes something besides stratigraphy, stone cracking, and fossil gathering should read Hunt's essay on "The Chemical and Geological Relations of the Atmosphere," in *The American Journal of Science*, vol. 19, May, 1880, and his volume of "Chemical and Geological Essays," 1878.

As regards the sufficiency of carbon supply by meteorites, I may add that Professor Newton estimates, on the basis of reliable data, that the earth encounters about three thousand millions of fiery meteors every year. As the majority of these contain some amount of carbon, it would be strange if such a bombardment, going on during the millions of years of geological time, had not increased our supplies of carbon and also of iron, the proportions of which in the earth's crust, like that of carbon, has been steadily growing during the building up of all our stratified rocks.

CLOUD LIMITS.

AT a recent meeting of the Meteorological Society of Berlin, Lieut. Gross described a balloon voyage he made on January 21. This description includes an account of a very curious fact, viz. that the balloon remained constantly at the upper surface of the layer of clouds which it was traversing, so that the body of the balloon was above the clouds, and the car completely immersed in them, notwithstanding that ballast was frequently thrown out.

Is this confirmed by the experience of other aeronauts? If so, it presents a physical conundrum of considerable interest in connection with the limiting boundary of cloud-matter. I have often gazed with admiration and puzzled wonder on apparently ponderous masses of cumulus cloud, with their sharply defined outlines and rounded silvery summits, receiving the full glare of summer sun and yet remaining but little altered, in spite of what our physical inductions tell us concerning the necessary volatilizing effect of such a battery of solar energy upon the microscopic particles of water of which such clouds are composed.

On some occasions I have stood on a mountain top and looked down upon an ocean of such clouds, feeling the hot sunbeams on my own shoulders, but unable to trace any work it was doing on the cloud particles below.

At other times I have watched masses, or rather floods, of cloud-matter or mist pouring rapidly upwards from a valley below and as rapidly vanishing into thin air on reaching a certain elevation. This is a common early morning experience in mountainous countries.

I suspect that the dimensions and constitution of the water spherules differ in these cases; that those of the stubborn cumuli reflect the heat as effectively as they reflect the light of the sun, while the ragged vanishing mist particles absorb it and are volatilized accordingly.

Besides this there may, in the cumuli, be a firmer adhesion of the water to the solid nuclei, which Aitken has shown to be the condensing agents in cloud-making. This adhesion would resist the expansive evaporating energy of the solar rays. Other speculations suggest themselves, and among them, of course, an invocation of electricity, which is always summoned to explain every physical mystery with an alacrity that is directly proportionate to the ignorance of the theorist.

W. MATTIEU WILLIAMS.

*TABLE TALK.**"A BLOT IN THE 'SCUTCHEON."*

THANKS to the unflagging energies of the Browning Society the question whether Mr. Browning is an acting dramatist may now be answered. Of the works which Mr. Browning wrote with a view, direct or oblique, to the stage, the best have been put upon the boards. The performance recently given under the society's patronage of "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon" settles the matter. "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon" is a lovely dramatic poem, but it is not a drama. Its past history is curious. Macready, who wished ardently to produce a play by the popular young poet, shrunk from appearing in "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon," and assigned the principal character to Phelps. In his "Reminiscences" but one or two short references are made to a work in which, when it was first proposed to him, he was keenly interested. After it was given, February 11, 1843, at Drury Lane, it slept until on November 27, 1848, it was revived for three nights by Phelps. Since then until March 16 last it has not, in England, been acted, except by amateurs. In this as in other instances Phelps showed judgment. Commanding, as at that time he did, the respect and the attention of the most intellectual class of playgoers, he saw in the tragedy the materials for a short run. These it may still claim. An educated public will see the piece with pleasure and pay it a flattering homage of attention and tears. Its dialogue, always powerful, and not seldom poetical, does not when spoken forfeit all the admiration it extorts when read, and the death scenes are harrowing. Scarcely a speech, however, is genuinely dramatic, and many of them are completely the reverse. In his closet, doubtless, a man or a woman may meditate in a fashion scarcely less elaborate than that Mr. Browning constantly evolves in soliloquies. When, however, the time for action arrives the words must be short and burning. This Mr. Browning, who is nothing if not psychological, forgets. Very pleasant was it to see the performance of Miss Alma Murray of the girl heroine, and equally pleasant to contemplate actions in which everything is noble—a veritable tragedy of youth.

Better still, however, is it to read the scenes, which lose more than they gain from interpretation. Managers are often blamed for not reviving works of literary merit or interest. They are, however, as a whole, tolerably shrewd in their estimates, and their fighting shy of "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon" proves to have been a measure of prudence and judgment.

MATTHEW ARNOLD ON MILTON.

ALMOST as a dying bequest from Matthew Arnold comes a tribute to Milton, embodying those views concerning the Miltonic versification which, though ignored by the many, are an article of faith with the few. This utterance, delivered in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, on the occasion of unveiling the Milton Memorial Window, presented to that edifice by Mr. G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia, asserts among other noteworthy things that "In the sure and flawless perfection of his rhythm and diction, Milton is as admirable as Virgil or Dante, and in this respect he is unique amongst us. No one else in English literature and art possesses the like distinction. Thomson, Cowper, Wordsworth, all of them good poets, who have studied Milton, followed Milton, adopted his form, fail in their diction and rhythm if we try them by that high standard of excellence maintained by Milton continually. From style really high and pure Milton never departs; their departures from it are frequent. Shakespeare is divinely strong, rich, and attractive. But sureness of perfect style Shakespeare himself does not possess." That last passage will come as a shock to some hearers, but it is true and just. Shakespeare has, of course, something better than style, something greater than any other writer has attained. At times, moreover, he reaches the very perfection of style. Nothing more magnificent has ever been written than the passage in which Othello likens his murderous thoughts to the Pontic sea :

Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic, and the Hellespont.

Equally marvellous is Macbeth's Titanic declaration that—

This my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine.

Scores and hundreds of similar passages may of course be quoted. In a different form of poetic perfection are the descriptions of flowers by Perdita, the musings of Iachimo upon entering the chamber of Imogen, and innumerable other pictures of the least of which no

one but Shakespeare is capable. The flight of Shakespeare as regards the grand style is not however sustained ; that of Milton is. Alone among English poets Milton never quits the empyrean.

THE GENERAL ESTIMATE OF MILTON.

THE number of those to whose delight poetry is capable of ministering in any high degree is very small. To almost half of those who take pleasure in verse the *eau sucrée* of Moore is preferable to the strong mead of Chaucer, Milton's "Ripe Falernian," the life-bestowing burgundy of Shakespeare, or Swinburne's Château Yquem. Strike off from the list of students of verse the worshippers of the poets of this century—the Brownings, the Shelleyites, and so forth—and the residuum left is indeed small. Knowing their incapacity to enjoy poetry of the highest order, men make excuses for their idleness or their want of capacity. Was it not Hazlitt who said that men talked of the allegory in Spenser as though they feared it might bite them? In a similar manner men talk about Milton's theological views, and dwell upon the fact that he makes "God the Father talk like a school-divine." Granting this, for the sake of argument, to be true, the proportion of Milton's poetry which is occupied with his theological views is so small, that a lover of verse would no more dream of making a difficulty than a traveller would object to see the Pyrenees because he would have to cross Berri. To those, meanwhile, to whom Milton is dear, the satisfaction inspired by his works is something like enchantment. I do not care to obtrude my own feelings. It is, however, a fact that by the time I reached manhood I could repeat from memory about a fourth of "Paradise Lost," and the same of "Paradise Regained" ; two-thirds of "Samson Agonistes," and the whole of the remaining poems except a few psalms. They, moreover, were learnt not as a task but as a delight. Now, even when the memory fades, I could summon back a quarter of Milton's poetry. John Bright fed his fervid oratory upon Milton, and a hundred critics, beginning with Addison, have dwelt upon his greatness. His audience, however, will be, as he himself anticipated, "fit though few." Well-nigh two generations have elapsed since Warton's edition of the Minor Poems of Milton, with its rich array of parallel passages and illustrations, was said by one of the most clear-sighted of critics to be one of the most enviable of possessions. To this day however, it remains, if not among the lumber of the bookstalls, at least a work easy of acquisition.

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